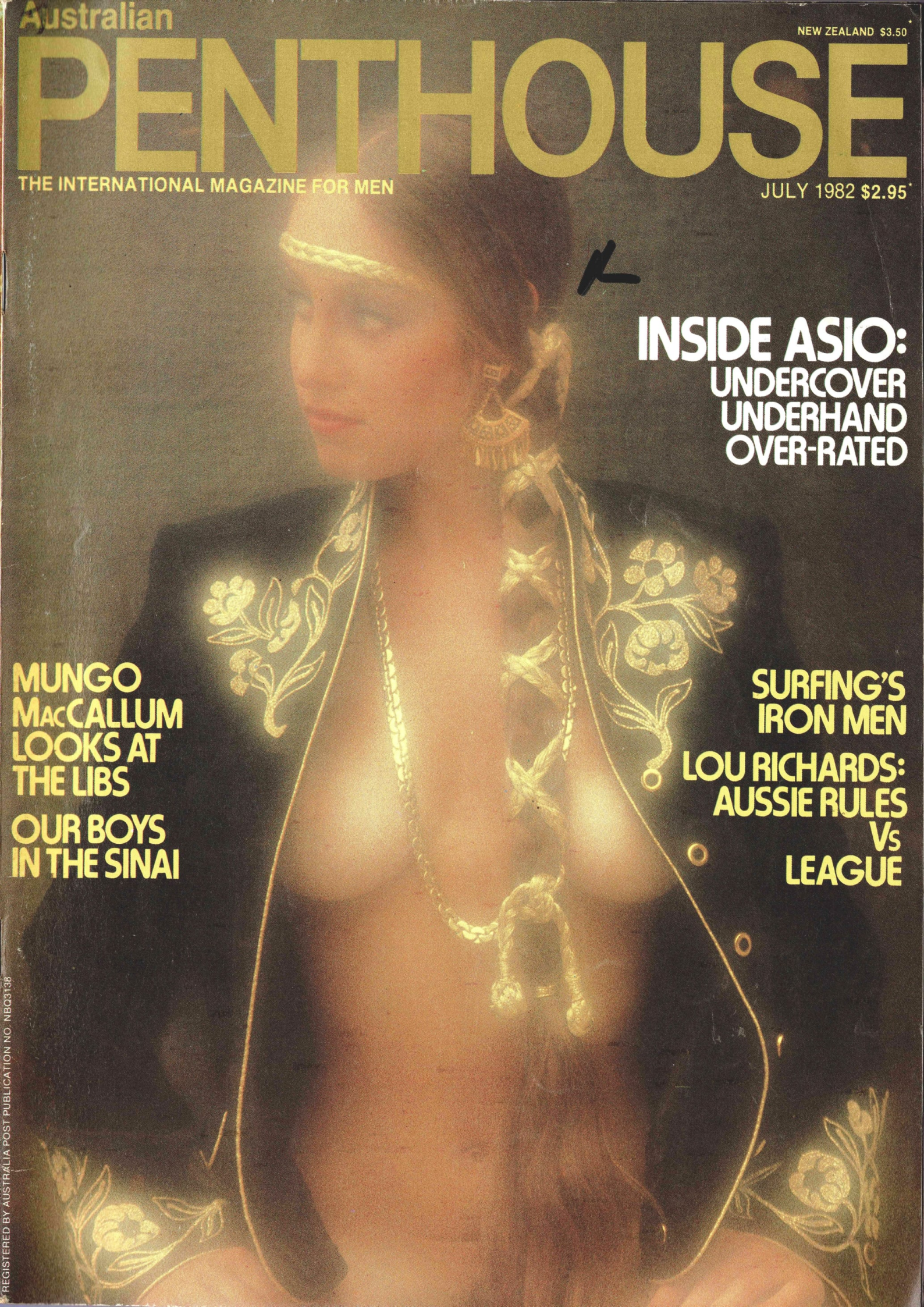
Australian

PENTHOUSE

NEW ZEALAND $3.50*

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1982 $2.95*



INSIDE ASIO: UNDERCOVER UNDERHAND OVER-RATED

MUNGO MacCALLUM LOOKS AT THE LIBS

OUR BOYS IN THE SINAI

SURFING'S IRON MEN

LOU RICHARDS: AUSSIE RULES Vs LEAGUE

REGISTERED BY AUSTRALIA POST PUBLICATION NO. NBQ3138

Marlboro

Come to where the flavour is.

Marlboro

WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

Australian
PENTHOUSE

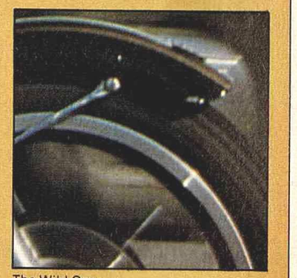
The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 3 No 10/July 1982

CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER	Lari Jones	Photo by Bob Guccione	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FEEDBACK	Opinion		6
FORUM	Correspondence		9
VIETNAM VETERANS' ADVISOR	Service		17
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	21
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Opinion	Richard Morgan	25
REVIEWS			
FILM		Edited by Denis Whitburn	26
SOUNDS		Edited by Jeremy Cook	28
WORDS		Edited by Phil Abraham	30
TRAVEL			32
IS THE LIBERAL PARTY OVER?	Article	Mungo MacCallum	34
TEMPLE OF DELIGHT/MICHELLE	Pictorial	Photos by Donald H. Milne	41
POX POPULI	Article	Denis Whitburn	50
STRESS	Article	Robin West	55
INSIDE ASIO	Article	John Brooke	58
ISLAND GIRL/KERRY ANNE	Pictorial	Photos by Rico Mettbach	67
ANZAC AIRLINES: ON STANDBY IN THE SINAI	Article	Craig S. Karpel	82
CLASH OF THE IRON MEN	Article		90
BAD BOY	Profile	Roger Crosthwaite	96
COLD COMFORT	Fashion	Sue Smith	100
UPHILL RUNNER	Fiction	James McQueen	106
PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES/MURIEL	Pictorial	Photos by Paul Wagner	112
THE CHINESE CONNECTION	Series	Denis Whitburn and Allan Moult	120
LOU RICHARDS	Interview	Adrian Tame	128
HOW GUTSY ARE YOU?	Quiz		135
CUTTING IT ROUGH	Motoring	Peter McKay	138
THE WILD ONE	Bikes	Noel Christensen	144
PEOPLE	Profiles		148
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	150
WHY OUR INNOVATORS ARE MISSING THE BOAT	Advise and Dissent	Dr Robert J. Hunter	156
LOOSE ENDS	Service	Sue Smith	158

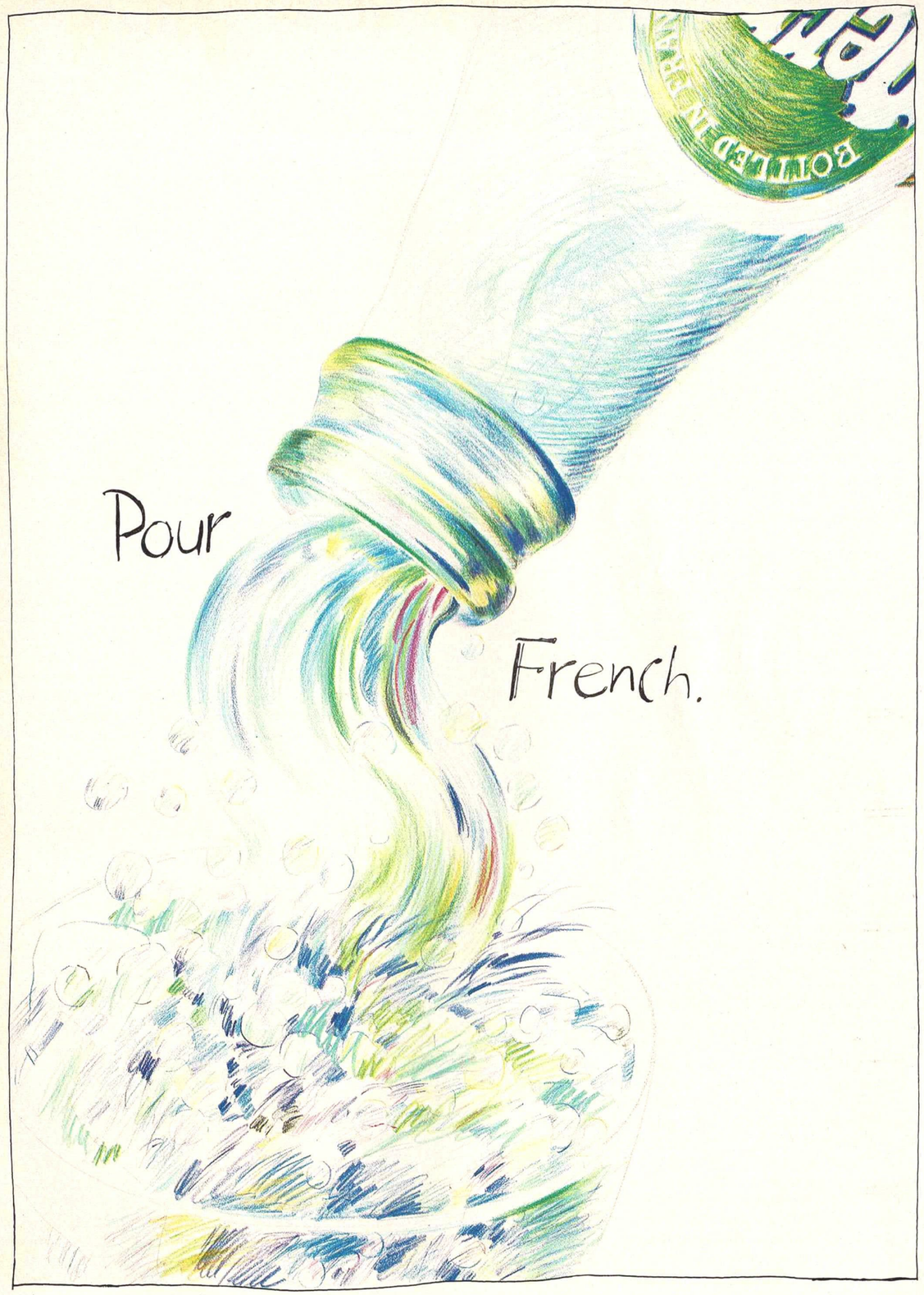
Is The Liberal Party Over?

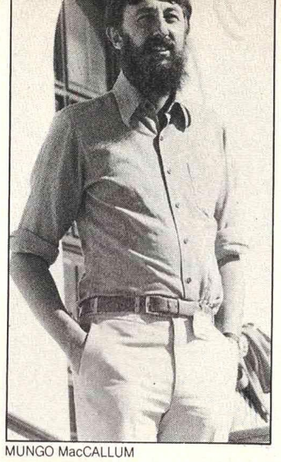
Inside ASIO

Pet of the Month


The Wild One

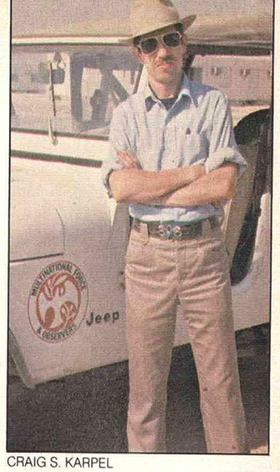
EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 165 Riley Street, East Sydney, 2010; Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. Telephone 331 6444. Printed by ADM-Paramac, 252-266 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, for the publishers, ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd., 256 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, in association with Penthouse, The International Magazine for Men. © Copyright 1981 ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignments of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia $2.95. *Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication — Category B. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to The Editor, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. All material published remains the property of Penthouse.




MUNGO MacCALLUM

JOHN BYRNE

DEBBIE RUSSELL


CRAIG S. KARPEL

SUE SMITH

NOEL CHRISTENSEN

HOUSECALL

Are the Libs on the skids? According to political pundit **Mungo MacCallum,** the end is nigh for the Liberal Party. In this month's issue MacCallum concludes they have no more right to survive than the dinosaur. In typically sardonic style, he suggests that the Libs have failed as a free-enterprise party — by enlarging the public sector, raising taxes and failing to legislate the economy out of trouble. And as they recently showed in Victoria, the Libs are even experiencing difficulty upholding their one unbreakable commandment: Thou Shalt Win Elections. MacCallum believes that as the old Liberal nag repeatedly fails to run the distance, those in control of the reins will start looking for a new political pacemaker. **Debbie Russell's** illustration complements some provocative political analysis from one of Australia's most entertaining writers. Is The Liberal Party Over? starts on page 35.

The US Central Intelligence Agency classifies fellow intelligence organisations on a scale of one to 10. While the French and German espionage services score seven points, the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation rates only two out of 10. In his story Inside ASIO, **John Brooke** describes ASIO as the lap dog of the CIA: a dangerous and secretive cult which uses our government's obsession with the unlikely threat of internal subversion to maintain its authority. In his comprehensive investigation of Australia's security organisations, Brooke takes a close look at the links between our politicians and local and American security services. Inside ASIO raises some unpleasant questions about the relationship between ASIO and the CIA, and their mutual abuse of Australian civil liberties. Turn to page 58.

The countryside may look like the back of Bourke, but the 140 members of the Australian and New Zealand armed forces currently camping out in the Egypt/Israeli demilitarised zone know that it's the bloody Sinai desert. And bloody it is. This is the world's most infamous trouble spot — a sandy wasteland which has soaked up the blood of five wars in 34 years. **Craig S. Karpel** flew to the Sinai to speak with the Australian members of the peacekeeping force and found that, although their facilities may leave a little to be desired, Anzac Airlines are flying first class in the Sinai. Karpel's report on our boys in the desert starts on page 82.

When you're sick and someone asks "How are you?", it's a relief to complain about your ailment. But there is one class of physical affliction no-one wants to talk about — sexually transmitted disease. In The Clinic, **Denis Whitburn** explodes some of the myths surrounding venereal disease. And while he's at it, Whitburn gives the treatment of sexually transmitted disease in Australia the slow clap. The Clinic, accompanied by **John Byrne's** illustration, begins on page 50. On the subject of illness: throughout modern history, people have suffered ailments which characterised the times. During the middle ages it was the plague. In the Renaissance period, syphilis killed millions. Today, stress is the biggest killer in the western world. Life in the fast lane takes its toll, as **Robin West** points out. West provides a concise and comprehensive description of the danger signals and tells you what to do about them, in Stress, starting on page 55.

The Surf Life Saving Association's iron man contest is a distinctly Australian event — 10 minutes of surf and sand madness. This year the national titles were charged with even more excitement than usual, as some very serious contenders tried to knock the 1980 and '81 winner, Grant Kenny, off his pedestal. **Bob Foster** was at Moana Beach in South Australia to photograph the event. Foster's surf pictorial, Clash of the Iron Men, starts on page 90.

Rivalry between the eastern capitals, Sydney and Melbourne, has been running for decades. But the move by Victorian Australian Rules football team The Swans to Sydney — formerly the exclusive domain of the Rugby League code in the professional arena — was enough to spark a new debate over the two cities' sporting preferences. Lou Richards, one of the country's most colorful sporting characters, has plenty to say on the subject, as **Adrian Tame** discovered when he interviewed the Melbourne football commentator for this month's issue. Their conversation, beginning on page 129, reveals Richards' sense of humor to be as strong as his opinions.

Roger Crosthwaite ventures again into the world of rock and roll to bring you a profile of Angry Anderson, outrageous lead singer with Rose Tattoo. Angry is bald and sports lurid tattoos and earrings. But as Crosthwaite's story Bad Boy (on page 97) shows, he is more than just an ugly face.

Penthouse continues to present the best Australian fiction in July with award winning author **James McQueen's** moody piece Uphill Runner, the story of a group of old mates on an annual hunting trip which goes wrong. That's on page 106. And there's the third in our series on Crime in Australia. The Chinese Connection, on page 120, covers the corruption which resulted from the large-scale importation of opium into Australia during the Victorian era.

Motoring editor **Peter McKay** went looking for a chiropractor after he completed his latest assignment — off-road racing in the Old Man Emu Chevy Blazer. McKay likens the monster to a rocket-powered pogo stick, but in Cutting It Rough on page 138, he also predicts that it will give any buggy a run for its money on the gruelling off-road race scene. Also this month, **Sue Smith** tells you how to look hot in the snow, and in Advise and Dissent, **Dr Robert J. Hunter** discusses why our innovators are missing the boat.

You want girls? We've got girls. For a start, get an eyeful of our cover-girl and Pet of the Month, Brisbane's **Kerry Anne Gillies.** Accompanied by the *Penthouse* crew and photographer **Rico Mettbach,** Kerry flew to Tahiti courtesy of Qantas, staying at the Hotel Bora Bora and the Tahara'a Hotel to shoot this month's centrefold. As you'll see, the results are a stunning tribute to Kerry's many talents: she's as dazzling as the champagne waters of those tropical isles. **Paul Wagner** shot our French-born Pet **Muriel Rousseau,** while blonde **Michelle Rodin** comes courtesy of **Donald H. Milne's** camera. "The body is a temple of delight," says Michelle. We'd get down on our knees for this temple of delight any day.

"Believe me, before he knew better, even God would have wanted an FC."

Above all Mike Smith says exactly what he believes. It goes a long way to explain why Intersound, the hi-fi store he and partner Ray Colee run in the Melbourne suburb of Balwyn attracts customers from all over Australia.

"People know we don't flannel here. The price of an Ansett ticket isn't much to pay for the truth, especially when you consider a decent hi-fi system can cost thousands of dollars.

Today, music and motorcars are Mike Smiths' consuming passions. "I love beautifully made high performance automobiles. I have a near concourse 3.8S. What I really want though is Clarrie Pierces' Allard. Years ago I had a worked-on Holden FC. It was like something out of Mad Max. Every kid wanted one. Believe me, before he knew better, even God would have wanted an FC. But then I grew up and began to appreciate the difference between brute force and performance.

It's the same with hi-fi speakers. When you don't know any better, performance is anything that will blow your socks off. But you soon learn the expensive way that subtlety is what sound reproduction is all about."

So what speakers does Mike Smith have in his Sassafras home? "Probably the best speakers made today. A pair of Altec-Lansing 14s. We play everything from 18th Century Baroque to Muddy Waters. I'm a fanatic about sound fidelity and the AL's give me all I could ask for. And of course they have patented features like Automatic Power Control to prevent loudness damage. Susie loves them because they're beautiful to look at. Altec use only real matched wood veneers not the plastic you see more and more. Sure they're not cheap but nothing good ever is."

For the free full colour Altec-Lansing brochure and the name of your nearest stockist phone (03) 64 3546 or fill in the coupon below.

Maybe Mike Smith is right about Altec-Lansing.
Tell me more.
Name _____
Address _____
_____
_____ Postcode _____
To: Keio International Pty. Ltd.
198 Normanby Road, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 64 3546.
Brand Management ALTEC LANSING KO 413/AP

"Probably the best speakers made today"

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Mr Asia murder

I am writing in regard to excerpts from the book *Greed* by Richard Hall, published in the November '81 issue of *Australian Penthouse*. This book purported to be the inside story of the Mr Asia murder, for which I received a life sentence.

I will not, at this time, write a protracted criticism of the methods and motives employed by its author to prostitute his profession for profit. However, when all the legal ramifications surrounding my case have been resolved I will take some time and great pleasure in responding to the substance of this book in a manner which will completely discredit the credibility of its author.

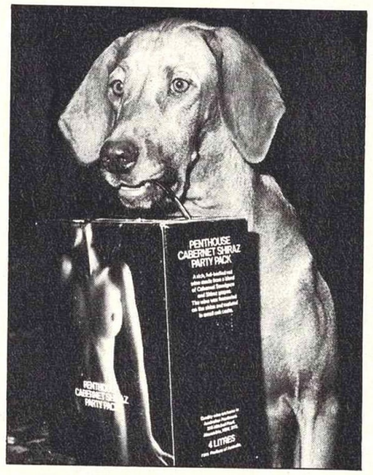
Obviously Mr Hall is accurate in some of his material — by this I refer to information that was a matter of public record. But with regard to the ridiculous and wholly unsubstantiated conclusions at which he arrives as a result of his so-called "research" into my life, they can be summed up with one word — *rubbish*!

He arbitrarily ascribes to me a catalogue of crimes without making any attempt to furnish one iota of authoritative evidence to support his fanciful and ludicrous claims. In fact, some of his assertions are directly opposed to the official account and conclusions arrived at by the police, who *have* made extensive and thorough investigations into all of these matters.

Mr Hall's erroneous claim to "exclusive knowledge" amounts to nothing more than the technique employed by a malicious gossip and/or a polished liar. That is, he has built his story upon material he thinks nobody can disprove rather than upon that which has been established as fact.

This book has no standing whatsoever as a study of my life, criminal or otherwise, but only serves as an explicit example of hypothesis and hypocrisy. When Mr Hall's interest and involvement in my life is placed in its proper perspective beside a factual account of the events, his role will be seen as similar to that of a jackal. In fairness to the jackal, I must make this observation: even that much-maligned profiteer of death and suffering endeavors to work its way through to the heart of its victim. When Mr Hall was unable to penetrate beyond the most unsavory of starting points, he decided to dissemble his failure and limitations with the filth that he found there.

I would further suggest that Mr Hall should in future confine himself to writing on subjects of which he can sincerely boast an exclusive knowledge and personal experience. — *Terry Sinclair, HM Prison, Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, UK.*



Pet of the Month

We thought you would be interested in this photo of our red bitch carrying around her red wine — actually snapped one evening on her way to a kennel party. The bitch is a Hungarian Vizsla. She is something of an alcoholic and enjoys a good wine (whine?) or port.

We also enjoyed this drop and thought the photo was well worth taking. Since it caused considerable comment among our friends, we thought you may be able to use it. — *Faye Harris, Warranwood, Victoria.*

Frills and spills

Does working for *Penthouse* have all the advantages we assume it has? Are there any raving nymphos who assist in the creation of Forum, or do your contributors and staff just have great imaginations?

Do the parties you must have at work turn into complete lusty orgies? Do women throw themselves at your feet and beg to be used? Are there any minor distractions, like hands undoing flies, naked women running around and bras and panties in every drawer?

Or is it just a typical office, where the only distraction may be the occasional glance at a nude photo, or the accidental brush of a set of boobs against an elbow? Please let me know.

Also, I would like to know whether or not, when you're shooting pictorials for your magazine, you need any extras. For instance, you're photographing a girl at a pool party and you need a few jocks hanging around in the background pretending to drink. If so, can I ever be one?

Please let me know if you want me to front for an interview. — *Mr J.M., Crows Nest, NSW.*

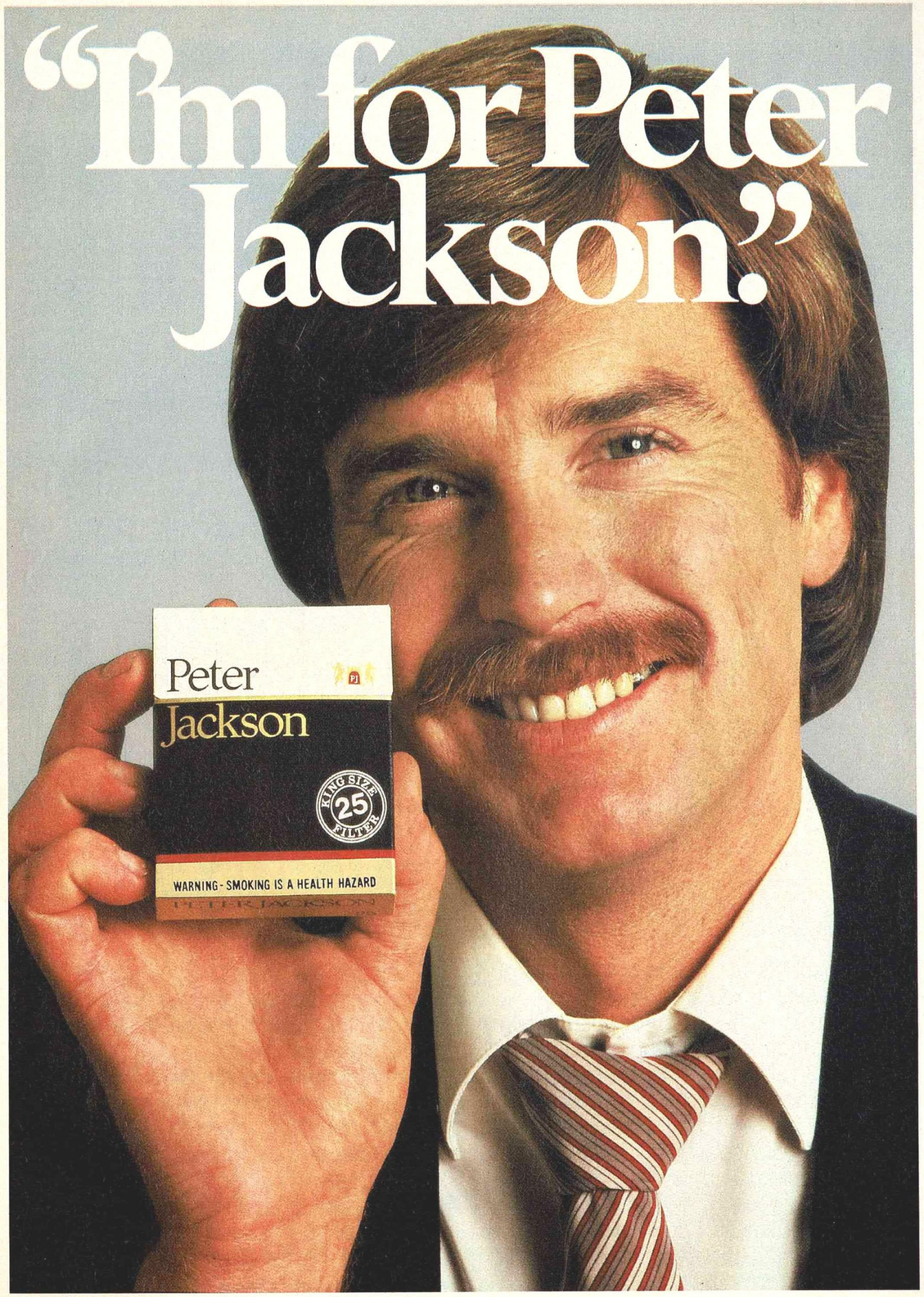
Yes. Yes and yes. Sometimes. Some do, some don't. Yes. No. No vacancy at present, but we will keep you in mind. Unfortunately, our correspondence cabinet is chock-full of frilly knickers so we've filed your note under French letters. — Ed.

Good advice

Congratulations for introducing the Vietnam Veterans' Advisor. I'm not a vet myself but I have friends who have been over there and believe me, they got no thanks for it when they returned to this country. People actually abused them when, overhearing conversations in bars, they discovered that my friends had fought and killed people in the war. These pseudo-radicals have no idea of the circumstances at that time; it wasn't possible to just say "I'm not fighting in this disgusting war" and leave it at that. Early on, it was no different to World War Two: people branded you a coward of you objected. In the pre-moratium days it was nowhere near as trendy to renounce patriotism and be a "peace-freak", and those few who were accepted as conscientious objectors had to go through incredible ordeals to avoid being sent to Vietnam.

These mates of mine sacrificed a great deal of youthful fun to participate in a war they never started, so that even though they didn't cop the toxic reactions that many others have, their lives were badly affected and their personalities have deteriorated. They're much more resentful, distrustful and fearful than they had been previously.

Anything in print which tends to make people more sympathetic to veterans should be applauded. As a society, we have a lot to answer for in regard to the way veterans have been treated. — *John Simpson, Maitland, NSW.*



Put a normal station wagon in a spot like this and you'd have to pull it out again.

The elegance of the Subaru station wagon gives no clue to its remarkable dexterity.

It looks to be designed for miles of comfortable, economical motoring, as indeed it is.*

Yet it can also cope with the most rugged road conditions, taking water crossings, slippery slopes, sand and other obstacles in its stride. That's because at the flick of a lever (and without stopping) it converts to four-wheel-drive.

This added traction, powered by its 1800 cc engine, allows it to go where the normal station wagon fears to tread.

It's well equipped for the job, too.

A rugged underguard plate protects the engine when the going gets rough, the suspension adjusts to give extra ground clearance, and it's fitted with steel-belted radial mud/snow tyres.

In addition to the standard 4WD there is also a dual range model. This has a second set of gear ratios, 46% lower than standard, giving a total of eight forward gears.

Whichever you choose, you will be driving the only make of station wagon that can honestly claim to be as much at home in the country as it is in the town.

SUBARU 4WD

Takes the rough with the smooth

*FUEL CONSUMPTION FIGURES TESTED ACCORDING TO AUSTRALIAN STANDARD 2077: CITY CYCLE — 9.5 1/100 KM (29.7 MPG) HIGHWAY CYCLE — 7.5 1/100 KM (37.7 MPG).

MN&C/SUB/3105

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

A different angle

I am an avid reader of *Penthouse* and I especially enjoy reading "Forum" and have learned a lot from the experiences of just ordinary people like myself.

My experience begins when I was working on a farm in the country. Just adjacent to the farm was a branch of a small agricultural extension specialising in raising fish, wildlife, and water fowl. There were numerous ponds where different species and sizes of these succulent morsels were studied and raised.

Driving along the dikes I kept noticing a dark-haired, full-figured Oriental woman bending over the ponds tending the young ducklings and I could hardly contain myself from finding an excuse to strike up a conversation with her. My first encounter occurred one evening as we passed by in the ute. My partner leaned on the horn. She stood up, smiled, and raised her middle finger in an Italian salute. Then she bent over and chucked a brown-eye at my partner and me. At first we were thoroughly pissed off but also confused as to why she would act this way. Soon I was to find out.

Several evenings later I happened to find a couple of stray ducklings that had wandered from the ponds and were waddling along the road. I managed to gather them up quickly and proceeded to return them to the office building. Knocking on the door I was surprised when this same young lady answered, and she was more than grateful when she saw the young ducklings I was returning. She invited me inside and offered me a cup of coffee. I noticed she was eyeballing by crotch, which was starting to enlarge under my jeans.

She told me her name was June. I told her my name was Andy. She said she was doing some undergraduate studies and would only be around for a short time. All the while I kept noticing her eyes dropping to my ever enlarging cock that was just aching to get inside her Oriental pussy. When I couldn't take any more of this cockteasing, I asked her if she was doing anything later. She readily accepted, giving me a nice hug, rubbing her pussy in more than a casual way around the ever enlarging bulge in my jeans. Quickly I pulled her toward me, pressed my lips to hers, and rammed my hot tongue into her mouth, grinding my cock gently but firmly into her lower abdomen. Running my eager hands down her back around her well-rounded buttocks and finally reaching under her skirt, I could feel her mound. Boy, was I confused! It was unlike any pussy I had ever encountered. Suddenly I began to think back to my childhood when I had heard stories told by sailors on the Gulf about their experiences with the Oriental girls, especially the "Oriental snapping pussies." She grabbed me by my crank and bearings and led me through a long hallway into what turned out to be a lounge. I almost tore her panties in half, and would you believe, there, staring me in the face, was a three o'clock pussy. The old sailors were right, and at this point let me say my faith was renewed and never will I doubt the word of a sailor again.

Off came my jeans, and when she saw my full length of solid cock she was equally amazed and hesitated at spreading her legs, explaining the need for more time and a place where the fear of being caught would be eliminated. She gave me a quick handjob and then I had to leave, because my shift was starting. After giving her pussy a good fingering we parted, agreeing to meet later in the evening to continue what we'd started.

Stuffing my old feller back into my pants, I hurried to the operations building and called an old friend who had spent 40 years in the navy. I told him of this unusual find and asked his advice on the techniques of what to do with a three o'clock pussy. He explained that even in the Orient a pussy slanted horizontally is very uncommon and must be treated in a special manner. He also explained the importance of lubrication and staying power.

Promptly at 10, I arrived at the office door, where June was eagerly awaiting my arrival. She wanted a drink, so we took in several nightspots. We had some very stimulating conversation and made our final stop at a restaurant, where we had some wonton soup and several dim sims, washing them down with tea. During the course of our evening she explained that the raised middle finger and exposing of the buttocks were expressions of good luck and lasting friendship in the customs of her country.

On our way to my block of flats she slid over close to me, unzipped my fly, reached into my pants, dragged my white spike out, and started stroking his velvet head with her soft fingers. In no time at all

Australian PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Published by
ADM FRANCHISE PTY. LTD.
Executive Director: Peter McWilliam

EDITOR
Andrew Cowell

EDITORIAL
Production Editor: Corinne Mackay; *Staff Writers*: Phil Abraham and Greg Hunter; *Motoring Editor*: Peter McKay; *Art Director*: John Byrne; *Assistant Art Director*: Cheryl Collins; *Fashion Editor*: Sue Smith; *Editorial Assistant*: Steve Loneragan; *Political Editor:* Mungo MacCallum; *Hi-Fi Editor:* Richard Morgan; *Travel Editor:* Allan Moult; *Contributing Editors*: Denis Whitburn, Sallie-Anne Huckstepp and Jeremy Cook.

ADVERTISING
National Advertising Director: Barry A. Magrath; *Advertising*: Tony Flook; *Advertising Traffic Manager*: Jill Van Der Horn; *Victorian Representative*: Peter Reid, Tel. (03) 519-282; *SA Representative*; Mark and Harry Hastwell, Tel. (08) 79-9271; *Queensland Representative*: Media Services, Tel. (07) 229-6033; *WA Representative*: Ian Sutton, Tel. (09) 367-1813.

ADMINISTRATION
Managing Director: Bruce McWilliam; *Office Manager*: Vicki Hrelja; *Pet Power Co-ordination*: Sue Smith and Tracey Wallace; *Financial Services:* Monica Roman; *Office Communications Officer*: Kathy Page; *National Wine Representatives*: John Urwick and Eve Loaney.

PRODUCTION
Production Manager: Dennis Bradshaw; *Production Assistant*: Malcolm Burgess; *Typesetting*: Harlen Overset.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
165 Riley Street, East Sydney, 2010; Box 4084 GPO Sydney 2001. Telephone 331 6444

DISTRIBUTORS
Gordon and Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(US edition)
Bob Guccione *(Chairman)*
Kathy Keeton *(Vice-chairman)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(Secretary-Treasurer)*
Marianne Howatson *(Associate Publisher)*

EDITORIAL
Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Managing Editor*: Heidi Handman; *Foreign Editions Manager*: Suzanne Locatelli; *VP/Art Director*: Joe Brooks.

ADMINISTRATIVE
Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *Associate Publisher:* Marianne Howatson; *Senior Public Relations Director*: Rich Jachetti; *VP/Administrative Services*: Jeri Winston; *VP/Production Director*: John Evans; *VP/Circulation Marketing and Promotion*: Bob Guccione, Jr.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast*: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. Tel (213) 824-9831. *London*: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS:
Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. *Berlin*: Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. *Rio de Janeiro*: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. *Budapest*: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. *Zagreb*: Cedomir Komijenovic, Strebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

JULY

he was standing proud and erect to his full length and was raring to go. When we got to my cosy flat, June went into the bathroom. She drew my bath water and proceeded to give me a bath I shall long remember. She soaped me all over, paying particular attention to the critical areas like my crank, bearings, and arsehole. Taking my big crank into her mouth, she very slowly started sliding her soaped middle finger into my arsehole. With her going up and down on my cock and sliding in and out, I had one of the biggest comes of my life. She very expertly swallowed the evidence, not wasting a single drop. Finally she dried me off completely with her hot tongue and we retired to the bedroom.

Remembering the advice my old sailor friend had given me a few hours before, I started to work on June. Her boobs were not too big but, what the hell, a chick can't have everything. That slanted pussy was arousing my curiosity, so I wasted no time in going down on it. Unlike a straight up-and-down pussy that you lick with your tongue, this one you huff and puff on, like playing a mouth organ. Another unusual thing was the lack of pubic hair. It reminded me of that old Chinese proverb: "He who lickety split must get hair in teeth." Not true with Orientals.

June was enjoying the way I was eating her out, especially when I would run my tongue at the extreme ends of her slit. Then I noticed her getting more active. Finally little bumps began to form and started growing and that's when I discovered she had two clits. Between my huffing and puffing and licking of the two clits, she began to moan and groan with ecstasy and delight and when she asked me to screw her I plunged white spike in right to the balls. This is where the Oriental snappers work best. Those muscles surrounded my pecker and were milking him to a stiffness he had not known before.

When she spread her legs wider, her pussy would tighten, the two clits would become aligned with my balls, and then all hell would break loose. She would reach down and take one bearing in each hand, pressing in onto each clit while raising her gyrating arse in the air. She didn't stop until we each reached our orgasms, hers being a double-clitted one. In the space of an hour or so we had at least three king-sized orgasms without withdrawing. I was so drained and screwed out and so weak I couldn't lift myself off a piss pot if my life depended upon it.

Needless to say, from then on June and I had as many encounters as we could comfortably fit into our busy schedules. — *Name and address withheld.*

Roles in the hay

What could have been a serious problem has turned out to be an exciting event in my sex life. I am a fairly quiet woman of 27 and have a good figure. My sex life has matched my personality, that is, until I met my fiance. One year ago I gave him my virginity and found myself really enjoying sex with him until recently. For no apparent reason I found myself being turned off at the thought of going to bed other than to sleep. Using our imaginations, we tried to come up with new positions, games, toys, to satisfy me, with no luck. So, instead of focusing all the attention on me, we decided to do whatever turned on my boyfriend, which had not been done in the past. Sitting down to soft candlelight and a tall bottle of our favorite wine, I asked him to let his mind run free and think of what we could do as a couple that would really make him stiff.

The two things about him that really stand out are his gentle smile and his very rugged hands. In a sense he is two men in the same body. He is strong and yet treats me very gently, with a love I have never felt before in a guy. In short, he is what every woman is looking for.

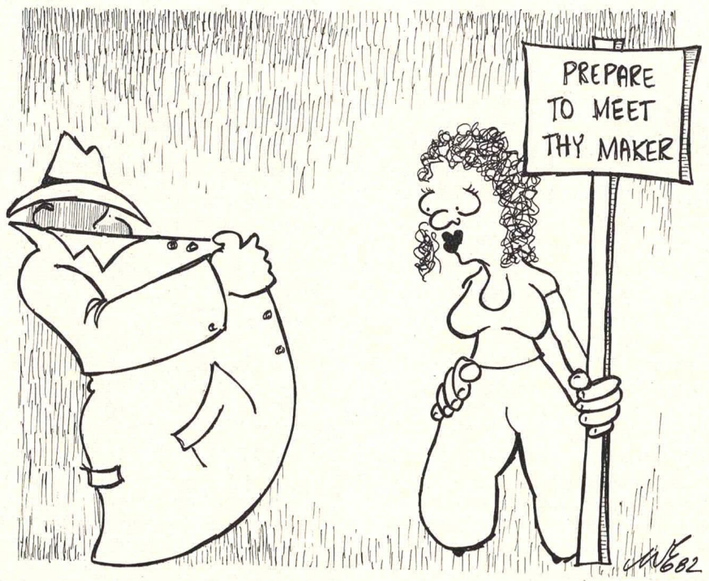
After a couple of minutes of serious thought, he looked at me and smiled and then turned his head away and said, "Never mind." After I had coaxed him on with kisses and assurances, a fantasy came out of his mouth that I knew must have been locked away inside him for many years.

Falling asleep that night, I had his suggestion on my mind and carried it as a continuous thought the next day. My boyfriend had always impressed me with his imagination and often he had told me he thought about me all day, but never had I realised that he was tying the two together.

Basically, his fantasy was a simple one: he applied situations that he read in books and saw on television and made us the hero and heroine.

Arriving home a little more than an hour before he was expected, I sat down at the typewriter and began listing situations that both he and I could play, for example, hooker and client. He had mentioned that sometimes he wanted to play the subordinate role and sometimes he needed to feel dominant. I came up with two dozen situations that would give both of us a chance to play either side. I cut and folded each fantasy and placed them in a jar to be randomly picked. Just the thought of playing these roles made me start to feel the tingle I had missed. This solution was obviously what we needed.

While waiting, I took a warm bath and put on my robe and slippers. I was sitting in the living room when my boyfriend got home, and I told him that I wanted him to decide what I would wear. I then walked over to the the biscuit jar. He was curious as I sat down and placed the jar in front of him. With only a few seconds to choose, he pulled out a neatly folded slip of paper



...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

Winfield
25
WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

WV1-Q2
CC494/80

and read, "Male teacher/female pupil" Putting both my hands on his face I kissed him briefly and said that I would be right out with my math book. I turned briefly just before leaving the room and saw a big smile on his face as he stared at the slip of paper.

In the bedroom I picked out clothes that would make me look like a sex-crazed 16-year-old. I found this exciting because this gave me a chance to go back in time to the naughty little girl I never was or allowed myself to dream I could be. In my short shorts, baggy T-shirt (with nothing underneath), ankle socks, and sandshoes, I entered the living room as a 16-year-old girl supposedly ready to be tutored in math but only having one statistic on my mind — eight inches.

With lips smacking, bubbles popping, I sat down on the couch with my teacher, knowing that he too had had ideas while I was getting ready. After about a half hour of vigorous multiplication and division drills, I suggested we take a break so I could rest my tired little mind. Throughout this session he was playing a formal teacher only interested in improving my mind. The whole time I could feel my crotch getting hotter and hotter and wondering if my teacher noticed my fully-erect nipples underneath my T-shirt. Seeing that he was paying more attention to the math than to me during our drills, I stretched back in a deep yawn, so he had no choice but to acknowledge the hard points of my breasts. Still acting childish, I asked him why he had placed a notebook over his lap, knowing full well that he was hiding a bulge underneath.

By this time both of us were very hot, so I asked him if teachers ever got taught. He turned to me and said that there was always room for improvement in our lives. Wasting no time I pulled off my T-shirt, exposing my large and firm breasts. I knew he wouldn't be able to resist. Sliding over closer to him and wrapping my arm around his neck, I slid my left hand down his pants and asked him if the teacher would like to be taught something now. My excitement drove me to an aggressiveness that surprised both of us. I pulled down his pants and began kissing his love muscle. When he came, I took all of his love nectar as it exploded like never before in my mouth. I then got up and dropped my shorts, lay down on the couch with my legs spread wide, and pulled my teacher down on my steaming love tunnel. Like no time before he was lapping away at my clit, sending shivers like earthquakes throughout my entire body.

No more teacher, no more pupil. I wanted *him* inside me as I grabbed his hair and pulled him up to meet my needs. For 15 minutes we both met each other's thrust with an excitement neither one of us had felt before. When his cannon shot off in my pussy, I screamed with joy and we both lay there in each other's arms, trembling. After a few minutes of rest with loving kisses, we relived the entire situation. We knew just exactly what we both needed.

Our roles give us a chance to be many different kinds of people and still have each other. (Tonight he's a realtor trying to sell me a house!) — *Name and address withheld.*

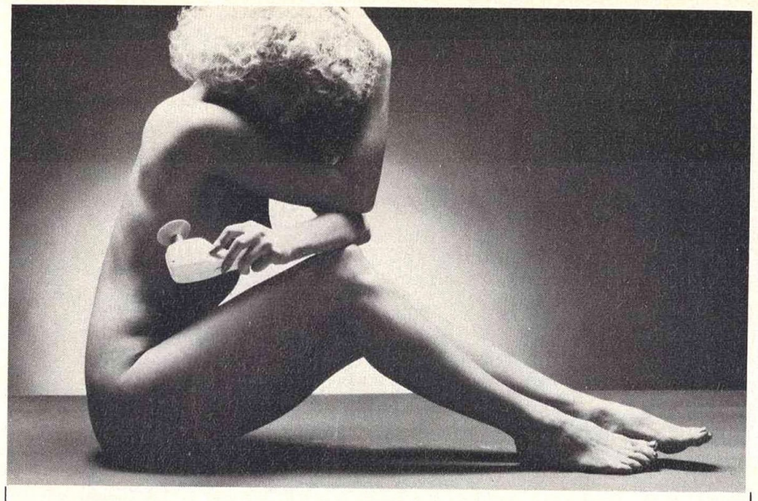
"How can we have a meaningful relationship when every time I open my mouth you go into hysterics?"

She's hard to come by

One evening last month my husband, Ed, and I were having a few drinks at home with our friend, Cath. She is a pretty blonde girl of 22 with slim hips, long legs, and almost non-existent breasts. As the drinks began to take effect, Ed began to get a little loud-mouthed. Most of the time he knows when to stop, but he got way out of line in kidding Cath about her "teenie tiny titties." He just kept on and on, getting cruder and more insulting by the moment. Suddenly, Cath was yelling right in his face that he was a mammary-obsessed macho man who ought to be taught a lesson. She ripped open her blouse and buttons flew all over, exposing her almost flat, muscular chest. "Mate, I'd love to make you beg for these," Cath hissed. Ed made it perfectly clear that there was nothing in the world that she could ever do to make him kiss or touch her boobs. The scene was going from bad to worse, and I was trying to stay out of it and out of the way. I expected blows to be thrown, but Cath smugly dared him to let us tie him up for a little while and prove how much of a big man he really was. Blame it on the drinks, but Ed readily took the dare. I said that I'd go along with it, but I wasn't going to hang around to see what happened.

Cath ran out to her car to get some rope from her trunk. About 20 minutes later Ed was tied over the top of our kitchen table, face up, in his briefs. His ankles were tied to the table legs and his wrists were tied to the other legs so that his whole body was bent like a bow. I could see that there was no way that he could get loose so I asked him if he still wanted to do it. "You bet," he snapped at me. Nothing I could do would make either of them stop, so I washed my hands of the whole thing and picked up my bag. The only thing I asked Cath was that she not hurt him too much. "Don't worry," she said, "I won't hurt him. But when you come back I'll have him as horny as hell for you."

I went to a favorite winebar and had a glass of wine and did a little shopping at the mall. I was gone about three hours before I finally went home. When I opened the apartment door I found Ed still tied up, stark naked, with pieces of his underpants on the floor by the table. His manhood was stiff as a board and throbbing helplessly in the air while Cath sat in the chair between



Don't Leave Her Happiness To Chance

Whether it's a special gift for the female friend who has everything, or a present for your lover, the Plus 5 vibrator is the perfect way of showing you really care.

This unique therapist-designed vibrator has enhanced the love life of thousands of Australian men and women.

Take the Labour out of Love

Many women need a great deal of lengthy, tender sex play to really enjoy lovemaking. When you haven't time for hours of pleasure, the Plus 5 vibrator can be man's best friend, the means of making sure your lady doesn't miss out on the enjoyment she deserves.

Do you miss out because she does?

Is she always too tired? Has a headache? It may be that lovemaking has never lived up to her expectations. If sex leaves her disappointed and frustrated, it's not surprising she tries to put you off.

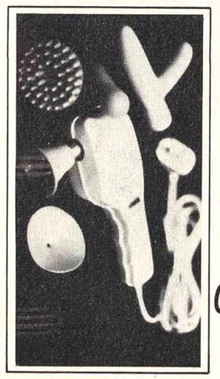
The Plus 5 vibrator has already helped many Australian women reach their first orgasm.

'Buying a vibrator was a pretty far-out thing for me to do. I was always hesitant about "unnatural" devices. Too kinky for me. But I was desperate . . .

'I was quite excited when it arrived in the mail, also a little surprised that it was not penis-shaped. There and then, in the middle of the day, I put the baby to bed and proceeded to experiment. And it all happened, wow, did it happen! It was unbelievable. My first orgasm. What had I been missing out on all these years? I was so ecstatic that I wanted to announce the news to the world, ring all my friends.'

The Plus 5 — A Pleasure Machine

The Plus 5 is a small electric vibrator with five attachments, some for body massage, others designed for clitoral and vaginal stimulation. It is light-weight, two-speed, easy to hold, virtually silent.



SEND THIS COUPON TODAY
to: ISSUES, PO Box 118, Woollahra, 2025

Please send me ..... Plus 5's at $29.95 each and ..... male domes at $4.50 each, for which I enclose $ ..... by cheque/money order.

MALE DOME

Name .....

Address .....

..... Postcode.....

BANKCARD/DINERS CLUB/AMERICAN EXPRESS

Name .....Expiry Date.....

Signature .....Amount $.....

OR use our 24-hour telephone ordering service using your credit card — phone (02) 326 1932

FORUM

his legs, resting her chin in her palm as if she were bored, calmly brushing the tips of her fingers up and down his hairy inner thighs and around his contracted balls. He was so dizzy from lust that he didn't even notice my entrance. His breath was ragged and short and I was amazed to hear him beg in a gasping voice. "Please, Cath, please!" She motioned me to silence with a gesture and whispered to me that she had won the bet. I had to agree. Around the table were a belt, a bottle of hand lotion — the traces of which were on the table top under him — and a couple of my best scarves, which had been used as a gag and blindfold. He had little hickey marks all over his chest, mostly around his wrinkled and tightened nipples. It was easy to see that he was suffering for a good come and hornier than he had been, probably, in his whole life. Each time she brushed her fingers around the base of his cock he made a squeaky little sound in his throat and tried to hump his hips up to make her touch his hard-on. She whispered into my ear for me to watch something I wouldn't believe. Gently she massaged his balls in her fingers, moving slowly up towards his aching cock. Just as she got to the base of it she stopped massaging and began to tickle through the thick hair around his fat mound so lightly.

"Poor baby" she teased, "what's the matter? Hmmmm?" His answer was so low that I could hardly hear it, "Please, please!" "Aw, baby boy, what do you want? Do you need me? Tell Cath what you want." I could tell that he was trying so hard to shoot that I almost made her stop. But I was so amazed seeing my husband writhe at the slightest touch, as if he were in total agony, that I just stood silently beside him and watched her drive him crazy. She kept up the tantalising questions, making him beg to get a look at one of her tiny breasts. As she moved one hand up to his nipples, she softly explained that she had sucked him briefly at first to get his cock sensitive but that she hadn't touched it for almost two hours. He had never touched her nipples or body at all.

I backed out of the way so that she could remove the blindfold and "give Eddie his reward for being such a good little boy for Cath." She stopped caressing him to bounce her little nipples right in front of his face. She never stopped tantalising him for a minute. Cath finally let him have a nipple to suck for a brief moment, giving him a light squeeze on his purple cockhead to emphasise the pleasure of getting to kiss one of her "teenie tiny titties."

After these few object lessons in the pleasure of touching the nipples and breasts of a flat-chested girl, she was so wet between her legs that she had to relieve herself. As Cath collapsed onto the couch with her drenched fingers working overtime, I stood behind him and lifted his head so that he could see the whole thing stroke for tantalising stroke. His swollen prick bobbed in the air helplessly; he couldn't use it and he certainly couldn't lose it.

Ed pleaded for us to let him shoot but neither of us would till Cath got through with her own relief.

Cath tweaked his nipple just to make him jump one last time before climbing aboard. I could feel my own fingers probing my love hole as she fitted Ed's stiff prong into her sopping place. She sat down on him so fast that he had no time to shoot and stayed still. She played with her own little nipples, giving him a look at the things he most wanted to hold. Her red tongue played around her full lips as she sat there. From where I stood, I could see that her love muscles were clenching at his trapped cock because her stomach muscles moved rhythmically. "Ed, look at Cath's teenie tiny titties." she taunted. "Shoot for me, little boy. Do it now, do it now. Ahhhh, it feels good." Cath was making him shoot without stroking on his cock at all. His chest arched up and his eyes bugged out as he gave up his juice to her, gasping his pleasure and relief.

Cath made me leave him tied up while she got dressed to leave. Before she left, however, she gave him the biggest kiss right on the end of his shrunken manhood. "If you ever get any more ideas that breast size is a gauge of a woman's potential, give me a call," she laughed. — *Name and address withheld.*

Discovery tour

I thought your readers would like to hear of an interesting oral sex technique practiced on me recently by a boyfriend who helps compile road maps. We were leaving a friend's dinner party, both a bit squiffed and we were hardly inside his Toyota Land Cruiser when he pushed me back on the seat and ripped my gauzy panties from my pussy.

At first I tried to struggle but then he began murmuring *Woolloomooloo, Woolloomooloo* into my rapidly moistening nether regions. The subtle and delightful reverberations this caused calmed me and involuntarily I began to moan. Sensing my enjoyment he began hissing *Wingecarribee, Wingecarribee* with a viciousness that made my pussy hairs stand on end.

I began writhing and pulled him by the ears closer to my sopping sex. It was his turn to struggle now as he gasped for breath but somehow he summoned the strength to spit the word *Coonabarabran* at my swollen clitoris. I came in shattering spasms for what seemed like hours.

I highly recommend this form of travel. You may not catch much scenery but it certainly makes NSW seem like the State of excitement. — *Ms Jane Stephen, Woolloomooloo, Sydney.*

After hours

My friend Greg and I were working together at the same Mexican restaurant. Few customers had come in that night, so Greg and I decided to close early. Just as Greg was locking the door, a car drove into the carpark. I saw there were two girls in the car, so I told Greg to unlock the door.

Out of the car stepped two long-legged beauties. As we watched them approach the building, we noticed their gait was a bit unsteady, indicating they have been visiting a few pubs earlier in the evening. Greg couldn't keep his eyes off their voluptuous bodies as he took their orders. Donna was about five feet six, with blond hair and ample breasts swinging free beneath her T-shirt. Mae was taller, her long legs accented by her skintight jeans.

I cracked a few jokes, and they came back with a few of their own. They asked if we had hot dogs. Greg laughed and said they could have hot dogs later. Pretty soon it was really time to close, and I came out and locked the doors. I told them to yell when they wanted out. Donna said, "We'll leave when you two leave."

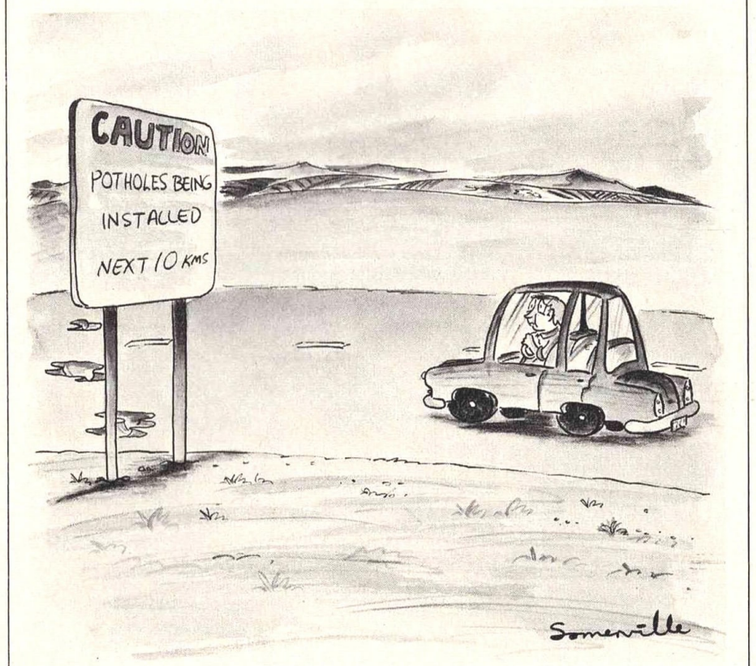
I went back in, and Greg said his cock was aching for the warmth of a juicy pussy. I told him not to worry because this could be our lucky night. Just then, I heard the girls say they were ready for their hot dogs. To my amazement, Greg ran out and dropped his pants right in front of Donna. She took his hint and proceeded to give him head. I saw he was in good hands, so I beckoned Mae to the back.

Mae was an expert at this game. She gave me an outstanding blowjob. No-one had ever sucked my cock with such relish. When I came, she swallowed every drop.

Donna had started to scream, "Screw me, screw me!" and Greg complied with her request, pumping on a table until they were both exhausted. Mae, in the meantime, had disrobed completely and had started to finger herself as I tongued and massaged her firm breasts. She led my head down to her glistening pussy, and within seconds her back arched in a shuddering orgasm. She moaned for more, and I gladly entered her soft pussy. She was by now well lubricated and had no trouble accepting my cock. Our hips were soon pumping in unison, and within a few minutes we came together on the floor.

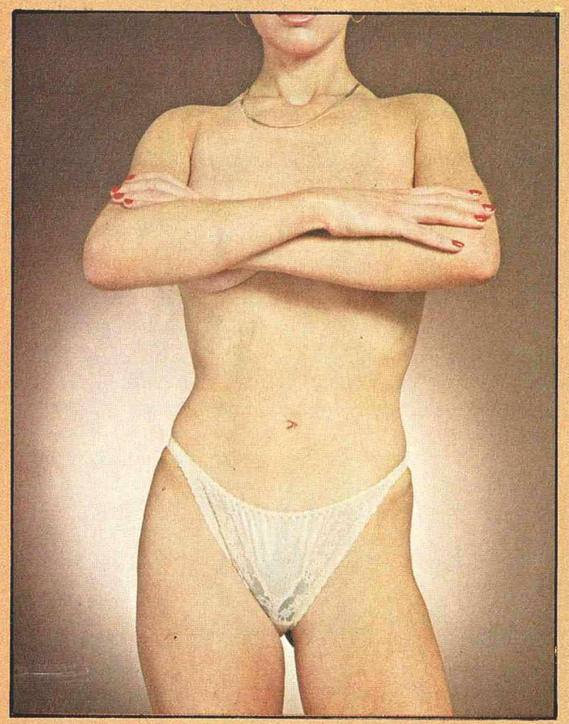
To my surprise, Greg and Donna walked past us into the office. "Too many windows in the dining room," Greg explained. I looked into the office and saw Donna's chest pressed against a chair back, her breasts and erect nipples hanging over as Greg entered her from behind. I feared Greg would push her over with his vigorous thrusts. She threw her head back and gasped for air as her juices ran down his legs. The chair held up.

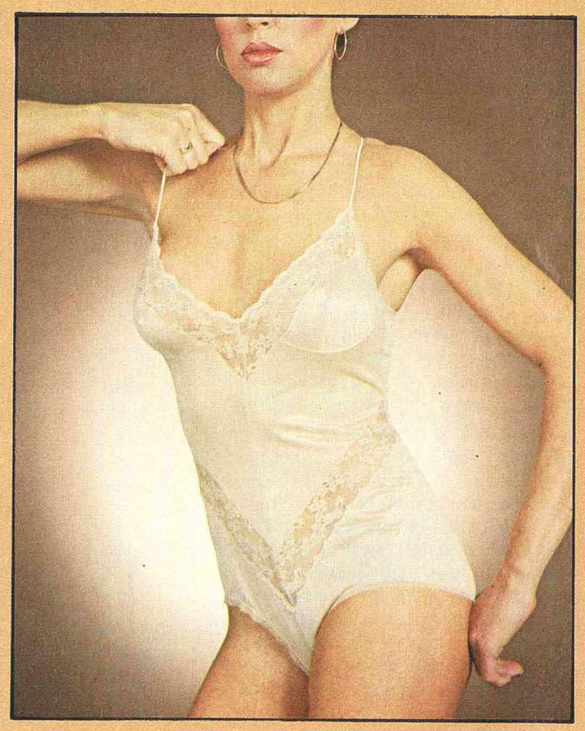
We spent a few minutes recovering, and the girls helped us clean up. — *Name and address withheld.*



Penthouse lingerie for your Pet

Exclusive to *Australian Penthouse*! Sensuous, exquisite, top brand name bikini briefs and teddies for your Pet. The briefs are trimmed with delicate lace and feature a discreet Penthouse Key motif — the symbol of men and women joined in harmony. The one-piece teddy is lavishly trimmed and inset with lace and also features the Penthouse Key. Available only in champagne (as shown) and available only from *Australian Penthouse.* Give her something luxurious . . . give her Penthouse lingerie.





Australian
PENTHOUSE

GPO Box 4084, Sydney NSW 2001

☐ Bikini briefs in sizes 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ @ $10 ea including postage and handling . $_____

☐ Teddies in sizes 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ @ $25 ea including postage and handling . . . . . $_____

TOTAL: $_____

I enclose my cheque/money order for $_____ or please debit my

DINERS CLUB ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐ BANKCARD ☐

A/c No. _____

Signature _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

N.B. Please allow 21 days for delivery of mail order products. Prices apply to Australia only.

THE VIETNAM VETERANS' ADVISOR

The Vietnam Veterans' Association is a body designed to meet the needs of Australian servicemen and women who served in Vietnam from July, 1962 to December, 1972.

The association was formed in late 1979, when a number of veterans found that they and their families were suffering similar types of mental and physical disabilities. These were common within the Vietnam veteran community and not at all common in the civilian community. Subsequently, branches of the association have been set up in every State and Territory in Australia, including a branch in Darwin. Over the past two and a half years the association has placed pressure on the Australian Government for recognition and treatment of what it considers to be unique physical and mental problems, occurring in both the veteran and his or her offspring. A series of meetings took place between veterans and the past Minister for Veterans' Affairs, Mr E. Adderman. These and subsequent meetings with the current Minister, Senator Tony Mesner, have led to the pending implementation of "counselling centres" in all States.

> Vietnam vets have a wide range of problems, and a significant number are afflicted by combinations of problems, some very serious

Although the association lobbied for direct government funding, it was only able to obtain these independent counselling services, which are totally separate from the Vietnam Veterans' Association, the Returned Services League and the Department of Veterans' Affairs.

In order to structure these services, a National Advisory Committee was formed by Senator Mesner. The members of that committee are listed at the end of this article.

The stated purpose of the Vietnam Veterans' Counselling Service is to assist veterans and their families with their health and social problems by direct counselling and appropriate referrals. When all the centres become operational they will be staffed by trained professional counsellors who have extensive knowledge of the unique problems associated with the Vietnam War, and who understand the difficulties that many veterans and their families experience. All matters arising in the counselling process will be treated in the strictest confidence. The centres will operate under a casual, relaxed atmosphere.

Vietnam Veterans have a wide range of problems, and a significant number are afflicted by combinations of problems, some of which are very serious. The most common conditions are these: inability to establish meaningful marital or familial relationships; difficulty in holding down a job; sudden mood changes involving rages and/or depression, nervousness and anxiety; isolation and withdrawal from social activity; persistent alcohol and drug abuse; low self-esteem.

These problems need not be confined to the veteran himself; any member of the family may arrange for counselling, and veterans can arrange to be counselled individually or in the presence of others. Additionally, in the Sydney centre arrangements are now being made to have veteran group sessions. In these sessions, participants will be able to share their Vietnam experiences and subsequent problems in the presence of a trained facilitator. In the United States, group sessions have proven to be a very effective medium whereby veterans can work through their problems and satisfactorily resolve them. Later the association also intends to set up group sessions for the wives of veterans.

Three counselling centres are already operational — in Adelaide, Sydney and Perth. Contact points for veterans are:

Adelaide: 237 Glen Osmonde Rd, Frewville. Tel: 79 9718. (Opened February 5, 1982.)

Sydney: Cnr Smith and Macquarie Streets, Parramatta. Tel: 635 9733. (Opened February 15, 1982.)

Perth: Unit 4, Delanie House, Cnr Canning Hwy and Gwenyfred Rd, South Perth. Tel: 367 9400. (Opened April 14, 1982.)

By the end of June, 1982, centres should be opened in Darwin, Brisbane, Melbourne and Hobart. To find out the addresses of these, veterans will need to look for advertisements in the local press throughout June.

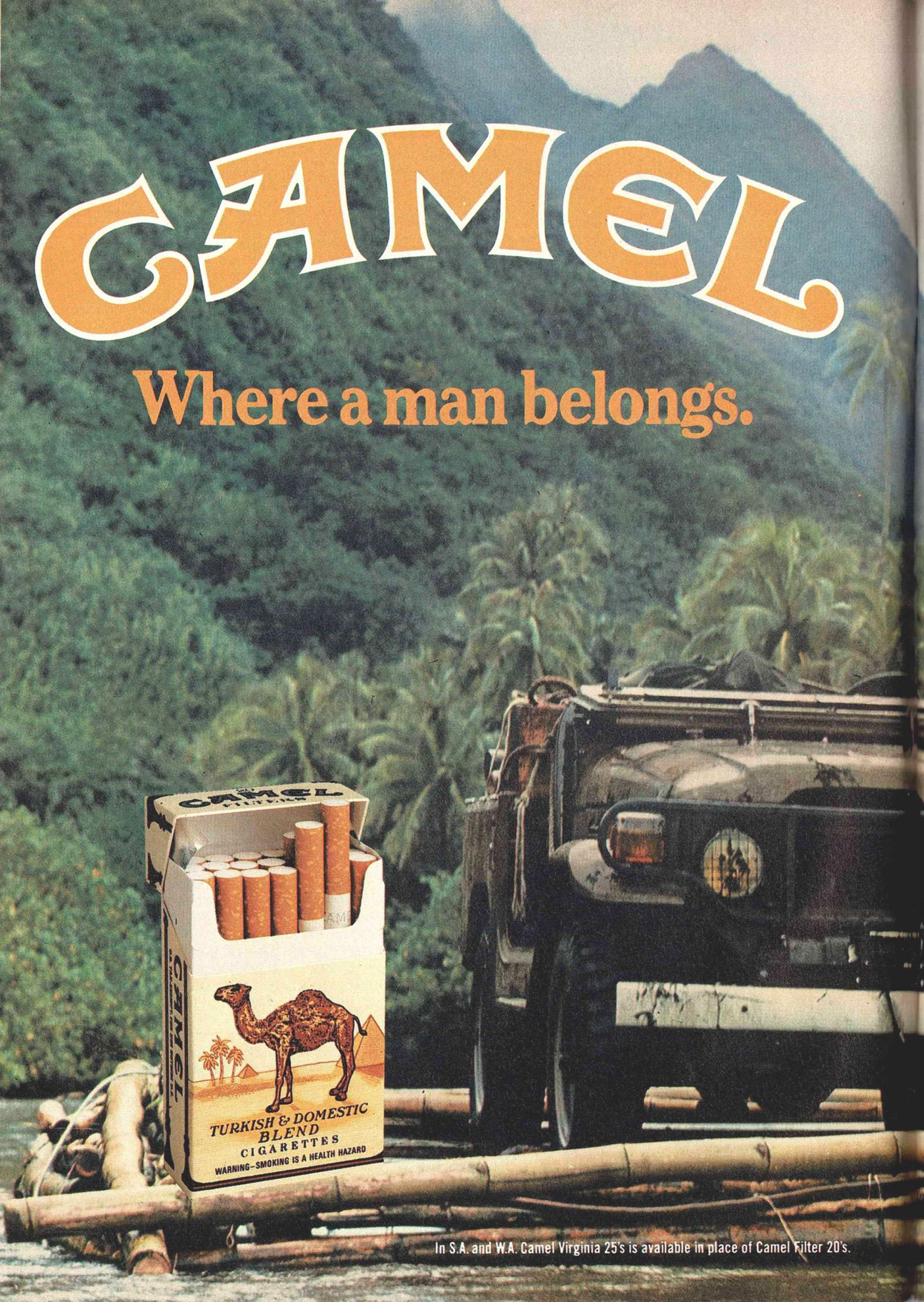
Since opening in Sydney, the association has dealt with an average of 75 contacts with veterans and their families each week. This is a clear indication of the vital nature of the work. Contact may be made in the form of presenting for an interview or simply asking for advice over the phone. With the current workload, the service is able to offer an appointment within two or three days; however, as in the case of a doctor's surgery, counselling can be had immediately in an emergency.

Experience has already shown that the success of these services depends very largely on the level of co-operation between the Veterans' Association and the centre staff. Therefore it is imperative that all veterans and their families with problems make full use of the services provided, whether they are members of the association or not.

Advisory Committee Members: Dr M. Keogh, Director of Medical Services, Department of Veterans' Affairs; Mr Peter Young, National Secretary, Returned Services League of Australia; Mr Phil Thompson, National President, Vietnam Veterans' Association; Dr Trevor Anderson, independent doctor, who served in Vietnam.

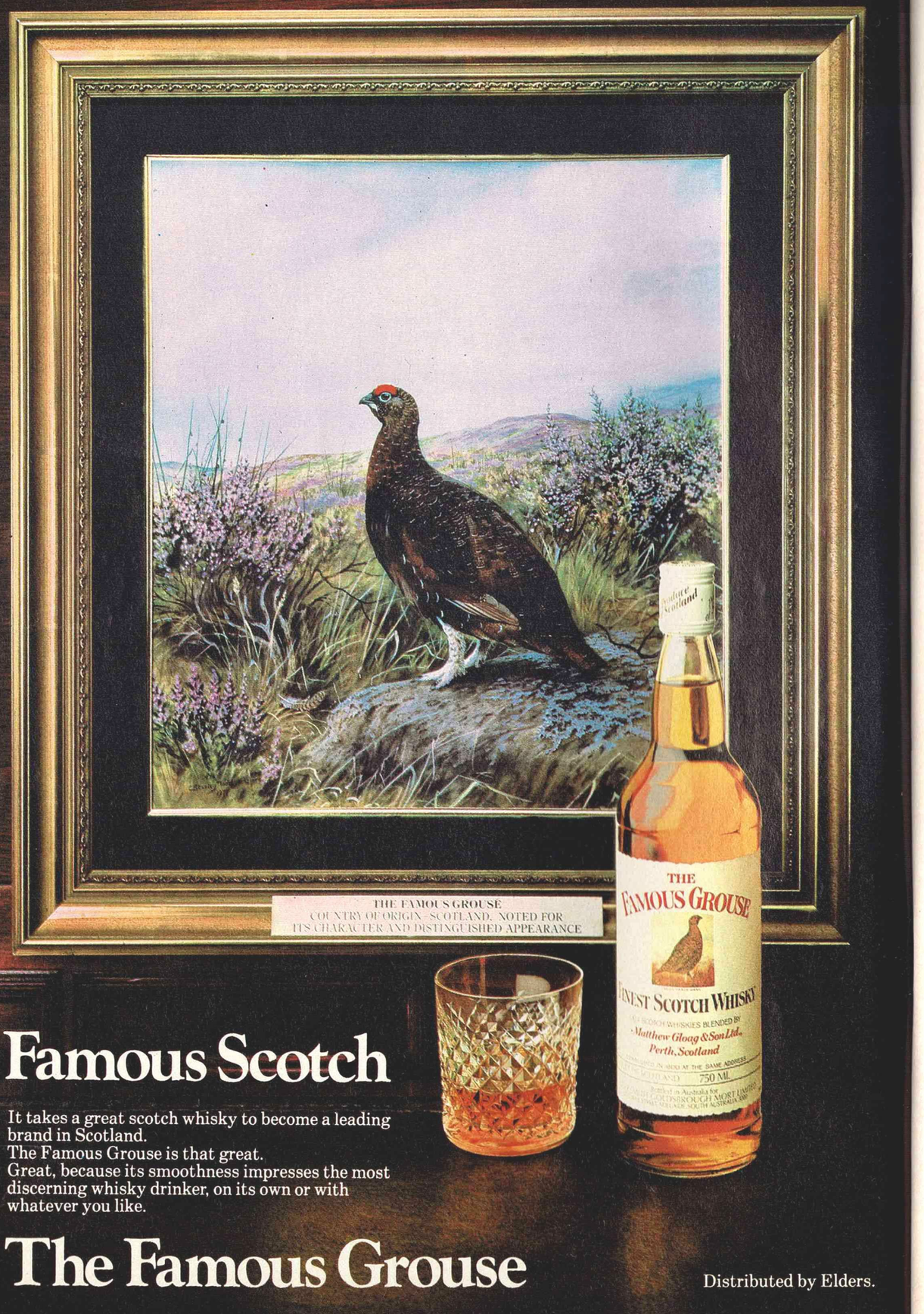
CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



In S.A. and W.A. Camel Virginia 25's is available in place of Camel Filter 20's.

RJR 3787
CC 856/82


THE FAMOUS GROUSE
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN - SCOTLAND. NOTED FOR
ITS CHARACTER AND DISTINGUISHED APPEARANCE
THE
FAMOUS GROUSE
FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
Matthew Gloag & Son Ltd.
Perth, Scotland
750 ML
Famous Scotch
It takes a great scotch whisky to become a leading brand in Scotland.
The Famous Grouse is that great.
Great, because its smoothness impresses the most discerning whisky drinker, on its own or with whatever you like.
The Famous Grouse
Distributed by Elders.

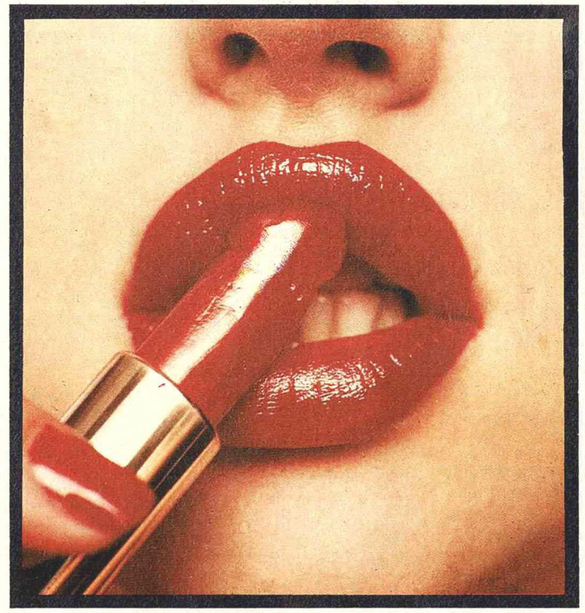
"Feathers can be a great sex toy when used properly and in just the right spots. Try it just after a thorough body massage"

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I recently attended a three-day annual conference in a nearby city. My wife usually attends, but this year she was ill with the flu. On the first evening of the conference, there was a cocktail party. I was still on my first drink when a young woman came in, and I was immediately enchanted by her. She was about 25, brunette, slender, and shapely, with long legs. My groin was responding to her like a Geiger counter.

I knew I'd hate myself in the morning if I didn't do something about how I felt tonight. I made my way over to her and whispered, "I've watched you all evening and I want you." I then turned and pushed my way through the crowd to the doorway. She followed. When she got to my room, I closed the door firmly behind her, took her deftly in my arms, and kissed her possessively.



I pushed my tongue between her lips. She moaned as she opened her mouth and her tongue went wild with mine. I began to kiss her neck as my palms traced small circles over her breasts. I could feel her hard nipples through the silk jacket. I dropped my hands and began lifting her skirt. She made no effort to resist when I began caressing her smooth, nylon-encased thighs. I told her to spread her legs and I immediately started sawing my fingers back and forth between her panty-covered pussy lips. She was already sopping wet. She began panting uncontrollably. I palmed her pussy fiercely, alternately pinching and pressing her clit with my fingers.

Her legs suddenly snapped shut as she rose and bucked wildly, convulsively. I had literally made her insane with passion.

By this time I was in a frenzy myself. I pushed her up against the wall, dragged off her panties, and unzipped my pants while she was still convulsing. I looped my left arm beneath one of her knees, raised her leg, and slammed my prick up her love tunnel. Her eyes flew in surprise and slowly disappeared beneath her drooping lids as I began pounding away at her. She moaned with every thrust as though my cock was pushing out the sound. I never felt so powerful or turned on in my life. I unbuttoned her red silk jacket and stripped it from her. Then came her black crepe blouse and black lace half-bra. Her breasts were full and her nipples were long and hard, like erasers. I rolled them and pinched their hardness. I could feel her tensing and when she was as close as I dared to bring her, I pulled out abruptly and told her to get on the bed.

I pulled her onto me and offered her my cock. She got to her hands and knees and all but swallowed it in her enthusiasm. She licked, sucked, and mouthed my cock and balls, then greedily swallowed all the cream I pumped into her mouth. I then pulled away from her and told her to stay just as she was (on her hands and knees). I crawled behind her and slid my throbbing cock into her. I entered her languidly. I wanted an easy, relaxing interlude. When I was completely buried in her, I stopped and remained motionless inside her. I reached between her legs and played with her clit. I could not believe her wetness. I continued the action of my fingers while I moved my other hand to her anus. Her excitement grew.

Finally, I withdrew my cock then resumed my insertion as gradually as possible. I pressed myself deeper and deeper into her until I was buried to the hilt. I drew back a very tight inch or so and thrust back softly. Then again. I banged a little harder, then harder still. I slammed into her so hard I knocked her sprawling and popped out of her. Mad with desire to shoot my load, I grabbed her and

AS DEMONSTRATED ON BBC's 'TOMORROW'S WORLD'

DO YOU ATTRACT WOMEN?

Score every time with Aeolus 7, the undetectable female attractant PHEROMONE – the fragrance that attracts women without them even knowing why.

WHAT ARE PHEROMONES?

Pheromones are scents which all of us exude naturally. Although undetectable they affect the way we react to each other both socially and sexually. Recently, scientists have managed to isolate certain of these Pheromones and the one of particular interest to men is Androstenone, because this is the one that attracts women, and the one possessed in abundance by that lucky tiny minority of men we all know who seem to attract women effortlessly.

For the rest of us the mating game has always been hard work – until now. After years of painstaking scientific research ANDROSTENONE PHEROMONE fragrance is finally available to the general public.

EXPERIMENTS PROVE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF ANDROSTENONE

There have been numerous experiments demonstrating the effectiveness of Androstenone, and these have been reported widely. The following extracts from the World's Press provide convincing proof that ANDROSTENONE REALLY WORKS.

WHAT THE U.K. PRESS SAYS ABOUT ANDROSTENONE

'Heaven Scent! The secret of Sex-cess' – The Sun (21.3.79) 'The spray gives men a heady start when it comes to the mating game' – The Sun (21.3.79)
'Minute quantities were sprayed on a chair in a dentist's waiting room. Women patients made straight for the chair!' – Sunday Times (20.1.80)
'A male sex pheromone which has a scent that attracts females' – Time (Vol. 115, No. 2)
'Dr. Alex Comfort suggests that the musky scents may act directly on the brain's sex centre to heighten sexual arousal – but at a level below the threshold of awareness' – Cosmopolitan (July 79).
'This stuff makes Petunia want to screw like a bunny' – Oui (September 79).
'Our push-button world has come up with an instant answer for all men who can't pull the birds . . . Spray-on sex appeal' – Daily Mirror (19.3.80).

USERS' REPORTS CONFIRM SUCCESS WITH AEOLUS 7

Reports are now coming in from users who have tried Aeolus 7 with astonishing results. A salesman writes he was unable to get past the secretary of an important businessman he wanted to see. He paid another visit and after one discreet spray on his lapel he suddenly found her previously cold attitude completely altered. Now she was charming and co-operative, and he was able to get to see the boss. Another Aeolus 7 user, middle-aged, reports that while travelling by train he was surprised when a pretty young girl entered the carriage and ignoring the empty seats, sat close to him and started talking in a friendly manner (reported in a letter to Forum Vol. 13 No. 1.)

Another younger man who previously had difficulty in his relationships with women, has recently reported his first sexual experience after using Aeolus 7.

ALL THE PROOF YOU NEED

The press reports from around the world plus the enthusiastic claims from amazed users should convince even the most ardent sceptics. Aeolus 7 is the ultimate male cosmetic that nearly all of us need to improve our relationships with the opposite sex.

Send for yours today and give yourself the opportunity for some exciting new experiences. Aeolus 7 comes in a handy aerosol container with full instructions. It costs only $27.50 including all postage and packing. One spray of Aeolus 7 will last at least 10 days on cotton wool and there is sufficient for 15 sprays in each container. Enough to last for nearly 5 months.

ORDER FORM

To: OLNER PTY. LTD., P.O. BOX 56, SEAFORTH, 2092.

Please send me _____ container(s) of Aeolus 7 at $27.50 per container.
I enclose my Cheque ☐ Money Order ☐ Credit Card Details ☐

Quantity	Article	Price	Total
	Aeolus 7	$27.50	

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

American Express ☐ ☐☐☐ ☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
Bankcard ☐
Diners Club ☐

Cardholder's Signature_____

XAVIERA

threw her on her stomach and pumped furiously until I came thunderously.

Although the sex was first-rate, the aspect of dominance, even cruelty, however, disturbs me. When it comes to sex, I'm generally very tender. I'm concerned that I've got some kind of sadist floating around inside of me. What do you think? — A.K.

You are obviously a very talented lover and extremely cocksure. Your description of what you did to this woman could serve as an instruction manual for getting laid. You also must have a strong personality and willpower that radiates and attracts others. She didn't have to follow you to your room, and she didn't have to stay.

Your moment of dominance is perfectly natural for any man who is accustomed to getting what he wants when he wants it. You mentioned that you thought of her possibly having pain and took that into account. If you hadn't, I would say you were a little cruel and maybe sadistic. Taking control of a situation can be a big turn-on. Making someone your sex slave is fun for both of you.

THE NEXT BEST THING

I really love screwing, but my wife does not have the same drive as I do. So, through the years I have had brief affairs. These have always been great for me and have in no way hurt my marriage. In fact, they've helped keep it together.

My best affair has been with my sister-in-law. She is a blonde beauty with what has got to be the hottest love nest between her legs this side of the Great Dividing Range. She likes sex any way and every way. The only problem is that we both had strict religious upbringings and can't quite free ourselves of enough guilt to screw as often as we would like.

Some months ago, while having a very sexy phone conversation with her, I slipped down my pants and shorts and began masturbating. I soon told her what I was doing, only to discover that she had slipped off her panties and had her finger in her very wet pussy. In no time at all we both climaxed.

Well, we have had several of these intimate phone conversations since then. We get very plain in our language. She may tell me that her pussy is warm and wet, her clit is hard, and she is screwing herself with her middle finger. I tell her I'd like to be there eating her out. Maybe not quite as good as the old in-out, but it gives us both a really good experience and no adultery is being committed. How can you commit adultery over the phone?

What do you think the odds are that the phone company will tune into us and make a scene over it? We're not in a very large city, and I'd hate for our conversations to be made public. If you can't answer this one, then could you help us to be free to have sex with each other without guilt. — J.K.

I get the idea that your guilt is based more on the fear of someone finding out than on ethics.

Get gutsy — why don't the two of you make an obscene phone call to your wife. Maybe you can turn her on.

If you are worried about the phone company, why don't you invest in a couple of CB radios and get the whole world in on the act? Use nicknames and no-one will guess who you are; the best place to hide something is always in the most obvious place. Remember, too, phone lines are traceable.

BOND TRADING

Do you know of anyone with a tickling fetish? The reason I ask this is that my very first sexual experience involved light bondage. I am a 30-year-old male, and to make a long story short, I lost my virginity with a hooker in a brothel in Kings Cross. When the girl found out I was a virgin, she offered me anything on the house, so I asked to tie her up. She willingly complied, and with a few leather straps I soon had her spread-eagled on the bed, tied down at the ankles and wrists.

Just as I was about to start licking and kissing her breasts, I got a strange urge to tickle her. I tickled her feet, armpits, ribcage, etc. She really went crazy, and seeing her wriggle and squirm really turned me on. I tickled teasingly for about 10 or 15 minutes until I had a very strong and rigid erection. The girl then started asking me to get stuck into her, which I gladly did.

Later, after I screwed her and undid the straps, I let myself be tied up and tickled in a similar fashion. She teased and taunted me by offering her breasts and pussy but kept them just out of licking range. Then she started tickling me, and I went crazy. I almost lost all control when she brought out this feather and started flicking it against my cock and balls. Finally she let in this other girl and the both of them took turns licking me slowly, bringing me to a very strong climax.

Ever since that wild night, I have never let myself be tied up and tickled, although I have done it to a few girls.

Have you ever met someone who enjoyed using feathers on you while you were bound up? — F.H.

Yes, I have been tied up and tantalised with feathers, although the guy that did it to me didn't know when to stop. I thought I was literally going to die laughing. Feathers can be a great sex toy when used properly and in just the right spots. Try it just after a thorough body massage.

I wouldn't consider tickling a weird fetish. I've gotten a lot of mail from folks who get their giggles in the sack.

UNDER THE COUNTER

This letter is to let all readers know that there are more advantages to being self-employed than just tax cuts. I am the owner of my own business and have a good-looking girl helping me in the hot summer months. We weren't all that busy one day, so I asked her if she would clean out and organise our stock under the counter. It happens to be the same counter at which I receive my customers and where my cash register is located. It was a fairly hot day, so I was wearing a pair of loose shorts. I started getting a few customers and was at the counter, when my assistant decided to organise and clean. It is fairly roomy, so she could get underneath without disturbing me while I was waiting on customers, or so I thought.

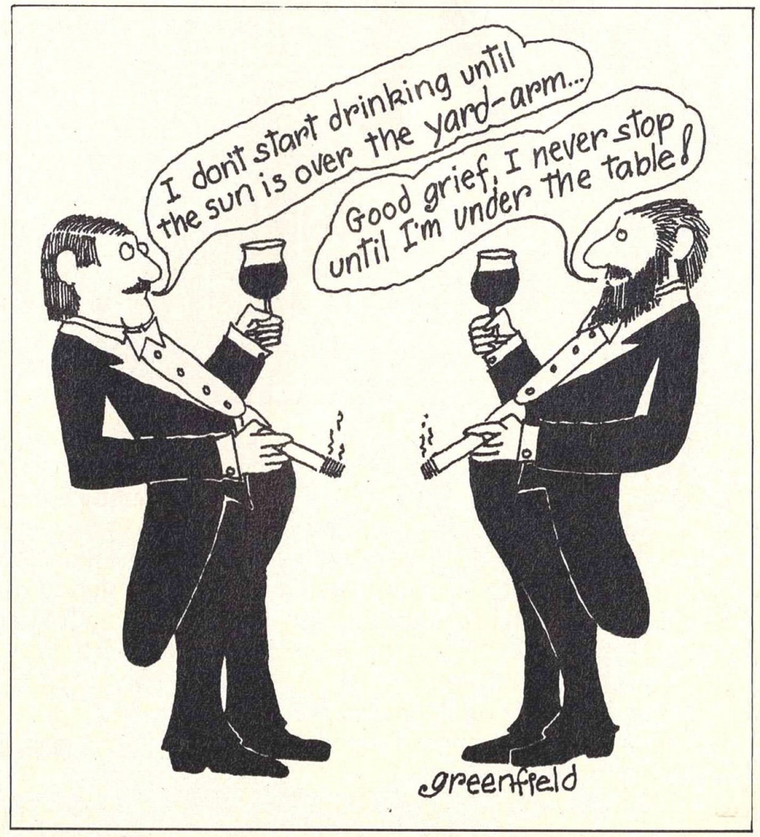
Suddenly, as I was standing there with my legs comfortably apart, I felt something touch my cock. Trying not to freak out in front of my customers, I just twitched a little and kept on counting change.

Then I felt my shorts being slightly lifted on the left side. This started driving me nuts, but I was still trying to stay cool in front of my customers, who began to look at me a little questioningly. By this time I was getting really excited and hard. Then I felt moist, soft lips wrapping around my cock and sucking very slow and rhythmically. Sweat was beginning to appear on my forehead, and I bent slightly over the counter and grabbed the edge of it, bidding my customers good-bye. I'm sure they must have thought I was suffering from a hangover or a bad case of food poisoning. As my customers left the shop, my assistant began really going to town on me. My legs were about to buckle from her fantastic head action and the anticipation of more customers coming in as I was about to blow my wad in her luscious mouth.

Finally, after what seemed like an hour, I came like I have never come before. My knuckles turned white from gripping the counter so tightly. After I exploded in her throat I looked under the counter to see my assistant grinning like a cheshire cat. Her pants were soaked with come because she had climaxed too.

Since that day we have cleared out everything from under the counter, and I have tried my technique on her. Pulling her shorts to one side, exposing her soft warm pussy as she stands with her legs wide apart, I lick feverishly at her snatch. Under these conditions it takes no time at all for her to reach a thunderous climax. — G.H.

Are you sure your under-the-counter activities are tax-deductible? If not, it could be a sad "blow" to your business. In the meantime, I hope you and your assistant are expanding your enterprises successfully. You shouldn't have problems deciding on lunch.



A day is made perfect by its ending.

Sunset, anticipation for the evening to come.

Soothing, sounds of your favourite music. The day's problems disappear.

The moment is Marantz. Unmatched in its eloquence, unmatched for its purity of sound reproduction.

Elegant, indulgent.

The Marantz Gold Renaissance 1000. Top-of-the-line in a range of superbly crafted hi-fi systems from Marantz.

Six separate components of unsurpassed technical excellence. Highly sophisticated Pre-amplifier and Power Amplifier, 14-station preset AM/FM Stereo Tuner, Cassette Deck, Equalizer and fully automatic Turntable — subtly burnished gold tone.

And finally, the magnificent system speakers — matched in quality and luxury of design to rosewood finish furniture pieces.

Marantz Gold Renaissance Series.

Life couldn't sound better.

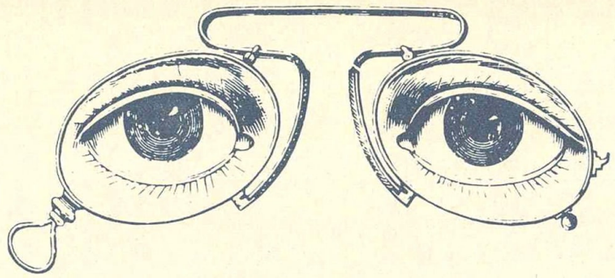
Marantz Gold. The New Audio Standard.

marantz®

Now you're listening.

Distributed by: MARANTZ (Australia) Pty. Limited, 19 Chard Road, Brookvale, NSW, 2100. Telephone (02) 939 1900 Telex AA24121, Melbourne (03) 544 2011, Brisbane (07) 44 6477, Adelaide (08) 223 2699, Perth (09) 276 3706, Townsville (077) 72 2011

Design and specifications subject to change without notice.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE PRICE OF FIDELITY

BY RICHARD MORGAN

Forget all about watts, distortion, sensitivity and all the other technical jargon. These things are not what hi-fi is about. No, hi-fi is simply the enjoyment of music. Strong words? Maybe, but hi-fi is not, as so many people think, an end in itself; it is a means toward an end. My firm belief is that we've lost sight of something along the way in our pursuit of the ultimate that high-fidelity can provide. That something is the music. All too often, enthusiasts get caught up in the theoretical perfection of their equipment without heed to the music they play through it.

Die-hard enthusiasts, in their endless search, have become totally disenchanted with conventional recordings (they wince at the poor pressing quality and bemoan deficiencies in other areas of performance). The current trend is toward so-called "audiophile recordings", records which can highlight a good system in all its sonic glory. Never mind that the musical content of such records often borders on abysmal, that the musicianship in many cases is only adequate and that the cost is prohibitive to most people (at least twice that of conventional pressings). Cymbals do ring out with crystal clarity, bass does extend to rock-bottom depths, and the midrange is clear as a bell. But at what cost to musical sanity?

Don't get me wrong — independent test results and manufacturer's specifications do have their place. For one thing they tell you which component is a lemon and, through government involvement in establishing performance parameters for the various components (amps, tuners, speakers etc), they force manufacturers to produce goods which measure up to acceptable standards. Both of these factors work well in the consumer's favor.

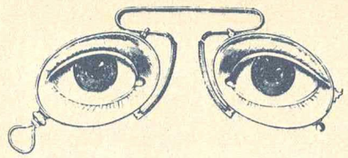
Today, all hi-fi is good. Rarely will you find a lemon among the thousands of units sold each year, because by the time the consumer gets his hands on the gear all the "bugs" have been ironed out — assuming there were any to start with. Computer-governed quality control, modern production methods, improved component reliability (resistors, transistors etc) and other factors have all made their contributions. It is no problem to visit your local hi-fi store, shell out a few hundred bucks for a component hi-fi system and still get better value for your dollar than would have been possible around five years ago.

By the same token, today's systems and components are built to a price structure (with the exception of some rather esoteric equipment) instead of a standard of quality. Performance parameters are attained but costs are cut in areas such as cabinetry, internal componentry etc. However, improvements in technology, large-scale use of integrated circuits and microprocessor (computer) techniques mean that the designer and manufacturer are able to fit more and (often) better features into a smaller, more aesthetically pleasing package.

But the consumer is not responding. He is not venturing into the true realm of hi-fi and is sticking with his old four-on-the-floor stereogram. "It has done me for 10 years and it will do me for another 10," the cries go out. It's easy to single out one major cause — the consumer is reluctant to become embroiled in the technicalities which dominate the subject. "I need a Master's degree in electronics to understand what's going on" is the prevailing attitude.

It's an unfortunate and unfounded fear, one that has been fostered by self-titled enthusiasts, by some sectors of the industry and, occasionally, by the people who write about the stuff. The boffins who occupy the upper stratosphere of hi-fi circles would have Mr Average believe that theirs is an exclusive club, where membership is open only to those who have run the gauntlet of audio store demonstrations, made the same unwise purchases and gathered the necessary education along the way.

What these people often fail to realise is that hi-fi is highly subjective on all levels. We all interpret sound differently and as a result we hold different views on which



sounds we favor over others. This means that the opinion of an "uneducated" person is just as valid in every way as that of an experienced enthusiast. And it's more than possible that the owner of an inexpensive system gets more real pleasure out of his equipment than the enthusiast with a megabuck collection of gear, because he is enjoying the music being played through that system rather than the gear itself.

The preceding lines may give a negative impression about hi-fi, but that is not intended because there is a bona fide justification for buying the best (which also means the most expensive) system you can afford.

Consider a dirty window which overlooks a pleasant garden. The view is obscured by the grime and you can only perceive vague definition and color in the trees and flowers. Now the window is cleaned and it is as if a veil has been lifted. You can identify everything clearly, each blade of grass and each colorful petal. Now consider an inexpensive hi-fi system and picture it as the dirty window. In sonic terms you can hear the music but the sounds seem to meld together, providing little distinctive character. The better the hi-fi becomes the cleaner the window gets until, once again in sonic terms, all the subtle nuances are immediately apparent; instruments have location and there is a definite sound stage with an uncanny "depth"; sonic vagueness is eradicated and the music comes alive. A correctly set up hi-fi rig is only the beginning of a unique sound experience — a kind of *open sesame* to everything available on record, tape and off-air.

But while it has been commonly believed that the goal of hi-fi is to recreate the live sound of a performance, this is now seen as pursuit of the unattainable. No hi-fi system will ever achieve this aim — at least not in my lifetime. A hi-fi system is a device which gives you instant music in the home and its prime function, in the basic disc format, is to extract all available information stored in the record groove and pass that information along the audio chain of events — while adding and subtracting as little (preferably, nothing) as possible in the process.

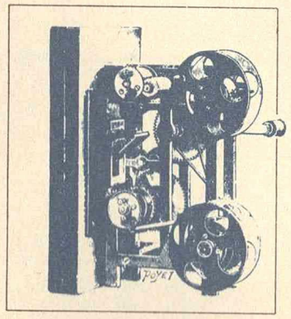
A respected design engineer recently claimed that only 45 percent of information encoded in the grooves of a record was being retrieved by contemporary pick-up systems. That leaves a lot of scope for improvement and development.

The objective of hi-fi is the reproduction of music for enjoyment in the home. That is not an elaborate or expensive sound effect — your present system can do that for you. Note that I am again alluding to the "music". Music is an emotional experience — something that is quite obvious when you hear a live performance. But music played through a hi-fi is more like a mechanical or physical sound effect, albeit a sensational one. It loses most of that essential quality and the vitality is more often than not missing.

Music is created by real people playing real instruments (synthesisers excepted). If your system can reproduce some of the realism of a live performance (not the sound quality), such as a guitarist's fingers moving up and down the fretboard, the breathing patterns of singers and such, then you are already on the way to greater musical enjoyment and the appreciation that goes hand in hand with that enjoyment. This is, of course, the essential factor when choosing a hi-fi system.

But the most important thing to remember is that you are choosing a system which is *for you individually*, the best means to the end of *musical* appreciation; any other approach will almost certainly lead you on a fruitless and expensive chase.

FILMS



BACK TO BASICS

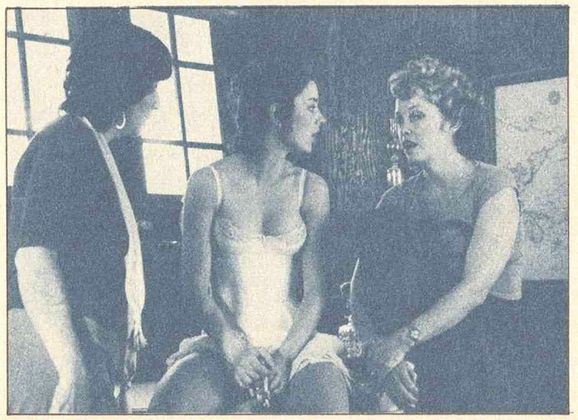
Approaching **Deathtrap** — Sidney Lumet's screen version of the Ira Levin play — is akin to unwrapping one of those boxes inside which is another, then another and so on down to the key to the mystery, to be found in the last box. Levin's international hit comfortably recalls the brilliance of *Sleuth* and stirs in its own distinctive irritations, of the type which pundits of these mind games take great glee in unravelling.

The script focuses on playwright Sidney Bruhl, whose last four stinkers have flopped on Broadway, leaving the middle-aged author of slick thrillers with nary a sign of anything approaching the success of yore. When the depressed playwright is sent the manuscript of a play called *Deathtrap* (a first-time job for a former summer school student) he is thunderstruck by its originality and commercial appeal (five million dollars gross, he figures — and that doesn't include Deathtrap T-shirts). The play is as good as anything he had written when he was firing: good enough to kill over and put his own name to. Which is exactly what he sets out to do. At the risk of having the enthusiastic reader reach through these pages and strangle the humble scribe as Bruhl manages to do to the novice playwright, that is as much information as will be forthcoming concerning the plot.

Michael Caine, content in recent times to chase the almighty buck in a series of turkeys (ie, those films which the studio heads cannot understand us not shelling out $5.00 for), offers the Caine of old in his portrayal of Bruhl. Eyes popping throughout, he gives Peter Lorre a run in the bulging optics stakes, providing a plumpish foil for Christoper Reeves as the playwright about to learn from the master. Reeves comes on as macho, then tosses it aside with a flick of the wrist for the effete, charging on through the latter part of the film and showing that he too can match Bruhl's greed to the point of killing for success. Dyan Cannon, settling into matronly midlife, delivers a dotty interlude as Bruhl's wife — the key to the deathtrap within the deathtrap of *Deathtrap.* Don't say you haven't been warned.

Taking a breather from the heavy stuff (*Prince Of The City* being his last excursion into the heart of darkness), director Lumet bounces the humorous thriller between nailed-to-the-stage theatrics and cinema, a move which could, in the hands of a lesser talent, be taken as a lack of imagination. Director and cast convince they wanted it no other way.

Director Bonnie Sherr Klein's ground-breaking documentary (for Australia as much as for the film's sponsors, the National Film Board of Canada), **Not A Love Story — A Film About Pornography**, is a raw-gutted work if ever there was one. Focusing on a stripper named Linda Lee Tracey, who is no stranger to the skin parlors of Montreal, Klein follows her (with camera and black and white convictions as to pornography's depreciation of the human spirit) through the neon and scratched film world of porno shops, strip joints and



Not A Love Story — A Film About Pornography . . . *raw-gutted*

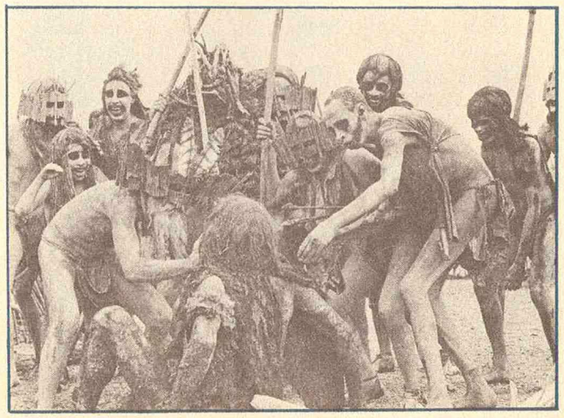
massage parlors of the American skin game. It is a journey the director is able to make in the knowledge that she has on her side if not God, near enough to it in prominent feminist Kate Millett and a retinue of intellectuals.

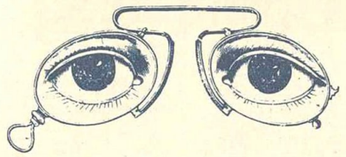
The commentators are as clear about their objections to pornography as the people who run the various sex businesses are about their contribution to society. "Pornography is like a film that's projected on a blank screen and that blank screen is woman's silence. Pornography is filled with images of silencing women. Our silence is the way in which our status as objects is made real", according to one critic. Another rails: "The more that women can be just cardboard cutouts or bunnies, the easier it is not to have any feeling for them, not to have any compassion."

Heavy stuff — verbally and visually — as images of hard core porn are juxtaposed with the good intent of those who *know* what constitutes pornography and the psychological and emotional damage it does. Klein's documentary speaks issues inherent in the pornography debate in a way that is as explicit as the visual footage used to support her view. Scheduled for release on June 28 at the Sydney Opera House Cinema, *Not A Love Story — A Film About Pornography* awaits distribution outlets in other States.

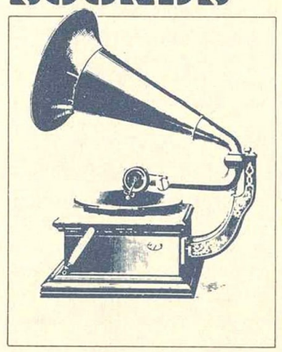
Every now and then, when least expected, something or someone comes along to give our senses a thorough going-over. Elvis did it, so did The Beatles, and so did Orson Welles back there with *Citizen Kane.* Stanley Kubrick, too, pulled it off with *2001: A Space Odyssey.* As much as anyone, Kubrick did a neat job on us, one that neither he nor his audience has really managed to get over, by expanding our limited concepts of time, space and the immortality of knowledge, and Man's need to discover the God in himself. Jean-Jacques Annaud is no Kubrick (but then neither is Kubrick today), which doesn't stop him from having a shot at capturing the master's touch. **Quest Of Fire** is based on a novel by J.H. Rosny Sir, yet is equally inspired by the dawn of civilis ation overture to *2001.* Set 80,000 years ago when fire was primitive man's most prized possession, Annaud's saga, described as "science-fantasy", is a spectacle of sight and sound. The latter is infused by Phillippe Sarde's score and a special language created by Anthony Burgess, author of another Kubrick dazzler, *A Clockwork Orange.* The simple story of three primitive men who literally cannot put two words together, and their quest for fire in unknown regions beyond their own territory, is dependent on Annaud's vision, Sarde's score and the body language devised by Desmond Morris, author of *The Naked Ape* — less so on the grunting and groaning that has slipped by Burgess's pen. Interweaving the fates of four tribes — the Ulam (the primitive Homo sapiens who provide the film's catalysts); the plundering Neanderthals (the Wagabou); the cannibal Kzamm tribe; and the Ivaka (a more advanced Homo sapien) — this adventurous insight into a time still cloaked in darkness draws on the basic elements of cinema entertainment to prevent interest from waning. Action, humor and love entwine the quest of Naoh, Amoukar and Gaw; the fire is their Holy Grail, the link to new understanding. As they create fire, whereas before they had to steal it from other tribes, the Ulam tribe takes that one small step for man. Director Annaud, too, has taken a leap of sorts, carrying *Quest Of Fire* out of the mundane of mainstream cinema, framing it in the same kind of cult passion with overseas audiences that preserves *2001. — Denis Whitburn*

Quest Of Fire . . . *one small step for man*





SOUNDS



DOUBLE HEADER

Talking heads have released their scrapbook double album *The Name of the Band is Talking Heads* (Sire/WEA), which chronicles their live sound from 1977 to 1981.

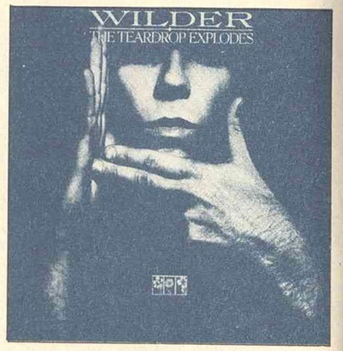
The earlier quartet material remains fairly faithfully in the mould of the studio versions. David Byrne's early stage charm is glimpsed with his chatty monotones: "The name of this song is 'New Feeling'. That's what it's about."

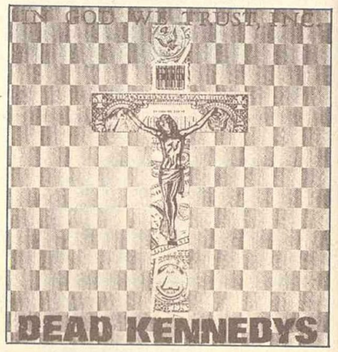
It is up to the nine-piece version of the band that toured in 1980-81, on the strength of the *Remain In Light* album, to significantly rework material. The Heads employ extra percussion and vocals along with Busta Jones' bass (almost of the Stones) and Adrian Belew on guitar. It is probably Belew who does most to facilitate the transition from their recent thick production in the studio to the immediacy of the concert stage, with his distinctive, soaring sound-making. He also provides some specific interest onstage (as he reputedly does with the current King Crimson). The nonet keeps it punchy but is able to open out in places — especially now they have an instrumental soloist of Belew's prowess. Old chestnuts "Life During Wartime" and "Take Me To The River" also get the extended once-over. An underbought but rightly praised major force in contemporary music, live in your living room.

Talking Heads . . . scrapbook double album

Wilder (Mercury/Polygram) has proved to be the swansong of recent tourists **The Teardrop Explodes.** After a fairly chaotic Australian tour they've closed up shop. Lead singer and material writer Julian Cope is hardly reticent about his contribution to the Teardrop. When asked on TV the difference between artists and musicians he answered: "Me and the rest of the band." Touted as the seeds of a psychedelic revival, Cope's lyrics meander amongst an even denser vegetation of paisley vagaries than Steve Kilbey (The Church) ever dreamed of. He has, however, produced an album of appealing intricacy where influences such as Traffic's "Hole in My Shoe" and the Beatles of the late Sixties emerge. Still, he doesn't get points for sheer era evocation, and the brass section is resurrected to more than the effective disco barrage of the likes of Spandau Ballet (growing out of their potato-faced sporrans).

A truly fab band to have crawled from the festering boil of punk is **Siouxsie And The Banshees.** Their history of single releases is chronicled on *Once Upon A Time/ The Singles* (Polydor). This collection starts us off in a "Hong Kong Garden Takeaway"(1978), plods up "The Staircase"(1979) to the "Happy House" asylum (1980), concluding with some "Arabian Knights" contemplating an oil slick (1981). Initially utilising a punk guitar grunge, Ms Sioux and wee Banshees produced an ethnic flavor to their primal beat during this period of growth. The compilation stands the test of time better than the recent rerelease of the Buzzcocks' (with Pete Shelley) *Singles Going Steady* (Liberty/EMI), and is a raucous feast for the ears.





The Teardrop Explodes, The Dead Kennedys

Taking a shotgun broadside at the complacent Me Generation in America are the **Dead Kennedys** on their seven-track album *In God We Trust* (Statik/Missing Link). These East Coast USA boys have always exhibited a basic proficiency in excess of their chosen over-the-top punk posturing. Still, Jello Biafra's manic vocals sound like a particularly unfortunate interface between his tonsils and a high speed oral mix-master (thankfully the lyrics are included). Previously they took us for a "Holiday in Cambodia" and serenaded the woes of brewer's droop. Here they rail against "Religious Vomit", the "Moral Majority", the "Kepone Factory" and "Nazi Punks", finishing with a Holiday Inn revamp of "California Uber Alles" where Gerry Brown is superseded by Emperor Raygun ("We've Got a Bigger Problem Now"). Not for late night serenading . . . but listen! An exposed nerve-ending rubbed raw by Middle America.

In 1973 **Mike Oldfield** finally got his *Tubular Bells* to the public ear. An immediately inviting but ultimately boring piece, it should be remembered for helping to get Virgin Records off the ground. He is now *Five Miles High* (Virgin/CBS) and on his eighth album. Mr Ancient-meadows continues to utilise the "101-ways-with-mince" approach to writing, especially on the "Taurus II" side, where he strings together segments of potentially interesting pieces that fail to become anything in particular — except musical meatloaf.

Another group with vast soundtrack potential is **Asia** on their debut *Asia* (Geffen). These talented veterans (Yes man Steve Howe, Carl Palmer of ELP, Buggle Geoff Downes and John Wetton of King Crimson, Uriah Heep, UK, Roxy Music) claim to have lost none of their big-screen grand eloquence in editing their collective energies from eight-minute works to four-minute spectacles. Oh boy! A supergroup revival (you know, the bands whose songs start at the end and stay there for longer than you thought possible). Soon after Yes became a big No, Howe swapped riffs with bassist Wetton and, with the other two, assembled some anthemnic pomp pop (the Moody Blues try to sound like Foreigner). It's instant Top Five status on the US charts, but rarely clocks in as the sum of its parts.

Stranglers . . . Venus flytrap

The "man with the sweeties, the rowdy man with a belly full of beer, the boy with the karate kick and the man in dark glasses" have dared to shed their leather jackets, don dinner suits and pith helmets and pen one of the more infuriatingly hummable ditties of late in "Golden Brown". Yes folks, it's the **Stranglers.** On *La Folie* (Liberty/EMI), keyboards take over the relentless task initially assigned to their guitars. The effect is that of a Venus flytrap. Generally harmless on the surface, even pretty in spots, but get inside the songs and the lads' sardonic appraisal of life is apt to rabbit-punch you about the neck. However, what they make up for in intent they unfortunately fail to match in many totally memorable tunes.

Headbangers **Heaven** on their *Twilight Of Mischief* (RCA) lack the true originality of bands like AC/DC or Midnight Oil. Competently rehashing some old heavy metal cliches, they croon "You're in my fantasy". I'm afraid I can't reciprocate.

More locals **Silent Movies** (from remnants of the Jukes and now sporting ex-Mi-Sex drummer Hodgkinson on keyboards and guitar) have a patchy debut disc in *Moving Circles* (Result/Polygram). Standout tracks "Can't Say No" and "Any Other Day" tend to cover most of their good ideas.

The **Pink Flamingos** have a similar problem with *We Never Close* (Polydor). Three months touring from across the Tasman to promote this one have unfortunately failed so far to win them the overwhelming adulation they receive in their native New Zealand.

Ex-Blockhead **Chas Jankel** clocks in with his second solo album *Questionnaire* (A&M/ Festival. A pleasantly languid collection of Latin/Funk cocktail corn in which his vocal delivery rarely threatens to excite.

Meanwhile, **JJ Cale** growls, purrs, plucks and strums his way through his latest *Grasshopper* (Mercury/Polygram). "I don't run with the crowd, I don't talk big and loud, I'm just one step ahead of the blues."

Live, Prince Alex-Harvey-would-be-if-he-could (aka John Swan), and his Oroton Princess continue to give us their rock big band sound complete with "It's Incredible" guitar solos and essential fat brass section. The new record *This Time It's Different* (WEA) hardly sees **Swanee** altering the course of popular music, but it's certainly a welcome change to medleys of Led Zeppelin covers (good as the originals were).

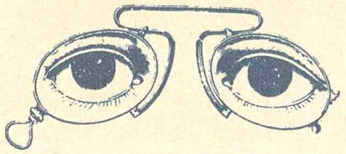
Some have an image thrust upon them, claims **Bill Wyman.** One assumes his cut of his old band's recent $50 million gross US tour provided some compensation for the albatross persona of an unsmiling rock star bassist. He has done much to dispel such notions of late with his bubbling, electronic keyboard spoof "Je Suis Un Rock Star". The rest of his third solo album *Bill Wyman* (A&M/Festival) generally fails to match that song's concise cheek but might be useful for daytime TV kid shows.

"I got a ball and chain hanging around my heart" complains **Elton John** on *Jump Up* (Rocket/Polygram) but somehow I don't believe him. The dynamo arch-entertainer is in too much of a good mood to be genuinely maudlin.

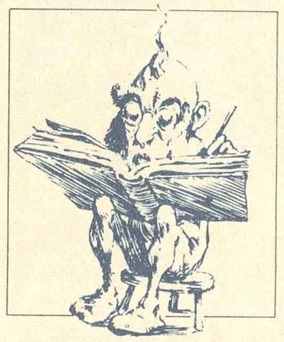
Few surprises here (he's even written half the album with old crony Bernie Taupin), but fewer disappointments — especially for those hordes as witnessed on his recent tour here who have the time for this tireless trouper.

The sequel to the film *The Secret Policeman's Ball* has its vinyl counterpart in *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball* (Island/ Festival). This fourth bi-annual benefit for Amnesty International in London (rounded up by **John Cleese** of Monty Python fame) comes as two records — one the music, the other the comedians. The latter provides the bulk of memorable moments from a grateful introduction of abuse hurled at the cheap seats to a Billy Connolly dissertation on drinking and flatulence ("... seven pints of bitter and a vindaloo"). Not all the skits transfer totally to record but the audience's laughter indicates it worked on the night. The music album has a number of Names in unfamiliar settings which, in many cases, does little to redefine the songs presented. Sting demonstrates his mediocre guitar playing, Bob Geldof (Boomtown Rats) his far-from-stunning voice, and Donovan is wheeled out and dusted off. Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton actually get to use a rhythm section for some rollicking blues duets.

Fellow current soundtrack discs are *Freedom* (WEA) with music by Cold Chisel's **Don Walker,** and *Deathwish* (Swansong/WEA) penned by **Jimmy Page** (Mr Cement Balloon himself). The former really only transcends the film sprockets on the track "Speed Kills" (with vocals by Michael Hutchence of INXS). The latter is a more lavish production, despite the really tacky cover of Charles Bronson, but a billing next to the hotdogs outside the relevant cinema might possibly be its best marketing ploy. — *Jeremy Cook*



WORDS



TRIVIA TIME

The literary boat began listing, some might say sickeningly, a few years back when the Wallace family and assorted friends presented their collected data on diverse subjects like *50 famous people with ingrown toenails* and *the 43 best lays in Tierra del Fuego.* The prototype *Book of Lists* had been perpetrated on a reading public evidently hungry for inane information.

If they didn't know what they were on to at first, old Irv and company soon realised that when they pulled their fingers from the great, grey, greasy dyke of trivia, what came trickling out was gold. About the only subject left untouched in the subsequent flash flood — with every dick and his dog leaping on to the "little-known facts to bore people with" bandwagon — was a solid inventory of good reasons for not buying a book of lists.

Well, the latest lads in the long line of listers are Dave Marsh and Kevin Stein, who've tapped the talents of their mates and some *Rolling Stone* magazine contacts to give us **The Book of Rock Lists** (Rolling Stone Press $12.95).

Marsh introduces this weighty triviology with a prologue apologising for the plethora of rock in-jokes littering the volume, for its numerous contradictions in terms, and for its lack of firm guidelines as to what exactly makes a chap with a guitar a rock 'n roller. As he puts it: "We have chosen, for instance, not to regard such minor musical cretins as Bobby Rydell and such obvious lames as John Denver as part of our rock universe — except when it suits our purpose."

But despite its overtones of "mellow-out, man, hang loose and enjoy the buzz", *The Book of Rock Lists* is undeniably one to get you in, trivially speaking. Where else are you likely to find a list of Liberace's favorite rock performers? (Billy Joel tickles his fancy most, if you're interested, with David Bowie hot on his tail.) Or what about the complete and unadulterated guest list at Mick and Bianca Jagger's wedding? Sure to win friends and influence people.

In all, 34 thematically distinguished chapters make up this paperback, each containing about 30 or 40 lists. Elvis, The Beatles and Bob Dylan are honored with chapters of their own. "Drugs Prescribed To Elvis By His Pal, Dr Nick" is an eye-popper which reads like the index of *The Lancet.* And I don't care what anyone says — "25 Pieces Of Evidence Proving That Paul McCartney is Dead" and "Biblical Characters Who Appeared In Bob Dylan's Lyrics Before He Became A Christian" have a knack of making it difficult to put the book down.

But if you're thinking this is all a bit of a wank, check out "Onan's Greatest Hits (The 25 Greatest Songs About Masturbation)". Marsh and Stein have pulled together such favorites as *Jamaica Jerk-Off* by Elton John, *Slippery Fingers* by Grin, *Rattlesnake Shake* by Fleetwood Mac and, with an honorable mention, *You'll Never Get Cheated By Your Hand* by Stumblebum. More funny business in the section entitled "Number 1 With a Dildo (Band Names With Sexual Connotations)". We get the intrinsic line-up of old faves like The Slits, The Buzzcocks, the Sex Pistols and an interesting new-comer in "Root Slim and The Sex Change Band."

Marsh conceded that there is actually some straightforward and utilitarian material contained within the 643 pages of his *Book of Rock Lists.* This info, he trusts, will correct some of the "monumental ignorance and sheer neglect rock has suffered over the years". But that shouldn't be allowed to cloud the issue here. It's a novelty reference work to have on hand if you list rock music among your interests. And it's sure as hell loaded with conversation pieces enough for you to bore the tits off everyone any time you're hanging in the kitchen at parties. — *Corinne Mackay*

Axel Madsen? Rings a bell! Long-time apologist for big business? No. Scriptwriter, author of books on John Huston, Andre Malraux and Simone de Beauvoir, and Jean-Paul Sartre. So, what is he doing writing about multinationals and planetary survival? In **Private Power: Multinational Corporations and their Role in the Survival of our Planet** (Abacus), he is being both interesting and infuriating.

Infuriating because *Private Power* fails badly in its stated purpose and interesting because it succeeds in a different way. First the good news. Most of the book is filled with gossipy thumb-nail sketches of the biggest companies, international banking, third world economies, international labor, the oil business and the UN.

Naturally, it is all a bit "instant expert" but really a not-too-bad taste of the multinational, world economy scene. Interesting fact? Mr Singer of sewing machine fame left his $13 million to his 24 children from his two wives and three mistresses. Somewhere in there lies a joke or two.

Now the bad news. I would welcome a closely reasoned, well-documented book arguing the potential good of multinational corporations. Such a book would extend my knowledge and understanding and give me something against which to test my generally anti-multinational beliefs. *Private Power* is not such a book.

Doubts are raised immediately. What is private power? Madsen says "All power is private. Power means authority to decide, to say yes or no. Decisions are made by people . . ." That is okay as far as it goes. But where is the discussion of checks and balances, accountability? Hitler had lots of private power and did not do much towards survival of our planet.

Ah, but Madsen says "Power is fleeting, governments lose office, dictators die." Does that make you feel better? "Is our evolution ultimately divergent or convergent? Will we fission into ever smaller ethnic particles, or melt into a common destiny?" asks Madsen. He should know that evolution is full of examples of both convergence and divergence. It is not a question of either/or. He is asking a wrong question — a very good way of getting a wrong answer.

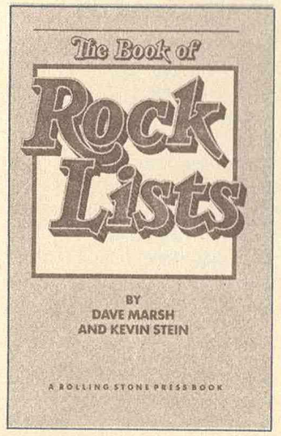
What is Masden's answer? It seems to me that in order to carry off his "Hail the multinational saviors" act he must demonstrate one of two possibilities. Either that multinationals are good and beneficial and getting better and more beneficial, or that even though multinationals are not so good now they are better than anything else and will get much better. He does neither.

You may by now even be wondering, as I was, whether this book is a spoof. Is the author writing "pen-in-cheek"? No, friends, he is not. Later he quite happily concedes bribes, tax avoidance, currency manipulations and transfer pricing. But not to worry, "tax avoidance and even bribery are trivial irritants in the larger scheme of things." The use of the word "scheme" is perhaps revealing.

Madsen also tells us that all the top corporations "are adopting forms of planning that allow each company's leaders to take a holistic view of their business and its environment. This view relates specific goals to overall reality . . ." Probably it was only lack of space which prevented the author from giving many examples from this radical approach. Comfort yourself also with the thought that after the 1973 and 1979 oil crises the Seven Sisters "were found to have acted globally, but responsibly".

Overall, the author leaves us with nothing but his profound admiration of the size and power of multinational corporations. Which leads us inexorably to consider Lord Acton's dictum, "Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power tends to corrupt absolutely." Not a happy thought. — *Philip Bray*

Rock Lists . . . *gets you in*



The Beatles Down Under . . . *the Fab Four on tour, on stage and on top*

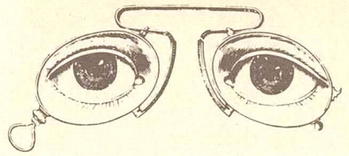
The Beatles Down Under (Wild and Woolley) is rock historian Glenn A. Baker's comprehensive chronicle in words and pictures of three and a half weeks in June 1964, when the Fab Four descended on Australia and New Zealand. A more extensive work than Baker's usual liner notes, it represents hours of studious research and piecing together of his own and others' impressions of this milestone in Australian popular music. That month saw Australia rapidly brought into line with what was the current big thing in Europe and America — instead of our continuing problem of catching up with live acts long after their initial impact. The visit provided the lads with some of their most intense audience response in their short touring life and gave Australian society a crash course in Sixties youth culture.

The tour was the result of "a classic piece of accidental good luck" that had promoter Ken Brodziak secure the boys' services on a verbal contract six months before Beatlemania became a global reality. Fortunately for him (and us) they honored the original agreement, being paid a fraction of what they could have commanded. The Liverpool boys made up for it in other ways, despite being constantly beseiged and holed up in hotels by their fans. As tour shadow Bob Rogers said, "No songs were written in Australia; it was one long party."

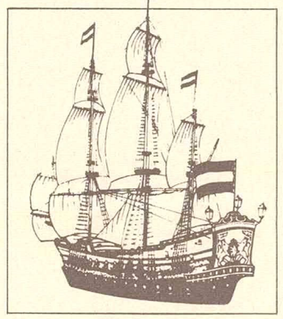
Their ability to procure willing females to help them party led Rogers to fret: "Rather than getting into hallucinogenic drugs, I was convinced they would all end up homosexual, out of sheer boredom with conventional sex."

Baker thankfully avoids any cheap sensationalistic tactics, allowing the events and protagonists to speak for themselves. There are some amusing accounts, such as the Beatles surfing in Queensland with their socks on and Ronnie Burns and Molly Meldrum being evicted from a concert by security guards for screaming loudly.

Overall, the author has done this piece of pop history proud. — *Jeremy Cook*



TRAVEL



THE BIG BANG

In August 1883, a volcano in the straits separating Java from Sumatra blew its top. Krakatau, the simmering volcanic island, nearly destroyed itself in the process as the eruption reverberated across the globe. It was the world's biggest explosion — and it was heard as far away as Ceylon and Singapore, the Philippines and northwest Australia.

The air pressure waves produced by Krakatau circled the earth seven times, while the subsequent tidal waves disturbed the normal tide patterns along the African coast and even the English Channel. The volcanic debris which spewed into the upper atmosphere darkened the world's skies and took months to settle.

Twenty kilometres away Captain W.J.Watson, on board the sailing barque *Charles Bal,* noted:

". . .darkness spread over the sky and a hail of pumice stone fell on us. . . the blinding fall of sand and stones, the intense blackness above and around us, broken only by the incessant glare of varied kinds of lightning and the continued explosive roars of Krakatau, made our situation a truly awful one."

Krakatau's paroxysmal eruption of August 26, coming after a gradual build-up of three months, was only a foreboding of what was to come. As the magma expelled from the vents of the subterranean reservoir became exhausted, a vacuum began to form. Krakatau collapsed and sank into the sea to form a submarine caldera.

As Krakatau sank, a tidal wave 30 metres high sped towards nearby shores and into the open seas, destroying vast coastal areas and killing more than 36,000 people. A Mr Dalby, sailor on board the cargo vessel *Hope,* described the events leading up to the final eruption in a diary: ". . . gusts of wind increased to a hurricane such as no man aboard had ever experienced. The wind seemed a solid mass, pushing everything before it and roaring like a huge steam engine, shrieking through the rigging like demons in torment."

The most vivid description of the end of Krakatau was described by engineer N. van Sandick, aboard the Dutch steamer *G.G.Loudon:* "Suddenly we saw a gigantic wave of prodigious height advancing from the sea with considerable speed. After a moment full of anguish, we were lifted up with a dizzying rapidity. The ship made a formidable leap and immediately afterwards we felt as though we had plunged into the abyss. Like a huge mountain the monstrous wave precipitated its journey toward the land. Immediately afterwards another three waves of colossal size appeared. And before our eyes this terrible upheaval of the sea, in a sweeping transit, consumed in one instant the ruin of the town; the lighthouse fell in one piece, and all the houses of the town were swept away in one blow like a castle of cards.

Gone too, was the busy town of Anyer, the old main port of the Sunda Strait. Today weekenders frolic on the beaches, and few take notice of the low cone of earth which rises across the calm waters in the distance, though occasional rumblings from deep inside its core and the odd emissions of smoke identify this innocent-looking island as Anak Krakatau — the "Child of Krakatau".

Anak Krakatau was born in 1927. Fishermen first spotted bubbles rising from the sea and reddish glows at night. Soon an island formed which rose and submerged several times until late 1952, when a new cone erupted 60 metres above sea level. Since then it has gradually expanded with fresh minor eruptions of magma and lava.

Interest in the first centennial of the world's biggest explosion has created a mini-tourist boom for the area, and Merak, Anyer and Labuan — the three main tourist towns — are only three to four hours' driving distance from Jakarta. Anak Krakatau is easily reached from Anyer or Labuan, where motor-boats are available for hire for exploration.

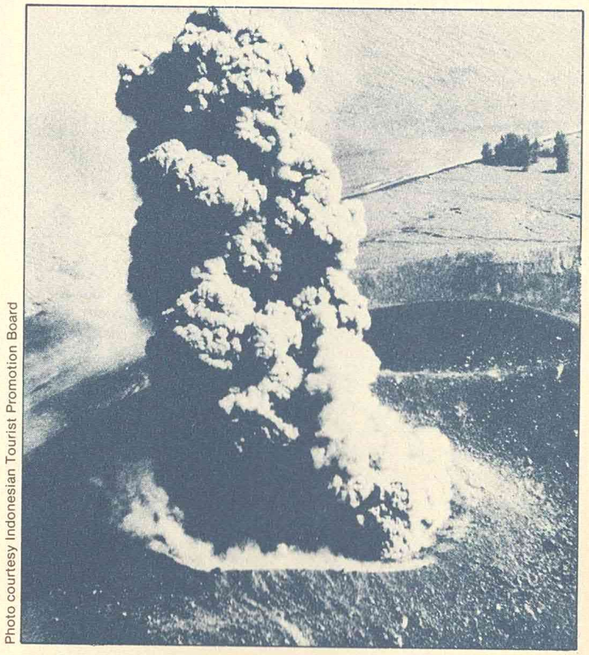


Photo courtesy Indonesian Tourist Promotion Board

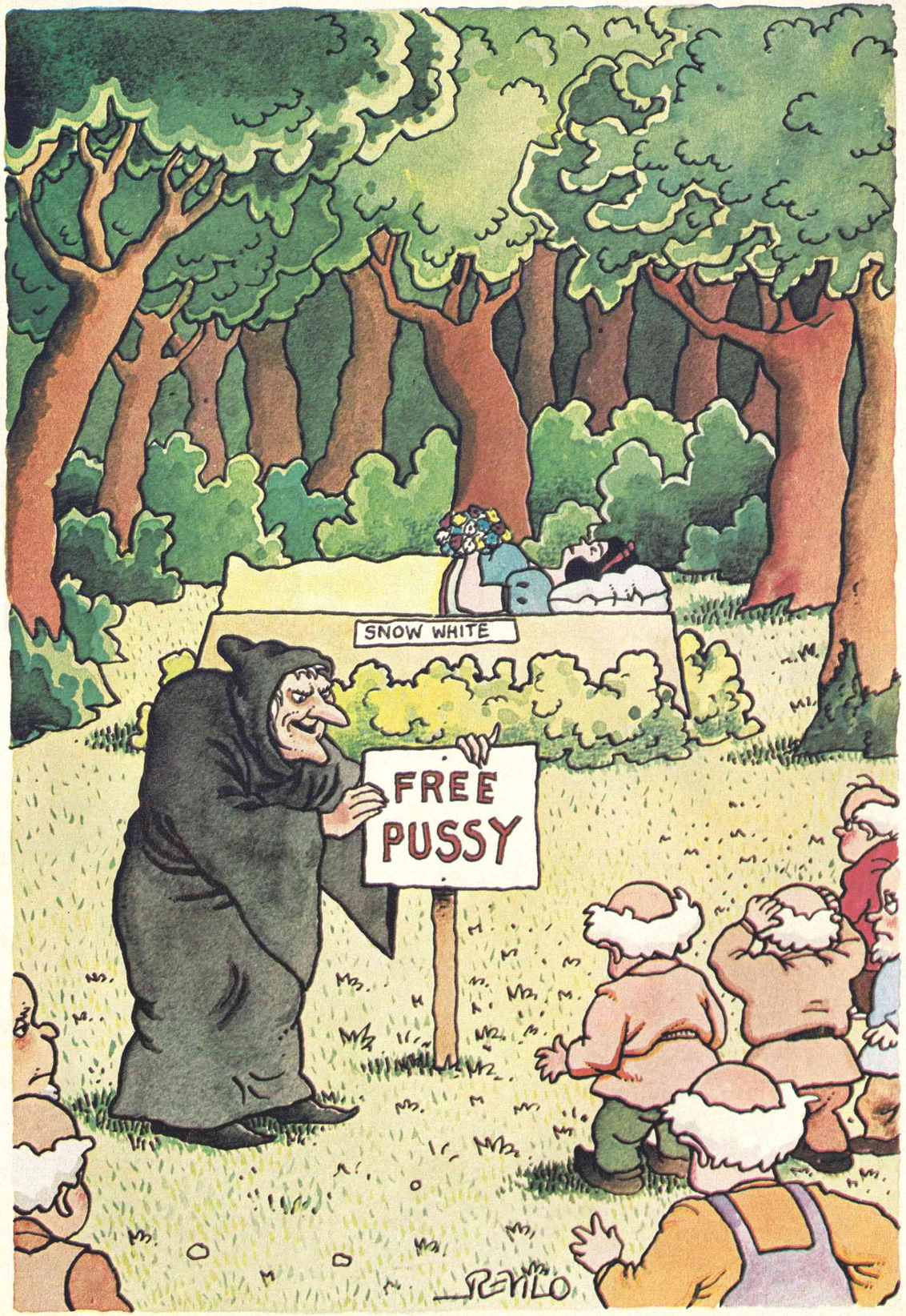
The smoke-belching Krakatau crater . . . tourist lure

Garuda Indonesian Airways operates regular flights to Jakarta from Australia — four times a week from Sydney and Melbourne, weekly from Perth and twice a week from Darwin. Further details from the Indonesian Tourist Promotion Board, 4 Bligh Street, Sydney, NSW, 2000. Tel:(02) 232 6044.

There's only one way to see Toma, Emerald, Cooktown, Groote Eylandt, Darwin, Alice Springs, Ayers Rock and Birdsville in a fortnight — and that's with the Gooney Bird Outback and Gulf Tour. This two-week sortie, packaged by the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau and Air Queensland, takes visitors on a low-level (between 500 and 8000ft) look at some of Australia's most exciting terrain.

The Gooney Bird is a Douglas DC3, a reliable, comfortable relic of WWII. It was the hit of the 1981 tourist season, and early bookings indicate the tour could repeat its successful formula this year.

Full details are available from Queensland Government Tourist Bureau offices and all travel agents. — *Allan Moult*



While their conservative benefactors look on, the Liberals are boxing themselves out of the ring

IS THE LIBERAL PARTY OVER?

BY MUNGO MacCALLUM

If I were a member of the hierarchy of the Liberal Party of Australia (which thank the Lord I'm not, sir) I think the end of March would have been about the time to start getting the passport up-to-date and checking that the assets in the Swiss bank account were in the form of easily negotiable securities. By that time the Lowe disaster was part of history, and the Victorian cataclysm was looming. The Federal leadership brawl was approaching one of its periodic climaxes, the New South Wales branch was broke, and David Tonkin (who?) was about to become the country's senior Liberal Premier.

But the final straw was a throwaway line from the Bulletin's ageing but still loony gossip columnist, David McNicoll. More in anger than in sorrow, and more in contempt than either, McNicoll huffed at his somnolent readers: "It would not surprise me to see a National Party eventually swamp the Liberals in New South Wales." It would not surprise many other people, either; but when McNicoll (whose politics are as blue as his hair rinse) is ready to

Illustration by Debbie Russell

LIBERAL

write the Liberals off, it is time to take to the lifeboats.

Logically, of course, the Liberals have no more right to survive than the dinosaur. As a free enterprise party they have failed lamentably, steadily increasing the size of the public sector, raising taxes and attempting, with complete lack of success, to legislate the economy out of trouble. As free traders they have done absolutely nothing to dismantle the forbidding wall of protectionist policies erected by the urban socialists in the Labor Party and the redneck socialists in the National Country Party. Even as monarchists they have transferred much of their own grovelling allegiance from the British throne to the United States republic.

All of this might have been forgivable (and indeed McNicoll and his fellow tories have frequently forgiven it) if they had continued to uphold the one unshakable Liberal commandment, which is that thou shalt win elections and thou shalt bloody well go on winning elections until the pips squeak. As it is, the Libs seem to be well and truly on the toboggan, which is picking up speed nicely as it heads toward the precipice.

It is hard to find an area, or even a suburb, in which the Libs are their old arrogant selves. In New South Wales, as mentioned, they are broke, but even if they weren't they would seem to have precious little to spend the money on. In Victoria they are still trying to work out how to call a taxi, now that the other mob have got the keys to the official cars. In Queensland the Libs are in the position of being the State wards of a megalomaniac, and might as well take up knitting, if they haven't already. In Tasmania they struggle bravely on, secure in the knowledge that nothing that happens in Tasmania matters much anyway, given that real power in the island State is vested eternally in the Hydro-Electric Commission. In South Australia it would appear that the aberration of a Liberal government is going to end as soon as the eye doctor taps his way to the polls, and even in Western Australia the pattern of recent by-election results seems to indicate that Ray O'Connor, who is currently running the State of Excitement, will enjoy a very brief stay as senior Liberal Premier before the species becomes extinct on the mainland.

Which leaves us with Canberra. It may be possible, even desirable, for a Federal Labor Government to exist in glorious isolation. But a Federal Liberal Government which does not have at least some back-up from the States is in the position of a castrated octopus, ie one with its tentacles cut off. To put it another way, it isn't the full squid.

The problem is quite simply one of organisational support. Despite the present problems of the New South Wales branch and the emerging ones in Victoria, it is hard to believe that conservative politics in Australia is ever really going to be seriously short of a fast buck, or for that matter a slow one or a medium-paced one. That, after all, is what conservative politics is all about: the kind of redistribution of wealth which involves grabbing all you can and sitting on it.

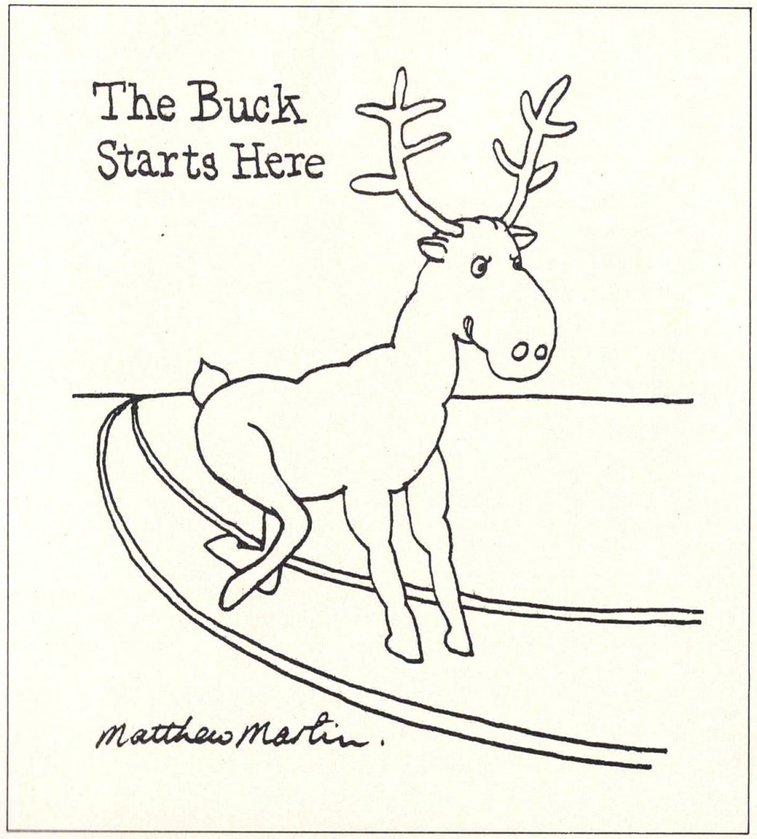
Assuming the Liberal Party remains the conservatives' political battering ram (a somewhat risky assumption in view of the remarks of David McNicoll quoted above, and one to which we shall return) there will always be someone around to fill the kitty. In this context it is interesting to note that while the Victorian Labor Party was recently spending a bit over $500,000 on its most important campaign in living memory, the New South Wales Libs were talking airily about raking together about 10 times as much to hand over to a party which is barely above the ground.

But, to reverse the Liberals' own plaintive political cliche, where is the money going to?

Unlike the Labor Party, which runs an apparatus based on fierce ideological differences and naked ambition of the kind which often breaks people's legs, the Libs view their own grass roots organisation more as a social club. It is not always quite as social as the annual conference of the Young Liberals, which is the kind of event more suited to the non-political pages of *Penthouse,* but most members would probably share the philosophical attitudes exemplified by one of the young Lib speakers at this year's conference, who announced in tones of incredulity that they (the Labor Party) actually wanted to help pensioners (screams of mirth) and Aborigines (hysterical laughter) and women (slapping of thighs and rolling around on the floor). The level of ideological debate at your average Liberal branch meeting seldom rises above tax evasion (best and cheapest methods) and the limit of the political ambition of most of those present is to be invited to the local candidate's election-night party.

This is fine when things are going well; everyone likes to be part of a winning team. It is not quite so jolly when things are going badly, as they are now. You can pay people to produce large and glossy advertisements explaining what a terrific party you are. You can pay other people to stick them on walls, radio and television. You can pay for how-to-vote material, and if the branches are empty you can even pay people to vote for you, as the Liberals have proved more than once with what now appears to be the traditional last-minute splurge of "fist full of dollars" advertising.

What you can't buy — at least convincingly — is goodwill. That only comes from a healthy grass roots structure, which provides a lot of people prepared to defend



Liberalism with a capital L whenever the subject comes up in boardrooms, bars and brothels. What has been happening since the beginning of the year is that the energies of the few outspoken Liberals who are left have been diverted into arguments between Liberal factions: there are a lot of more or less acrimonious discussions about whether Fraser Liberalism is better than Peacock Liberalism, or whatever happened to the certainties of Menzies, Bolte and Askin, or can we ever replace someone like Sir Charles Court and should we even try, and so on. But there aren't too many people who can stand up and say simply "I'm a Liberal and proud of it" — at least not without laughing, especially if they're sober.

This, in a nutshell, is what the apparatchiks of the party are worried about, although it's hardly the way they themselves would put it. After all, it's a lot easier to say that the reason things are going badly is that there's a shortage of money, or it's a transitional phase, or people are too pig-ignorant to know what's best for them, than to admit that just about everyone (including David McNicoll) has come to the conclusion that you are ratshit. And this is the attitude they are talking about reversing when they murmur confidently about the great Liberal revival just over the horizon, which is somehow to be achieved by a change in policies, or leadership, or philosophy, or finances, or sheer blind luck.

But while no one doubts that in the fullness of time the political pendulum will swing back to the conservatives, there is no particular reason to imagine that it will swing back to the Liberal Party. Indeed, if you take a quick look at the history of the Liberal Party, there are quite a few good reasons to imagine that it won't.

Like some kind of latter-day Frankenstein's Monster, the modern Liberal Party was put together out of bits that had fallen off the decaying body of its predecessor, the United Australia Party, which had in turn been resurrected from the remnants of the Nationalist Party, which was what the original Liberal Party had become with the inclusion of Billy Hughes' Labor rates in 1917. When the young Robert Menzies, who had just led the UAP to the greatest defeat suffered by the non-Labor parties since Federation, set out to plan his construct, there was a bewildering amount of material to incorporate. From his home State of Victoria, Menzies added to the skeleton of the UAP the remains of the Nationalist Party, the Services and Citizens Party, the Australian Women's National League, the Kooyong Citizens Association, the Institute of Public Affairs and the Australian Constitutional League. From New South Wales came the Democratic Party, the Liberal Democratic Party, and another Institute of Public Affairs. South Australia contributed the Liberal and Country League, and Queensland the Country-National Organisation and the Queensland Women's Electoral League. Western Australia produced the National Party and a second branch of the Australian Constitutional League, and a third branch of the League, together with the United Australia and National Organisation and the Australian Women's League, arrived from Tasmania.

It will be seen that in those days, as now, the conservatives around Australia used just about any name they could get their hands on, except those that correctly described their cause. They had a preference for buzz words like "National", "Liberal", "Democratic" and "United", which, together with "Australia" could be combined in more or less random order to produce yet another tired old conservative front. Believe it or not, at one stage a group of rural conservatives in Queensland even called themselves the People's Progressive League, a title which would have greatly puzzled other users of those terms. Indeed, even today some of the groups which Menzies incorporated into his 1944 grand plan maintain some kind of dubious autonomy. Whenever any suggestion of constitutional reform is put forward, the zealots of the Institute of Public Affairs and the Australian Constitutional League lurch from their armchairs in the smoking room of the Melbourne Club to explain that progress of any kind would inevitably lead to the collapse of civilisation as we know it.

> If the Liberal Party in fact had a policy, it was one so bland as to defy logical analysis

On the surface, it was quite a feat for Menzies to patch together a coherent political party out of the collection of conservatives, reactionaries, go-getters, fuddy-duddies and downright loonies that the defeat of 1943 had left him to work with. But when you consider the kind of party he wanted, it wasn't really all that surprising. Menzies called it the Liberal Party, but in practice it had nothing to do with liberalism in the traditional sense, or for that matter in any other sense. Its aim was quite simply the preservation of privilege for its members and supporters.

To do this it needed to win elections, which it could do most easily if it was unhampered by anything resembling a political or social ideology. Apart from short-term rows over particular issues, which were usually only thinly-disguised personal power struggles anyway, there had only ever been one genuine philosophical debate within the non-Labor parties since Federation. That was the protection-versus-free trade argument, and by 1944 no one really cared too much about that either. Certainly no-one was going to let it get in the way of the kind of unity of the conservative cause which was the basis of Menzies' concept.

If the Liberal Party in fact had a policy, it was one so bland as to defy logical analysis. Liberals were for free enterprise, the family and the British Empire, and above all for the individual, especially if the individual happened to be a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant. Since most individuals — at least most of those with the right to vote — fell into this category, it gave the Liberals a walk-up start just about anywhere outside the walls of St Mary's cathedral or the Sydney Trades Hall. Anything more complex than this was placed in the too-hard basket. One of the tenets of Menzies' credo was formulated in the simple sentence: "We believe the class war is a false war". So much for the central socio-political argument of the previous 100 years. As far as Menzies was concerned, it did not exist; there was nothing more to be said.

Menzies-style Liberalism might not have been too strong on positives, but it owed its continuing existence to one all-embracing negative: the Liberals were against socialism. If this had meant what it purported to mean, it would have been a reasonable and definable political position; but over the years Menzies and his colleagues gradually redesigned the language so that socialism came to mean, in Australia at least, not a middle of the road alternative to laissez-faire capitalism, but some kind of demoniacal invention of the totalitarian Left. Socialism has been identified with everything that Australians are meant to hate and fear; at times it has been equated with atheism, pornography, free love, homosexuality, abortion, flag-burning, child molesting, republicanism, anarchy, and of course foreign-dominated communism. Those of us who rather favor the propagation of at least some of the above have been repeatedly disappointed by the failure of Labor (or shock horror "socialist", which under a correct definition Labor barely approaches) to deliver same.

But for Menzies and his followers, heirs and successors, anti-socialism was in itself not only a tenable political position, but a considerable intellectual feat. One pictures them putting their feet up after a hard day's philosophising, and saying with the air of men who have discovered the method of transmuting lead to gold: "That's it! We'll be anti-socialist!" Well, it may

COME AND JOIN US

Australian Penthouse, far and away the leader in the sophisticated man's magazine market, is renowned not only for its exposure of the world's most tantalising women, but also for its graphic design excellence and quality package of fiction, non-fiction, fashion, humor and investigative journalism. Don't miss a single issue. Enter your 12-month subscription now for only $35.00.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

Subscription for 12 months of *Australian Penthouse*.....$____

I enclose my cheque/money order for $_____or please debit my

DINERS CLUB ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐ BANKCARD ☐

ACCOUNT NO: _____

Signature: _____

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____ P'CODE_____

NB: Offer applicable in Australia only. Other rates on application.

LIBERAL

sound pretty silly but it worked, and that is the only justification that the Liberals have ever really needed for any of their political stances.

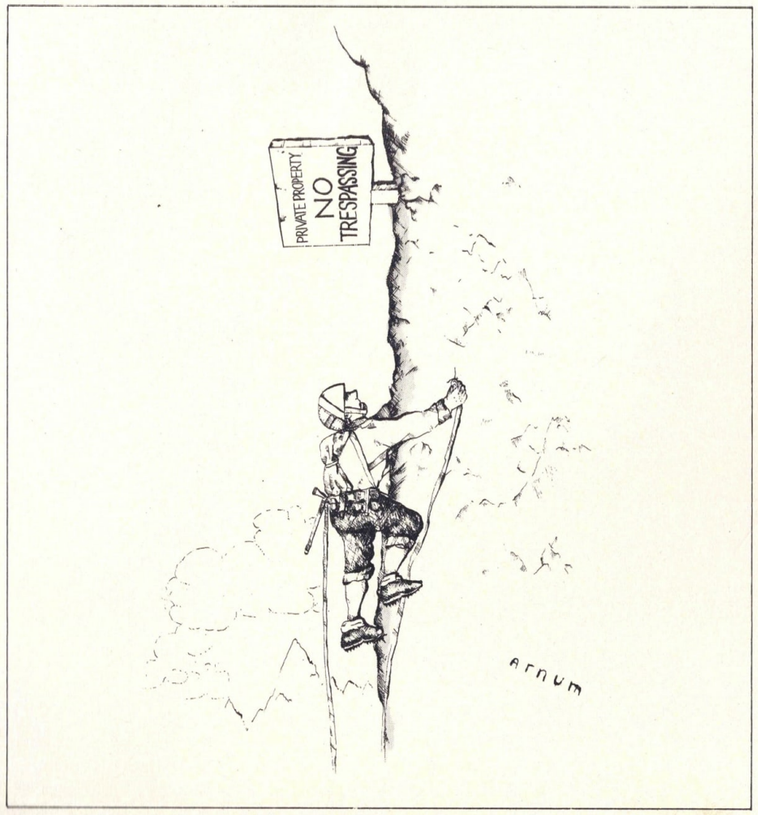
Hence the modern Liberals, at any rate for the first period of their current incarnation. This was the bit which began in 1944, or perhaps more accurately in 1949, when they won an election. It ended on precisely January 20, 1966, with the retirement of the founder. The intervening years were those described in lyrical terms by Menzies himself as "the first fine careless rapture", "the magnificent voyage", or whatever. The rest of us recall them more simply as "the Menzies era". To pinch one of Phillip Adams' better lines, what we endured was not 17 years of Menzies-style politics; it was one year of Menzies-style politics 17 times.

The only thing that changed was that year by year, Menzies became greyer, fatter, more pompous and more festooned with little trinkets from Buckingham Palace.

Thus his successors inherited a party without ideology and without leadership. This would have been bad enough, but it was also largely without organisation. Unlike the Labor movement, the conservatives had always maintained a rather suspicious distance between the party apparatus and the politicians. In theory the politicians were completely independent. In practice the machine men controlled the purse-strings, and regarded the Members of Parliament as somewhat akin to messenger boys. Menzies, who of course had led both the machine and the government, was above all this, but those who came after him weren't.

The machine is not exactly what you see at meetings of the Federal Liberal Conference. Indeed, what you see there is a lot of rather grey people propping up the bar and making earnest and well meaning statements about people in need, by whom they usually mean either people some thousands of kilometres away or their own poor but deserving relatives. To attend a Liberal conference for the first time can be a mildly unnerving experience, as there is seldom any firm agenda or even an authoritative list of delegates.

This happy state of affairs can be allowed to continue because it does not matter in the least what the conference decides. Rank and file membership of the Liberal Party, or even election as a branch delegate, is rather less useful than a boy scout medal. What it is meant to do is to perpetuate the myth that the Liberals are somehow a popular party; that they are in touch with the grass roots and responsive to public opinion. The real controllers of the Liberal Party, the people whose privilege it was set up to protect, would not come within a bull's roar of a party conference; when they want something done they simply ring up the Prime Minister of the day and tell him. Usually he jumps; if he doesn't, his days are numbered.



The Australian Establishment still considers itself the permanent government of Australia, with the Liberal Party simply the most convenient tool to hand. If the Liberal Party does not fit, it will be tossed aside as its predecessors were, and a new tool will be found. Hence the problems of the Liberal leaders since Menzies.

Some of them (John Grey Gorton was the most notable example) apparently assumed ideas about their station. They actually believed all that guff about the independence of the Liberal Members of Parliament, and that terrific three-part joke Malcolm Fraser trots out during every election campaign: "We govern for no class, we are beholden to no special interests, we govern for all the Australian people." Even the ones who were at least dimly aware that it was all a bit of a farce found it hard to manage a party in which at least some members were becoming more independent-minded about issues which were becoming a little more complicated than simply finding ways to convince the electorate that all was for the best in the best of all possible (anti-socialist) worlds.

When Fraser achieved greatness (or had it thrust upon him, as he would prefer to think) all that was meant to change. Fraser was seen as some kind of reincarnation of the mythical Menzies, a stern but benevolent father figure who could rock the kiddies to sleep while the big boys got on with the task of busting into their piggy banks. Alas, Fraser turned out to be something else altogether. Instead of the Libs ending up with a hidebound conservative whose idea of a hard day in politics was to open a baby health centre, they found themselves at the mercy of that rare beast, a genuine Right Wing ideologue. Fraser was not content just to prop up the crumbling edifice that was the Liberal Party; he wanted to do a full redecoration job, in the style of Ivan the Terrible.

In practice, of course, Fraser has achieved very little; inertia beat him, just as it beat Whitlam and will no doubt beat his successors, should they be so rash as to attempt any real changes to a highly conservative society. But the mere attempt was possibly terminal. The Liberal Party was shaky enough when Fraser moved in; after seven years of abortive attempts at renovating the place, there is very little left apart from the shell. As a result, the developers outside are getting ready to assemble the wrecking crews.

It won't happen overnight, but the right hand side of the political street in Australia is a very valuable piece of real estate. It is hardly likely that the people who really own it will leave it in the possession of the present incompetent tenants for much longer.

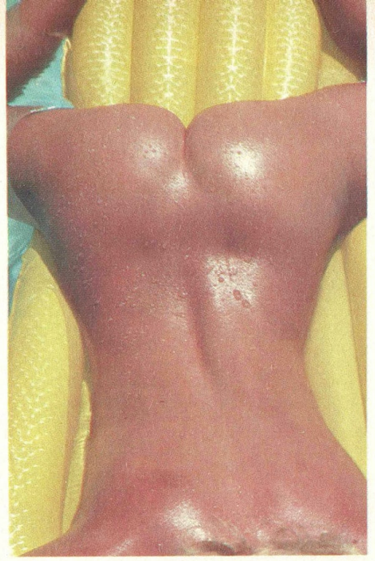
MICHELLE

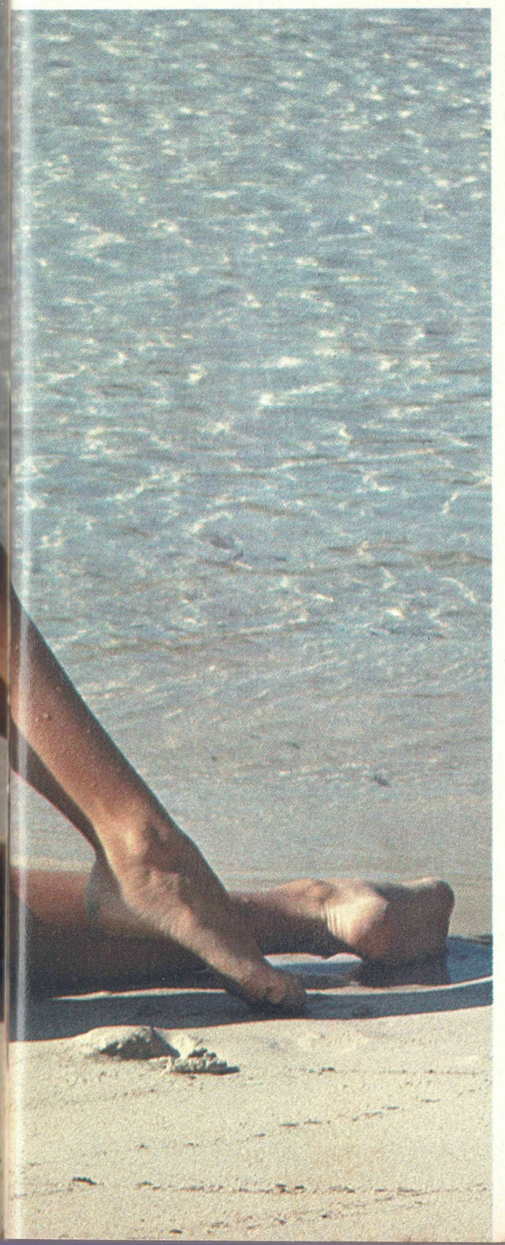
TEMPLE OF DELIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD H. MILNE

The body is a temple to be treated with utmost reverence, the most sanctified place of human worship. That's the serious view of our melt-in-the-mouth Pet, Michelle Rodin. We're inclined to agree — in fact we're tempted to go a little further and declare this particular temple a national monument. Michelle giggles at this proposition. "Does that mean I'd have to put up with all those pigeons?" she asks.

Our tall 19-year-old blonde moppet is making a good living as a sought-after fashion model. "The work is fast, varied and loads of fun if you approach it with the right attitude. I like my body, I've come to terms with it, I'm an exhibitionist. Modelling seems a natural and, for now, well-paying expression of all these things for me."





"This is the first time I've done nude work," Michelle admits. "Not that I'm a prude or anything — far from it. It's just that up till now I've been a little embarrassed about the lack of flaxen curls in my pubic region. I don't know why it is, but hair just never grew down there in any great quantity. But the more people I meet, the less I tend to worry about it," she says.

Among her favorite passions Michelle lists swimming ("Friends call me 'autumn leaves' — I'll get in anyone's pool"); animals, especially big, bouncy, furry dogs; and curling up with her man of the moment to watch blue movies. She prefers her men with quality and quantity. "No half-measured worship in this temple," is the way she explains it.

VD treatment in
Australia gets the slow clap

POX POPULI

BY DENIS WHITBURN

There was no need for Warwick to take his own life. A pale youth in his early 20s, still under his mother's care and influence, he had sought in recent times to open up his life to new experiences. His introspection, he had come to realise, was simply unconstructive self-indulgence. Hell, he was even fearful of the telephone! Talk about retarding the ability to communicate. Then, faced with a crisis, he discovered that he himself had become the focus of a fear in others, a socially prominent phobia. A casual liaison had led to a syphilis infection.

"I told the nursing sister at work," he informed the counsellor of the public venereal disease clinic he attended, "and I'm sure she told my boss, because when I went into work he was waiting for me. He called me into his office and gave me the sack." Warwick was distraught. "Took me months to find that job. Been out of work for nearly a year, and he sacked me. Just like that."

At first the counsellor, a middle-aged woman with a great deal of empathy nurtured by many years spent with the Warwicks of the world, was

Illustration by John Byrne

BLOOD RESULTS
FOR BLOOD RESULTS PLEASE TELEPHONE DOCTOR IN 10 DAYS TIME. IT IS IMPORTANT TO KNOW YOUR RESULTS BECAUSE IF THEY SHOW TREATMENT IS REQUIRED AND WE DO NOT KNOW YOUR CURRENT ADDRESS, THEN WE ARE UNABLE TO HELP YOU
JOHN BYRNE

POX POPULI

angered. "But there's no reason to sack you! You're not a danger to anyone." Then, calmly, she tried to explain to the distraught patient that people became scared of things they didn't understand. Also, it helped little that syphilis did not enjoy the best reputation in the world. Making a call to Warwick's employer, the counsellor found it was like getting through to Victorian England and speaking to the Queen. She confronted a mentality convinced that VD was a punishment for lascivious behavior, and tried vainly to convey her belief that all it took to catch VD was to be a loving human being. The click at the end of the line convinced her Warwick's former employer was one of those closeted thinkers — politicians and government bodies included — who prefer to treat any STD (sexually transmitted disease) as if it were the plague.

Warwick might have been able to handle the situation, had not the man spread the word of his infection among the rest of the staff and then phoned his mother to inform her of her son's "curse".

Greg Millin, with three years of professional experience treating STD patients, quietly admits that Warwick's case, while based on fact, is extreme. But it serves to illustrate rigid attitudes still prevalent today and was part of his motivation in writing the screenplay for the Australian feature film *The Clinic*, recently completed under the assured directoral eyes of David Stevens. Although it's a far cry, in subject material, from his Logie and Emmy-winning mini-series *A Town Like Alice*, Stevens sees similarities in the two; both concern people facing facing a crisis and how they handle the experience.

Using a fictional unisex VD clinic (there is only one in Australia operating in Adelaide) as the basis for an interplay of characters brought together for diagnosing and treatment of STDs, Millin and Stevens hope to break down traditional prejudices surrounding VD. Considering the current situation in Australia, where governments remain content with a "sweep it under the carpet" attitude towards public VD education, the movie is a necessary contribution in what will be an arduous battle.

The set on a small sound stage in South Melbourne reflects the Victorian thinking which the fictional counsellor confronted in Warwick's employer.

A leading international authority has said of the Circular Quay clinic in Sydney that it is the biggest in the Southern hemisphere in terms of patient turnover. His remark is not to be taken as a pat on the back. It serves as a springboard to vocal criticism of the clinic and Australian public venereal treatment facilities in general. Dr Basil Donovan, Honorary Secretary of The Venereology Society of NSW, fills in the detail. "British medical opinion supports a full time, five day a week public clinic for every 300,000 people. Sydney alone should have a minimum of 10 clinics. Instead it has one handling around 40,000 patients a year and turning away a similar number. Counsellors handle anywhere up to 80,000 phone calls over a year and a recorded message service receives enquiries in the hundreds of thousands from people who eventually turn to general practitioners for treatment." The situation, he says, is deficient in both servicing and monitoring STDs.

"In the old days, before appointments could be made (Monday to Friday with females between 8.30-4.30pm, males 9.00-5.00pm in separate clinics) a wait of four to five hours was not uncommon. A regular schedule of 40 patients a day for each doctor is the conveyor belt operation and the response from the authorities when complaints are made concerning

> If it ever became evident how common STDs are it would be extremely embarrassing to health authorities

under-staffing is that they should work faster," says Donovan.

"There has never been any research output from the place. Being a large clinic, one of their major responsibilities should be keeping a check on what particular diseases are occurring in Sydney or indeed in this part of the world."

In January of this year, following strong criticism from the Venereology Society, the NSW Government admitted to a failing in monitoring STDs over a 20-year period that has seen an increase in the incidence of cases *internationally*. It made no attempt to monitor or increase facilities to handle the upsurge of STDs. The Health Commission also agreed with the society's claim that only 10 percent of cases treated by general practitioners were reported, contributing to the lack of realistic statistics concerning VD in Australia.

Internationally, the World Health Organisation tables around 250 *million* new cases of gonorrhoea and 50 *million* incidents of syphilis annually, with other STDs contributing to figures greater than these.

"The notification scheme is a dismal failure," insists Basil Donovan. "The Health Commission seems to have some sort of interest in keeping it a failure. If it ever became evident how common STDs are, it would be extremely embarrassing to the health authorities."

Canberra's medical "overviewer", the National Health and Medical Research Council, a semi-independent government body, brought down an extensive list of STDs that should be notified. The NSW Health Commission did the right thing and acknowledged this by sending out a newsletter to that effect to the medical profession. When queried by doctors for notification forms, the commission had no such document nor any apparent intention of drawing one up. "There is this stupid idealism," Donovan rages, "that the authorities should be notified of what STDs are being treated, yet it's impossible to get hold of the bloody forms. To me that means only one thing — the government wants to keep it quiet."

It is a general medical consensus that STDs can only be properly handled in clinics devoted to that purpose, preferably public facilities devoid of a profit incentive on the part of the practitioners. GPs, according to Donovan, when handling STDs tend to take short cuts and do the job inadequately, to the point where the diseases are out of control and increasing rapidly.

"A private practitioner can, in five minutes of inspecting the infection, take down a quick story from the patient, figure the cause of the problem, give a shot and dispense with the case. There is no explanation as to the specifics of the infection, and no guidance as to what the patient should explain to his or her sexual partner. Time is the factor. Time the doctor is not paid for and the patient does not want to pay for."

For people under the age of 30, an STD is one of the few ailments they are likely to catch. There is little incentive for health insurance cover in this age bracket.

"In dealing with infectious diseases, the individual is not the problem," Donovan explains. "The population is. GPs are geared towards the individual. To bring treatment under control the bulk of cases must be treated in public clinics. You must have doctors professionally trained to recognise the diseases and carry out proper diagnoses."

Fewer that five percent of cases are being treated in public clinics in Australia. World opinion is that 85-90 percent of cases must be recorded in public clinics before an attempt can be made to control STDs.

The present state of public clinics and the way patients are "short-changed" by a system operating, by necessity, under pressure, only adds to the stigma surrounding STDs. Donovan's impression is that the general population has a more mature attitude than the health authorities, who demonstrate a punitive attitude toward anyone with an infection. "If Bill Smith's got a dose then it's his fault and sure as hell he's going to sit in a grotty old building as part of his punishment," is the way he reads the official line. "The effect is that we finish up with men and women who have severe symptoms before they look to treatment because the disincentive is so great. By then it can be too late and the damage is done."

Surrounded by the make-believe clinic representative of the government facilities in each State capital, Greg Millin puts his finger on the pulse of the problem: *fear*. "One of the reasons I wrote this screenplay was to cut down a few of the fears. People *are* freaked out by the topic — and unjustifiably so. The 'bogey man' surrounding VD should be laid to rest and the subject looked at with the same open-mindedness as the common cold. Perhaps then something positive might be done.

"There are all these misconceptions that it is only a certain type of person who catches an STD. It knows no class, color or creed, especially a condition such as non-specific urethritis which can occur between a man and his wife with no other contact at all. Every sexually active person is at risk.

"The sad part of it is that fear is so unnecessary, such a waste of time and worry, a loss of human potential." Millin believes the media has a lot to answer for. "Herpes is a very good example of media scare, which has done the community a great disservice. Herpes is not the dreadful, incurable epidemic we keep reading about. Certainly the number of cases has risen in recent years but people have been getting cold sores around the lips for years and never worried about it. Now, because the virus (and measles, chicken pox and the common cold are also strains of virus) has a sexual connotation, people freak out. The word 'incurable' is bandied around like it's a cancer."

Supporting Basil Donovan's accusation of the lack of government health authority assistance in breaking down the barriers of ignorance is a general realisation among doctors that there are at least twice as many diseases active now than 10 years ago. "But nobody in the Health Commission hierarchy has the nous to know these diseases exist. They are as common now as gonorrhoea and syphilis and do as much harm — if not more."

An obvious reason for political apathy is that there are few votes to be had pushing a venereal platform. "It applies to preventative health in general," Donovan claims, expanding the parameters. "There is no lobbying power in it whatsoever. The patient doesn't want to complain and has no desire to go public about his or her ailment — particularly if it is STD-related. Doctors are either public servants who are not allowed to complain or they're in private practice and don't want to complain. It's none of their business or they don't want to be associated with 'high-risk' patients (a label tagged to prostitutes and massage parlor girls); they don't like the smell rubbing off on them as professional people.

"Everybody is quite happy to stand up and say there should be more baby centres," Millin adds, "but if someone were to stand up and insist on more VD clinics, immediately they would get a strange look and 'Oh, dear what have *you* caught'. It is not politically expedient and comes back to the crazy fears instilled generally about the subject. A vicious circle that goes unbroken."

A motion was raised at a general meeting of the Venereal Society to do with the validity of screening "high-risk" patients. Medically, the doctor members agreed on the matter and the Department of Health officials who were approached

> Herpes is a very good example of media scare, which has done the community a great disservice

went along with the consensus. "But none wanted to be associated, to be seen to be lobbying for prostitutes," Donovan reveals. "In their effort to shrink the health budget, an attempt is being made to tear this population sector out of the figure work by insisting a medical check-up of a prostitute by a GP is a work-related consultation.

"The patriarchs of our society have made their decision, as unrealistic as it is, and it's hurting a lot of people. Short-term economics work to freeze out the thousands of prostitutes operating in this country from seeing doctors in an official capacity, in the belief that money can be shaved from the health budget."

In any given week, a prostitute can have anonymous sexual contact with 80-100 men — medical grounds for regular checkups, for her own sake and the sake of the next group of men she will encounter. The women, the massage parlor entrepreneurs and the doctors have agreed a weekly check would be the safe minimum. In some instances, it is not enough. Under current Federal Government dictates, medical checks are work-related and must be paid for by the prostitute.

By taking this stance, Donovan insists, the authorities have reduced the incentive for making regular visits to private practitioners. At $60 a week the cost adds up to an annual bill which cuts significantly into their earnings. "Prostitutes do not earn the sort of money a lot of people imagine. Competition is tough. The amateurs have entered the business. They were getting more money, with less competition, for the same services 20 years ago.

"We're fighting the Federal Government on the grounds that they cannot prove this is an occupational thing. The Department of Health is trying to prove a woman is a prostitute by watching her pattern of attendance to doctors — and I call that an invasion of privacy. Every woman with a chronic genital infection, as far as the Department of Health is concerned, is a suspected prostitute." As further evidence of the futility of the exercise, Donovan points to the State police and taxation departments, who with far greater investigative powers than the Department of Health have given up trying to pin down a woman as a prostitute.

"If the boys in the pin-stripe suits walk through the door of a surgery they can get heavy. The Department of Health now has the power to go through a doctor's records — to investigate improprieties in bulk billing. They're saying that since it's illegal for a prostitute to be bulk billed if she's a pensioner or unemployed, then the doctor can be investigated and so can the patient."

Bringing it down to figures and dollars, a woman with gonorrhoea (and 80 percent of infected women show no outward sign of the symptoms), who only affects 25 percent of the men with whom she comes into sexual contact (and those men have the right to seek medical treatment and bill their medical fund), creates such damage that the cost of attending to it would justify the cost of the woman's check-ups for six months. Apart from that, the man can pass on the infection to his girlfriend or wife, or face further complications leading to further expense.

"It is simply cheaper all round to recognise that the prostitutes do exist, but don't look for them via the surveillence technique. Sure, if a doctor is abusing the system (as has happened, with doctors carrying out some fairly illicit practices such as drug screens done on blood tests for massage parlor operators who did not want drug addicts working their business — all billed to the Federal Government), then action must be taken."

Millin and Donovan are both emphatic in their argument for an up-grading of public clinics in Australia, in number and in the ability to operate more efficiently. "If we are stuck with a grotty building that is under-serviced, the only compensation for staff and patients is to have warm, under-

POX POPULI

standing people around them brought about by an attitude percolating down from the person in charge," Millin offers, evoking the kind of environment he had created in his fictional unisex film clinic.

"The major function of a public clinic," says Basil Donovan, "is to educate a patient as to what constitutes a *proper* checkup."

STDs are common across a large section of the community and if enough people experience public clinic consultation they can be educated in the treatment of the STDs and are then in a position to pass on that experience. "Because of the intolerable nature of the public clinics, they are likely to look to a GP in the event of a recurrence of the infection — the difference being that now they have a point of reference and are able to tell if a GP is treating the complaint as it should be handled.

Patients in the "high-risk" group have actually boycotted doctors contracted to massage parlors, feeling the GPs are not handling the checks as they should — something they were unable to understand before being treated by a public clinic.

Public clinics with counselling facilities are an essential backbone to the system, and the population focus of cities such as Newcastle and Wollongong and the youth population focus of any large outer city suburb justify full-time clinics, according to Donovan.

Writing in the British medical journal *The Lancet,* R.D. Catterall concluded in his look at international trends in *Biological Effects of Sexual Freedom* that "the radical changes in attitudes to sex and in sexual behavior during the last 25 years have resulted in a sustained increase in the incidence of STD. Research has led to the recognition of a new generation of STDs, many of which cause pelvic inflammatory disease and sterility." Although his paper did not include Australia as part of the survey, his pessimism aligns with that of Millin and Donovan. "Control of the sexually transmitted diseases seemed at one time to be within our grasp but has eluded us in recent years. Unfortunately, medical, social, economic and personal factors in contemporary society indicate that they will continue to be an important problem in the future."

During the restructuring of the NSW Health Commission, the Division of Communicable Diseases (established in late December of 1981 to deal with STDs and tuberculosis among other viruses) was recommended to be abolished by a task force proposal drawn up *while the division was being put together.* Staff would be cut from 60 down to three. "To date, the commission has not gotten around to doing anything about the recommendation," Basil Donovan explains. "But if it does, it will be the death knell for public clinics. The Circular Quay clinic would be absorbed into the Sydney Hospital and become a non-entity, and there will be no specialist staff left in the commission with an understanding of STDs, no surveillance of the diseases."

Concerned with educating people around to an enlightened attitude where sexually transmitted diseases affect their lives, Millin has peppered his screenplay for *The Clinic* with the fruits of his professonal experience: herpes attacks in men tend to be much less severe than in women; the body's defence systems gradually improve and can degrade the herpes attack; lesbians have the lowest rate of syphilis of any group, while it is most prevalent in gay men — up to 70 percent of cases of primary and secondary syphilis (taken from statistics for New York, London, Amsterdam, Paris) have been recorded in homosexual men.

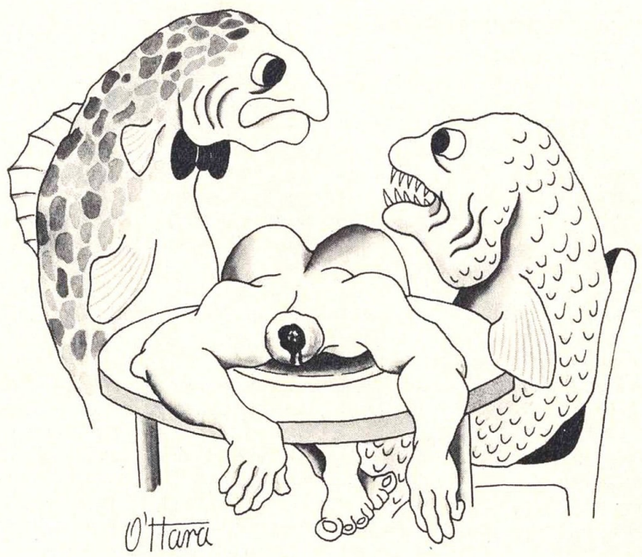
"Education is the start. People basically believe they will never be infected or catch an STD. This is why it is usually such a shock when it does happen. We need to give people a reasonable attitude to the subject — if you are going to have sex, then you are at risk." Australia is not the only country lacking in STD education. In the United States, R.D. Catterall found, teaching about STDs was virtually nonexistent in medical schools.

Film is able to alter perceptions of the world, society and people, and can sway popular opinion. *The Clinic,* in focusing on ordinary people under personal crisis, has the potential to highlight the ordinariness behind the "bogey man" phobia that not only haunts widespread Victorian thinking but also contributes to the growth of diseases which, with public support firing government action, can be contained.

"I want people to come out of the cinema feeling they've just met a bunch of nice people and had a good time with them," David Stevens, the film's director, adds. "That they've been moved to laughter and tears and occasionally to embarrassment — which is part of having a good time. About five minutes into the film, there is a red light to the audience: 'If you're going to be offended, leave now', it says.

"I'm fascinated by people in all their foibles — the moral right, that they can dare to presume they can make judgments about how people live their lives (the way Warwick's employer does). I hope that one thing recommending *The Clinic* is that it is absolutely non-judgmental, so the individual members of the audience can make *their* decisions about the rights and wrongs of the subject."

Asked how *The Clinic* will be marketed to a mass audience, given the sensitivity of the subject, Stevens chuckles: "Very, *very* carefully." ○+□



"I said filleted, you idiot! Filleted!"

STRESS

Are you under it or on top of it?

BY ROBIN WEST

It's the silent killer that stalks all our lives. Stress! Society's biggest danger also manifests itself by creating depression, confusion, anger, exhaustion, frustration and fear. It causes bleeding ulcers, heart attacks, loss of libido, insomnia, stomach cramps and quickening pulse rates. That's stress. It is one of the major problems of modern society, yet too few people recognise when they are under its influence, let alone how to deal with it.

Stress need not be a killer, however. As Hans Selye, the world's foremost researcher on the subject, says: "Stress is normal . . . the spice of life. When managed properly it assists us. We need it to survive." But he concedes: "When it becomes excessive and poorly managed, it can kill us."

Have you found yourself interrupting others in mid-sentence, lately? Or finishing their sentences for them? Of found yourself thinking about other matters while someone is talking to you? Even been guilty of throwing a tantrum on the tennis court when the game hasn't gone your way? And when was the last time you exceeded the speed limit or drove through a red or amber light? Recognise yourself?

If you are aggressive, competitive, impatient; and you smoke, drink coffee non-stop or struggle to meet deadlines, you are probably suffering from stress.

Other warning symptoms can include: headaches, back or stomach pains, sleeplessness, agitation, apprehension and regret.

Throughout history, societies have had to live with various characteristic ailments. In the Middle Ages, for example, the people of Europe died from infectious diseases that spread quickly through the masses — diseases such as plague and leprosy. During the Renaissance the most common crippling disease was syphilis, spread rapidly through intimate individual

STRESS

contact. Today people in Western Societies no longer fear decimating epidemics of infectious diseases. Advances in medicine, technology and sanitation have all but eliminated such disorders from industrial societies. But technological advance and urbanisation have brought with them new killers that claim millions of lives each year: heart disease, cancer, stroke and others.

The more we learn about these major disorders prevalent in industrial societies, the more obvious it becomes that the modern urban lifestyle plays a major role in the development of these diseases. One of the most important aspects of this current lifestyle is stress.

Broadly speaking, stress refers to any stimulus from the environment that disrupts the body's physical, chemical or mental functioning. Thus, stress can include everything from a physical blow to a missed appointment.

Stress used positively makes for success; for example, athletes use physical stress to win races and an employer may use competitive stress amongst his managers to obtain maximum performance from them.

However, the unemployed surfer can experience the negative side of stress induced by boredom and apathy.

The challenge is, therefore, to achieve optimum balance between stress and relaxation to achieve optimum productivity and get the most enjoyment out of life.

The old "fight or flight" arousal is the immediate response the body makes to extraordinary demands made upon it. The nature of the stressor is not important; the perception of it by the individual is. This physiological response is the body's way of mobilising its defence against the perceived threat. As defined by Hans Selye (1936), this General Adaptation Syndrome breaks down into three stages: the alarm stage, the resistance stage, and finally the exhaustion stage.

Within seconds of perceiving a stressor, the body reacts by sending messages from the brain, which governs five endocrine glands. The glands secrete hormones which prepare the body for action.

What if there is no outlet for this energy build-up? Metabolic derangements persist when body energy is triggered and not released. The body responds to stress which is triggered by a threat or stressor in the environment with two possible outcomes. Either it responds to the threat on a short-term basis and subsequently restabilises itself, or, under conditions of prolonged exposure to stress, the body achieves a state of chronic chemical imbalance.

The body handles all stresses in the same way. It treats all threats as if they were physical attacks. This is known as the "fight or flight" response. Our instinctive reaction in stress situations is to fight back or to flee from threat.

Because we do not fight or flee in modern stress situations, the excess hormones simply build up to toxic levels in the body. Therefore it is not surprising that people suffer from chronic disease or illness, sometimes even death, because of the workings of our stress-filled society.

In addition to the physiological response, there are cognitive, emotional and behavioral responses to stress. A kind of cognitive overload takes place under stress, and the mind becomes blank for short periods of time. Over a long period of time, this blankness may turn into a noticeable loss of interest in things, places, and people.

Emotions are great stressors and are difficult to handle well over long periods. One of the ways in which people adapt to prolonged, poorly managed stress is by

> Management jobs have more risks than most jobs because responsibility for people creates more stress than responsibility for things

encompassing the emotions in non-helpful ways. Depression is a prime example of this. On a behavioral level, we see people under prolonged stress turning to the inappropriate use of tranquilisers, drinking more heavily than they might normally do, or getting into harmful patterns of overeating and oversmoking.

Excessive, unmanaged stress will elicit all these signs — physiological and psychological — simultaneously. How many times have you thought something like, "If Charlie doesn't take it easier, he'll have a heart attack?" Very likely true, and not only about Charlie. How about your own behavior?

Managing stress is a complex thing because it doesn't come from one source. It can be physical, such as lack of exercise, unbalanced diet, smoking or high caffeine intake; emotional; psychological (the fight or flight reaction); environmental, including factors such as noise, temperature, crowding or occupational stress. Organisations themselves can create stresses which have substantial costs, because they affect levels of performance, absenteeism, accidents etc.

The major stress in corporate life is the insecurity engendered by organisational changes — relocating, being absorbed by larger entities, going out of business altogether, and changes in management or work methods which might result in loss of employment by the individuals caught up in the corporate structure. However, there are other day-to-day stressors in the business world. These include: work stagnation, work overload, job role conflict and ambiguity, intra-personal relationships, excessive responsibility, competition, management style, organisational structure, time pressures, and constant change.

All of these occupational stressors apply to managers as well as subordinates. As any manager from supervisor to chief executive officer will tell you, there is no-one in a large corporation who does not fit into a "management sandwich". In fact, management level people must be aware of the effects of these stressors on themselves as well as on people whom they supervise. Be aware of the role you are playing in raising the stress levels of your staff and try using some of the alternatives listed below in dealing with them on a day-to-day basis.

Some of the options available for coping with organisational stressors include: develop skills of time management, communicate, delegate, clarify, innovate, cooperate, develop the assertive style and find ways to unwind, to relieve tensions that build up in these situations — a brief period of physical exercise is very helpful.

Management jobs have higher risks than most other occupations because responsibility for *people* creates more stress than responsibility for things.

At the Goddard Space Flight Centre in the US, it was found that administrators as a group had a higher pulse rate, higher blood pressure and smoked more than either the scientists or engineers. Furthermore, medical records showed that almost three times as many heart attacks had been suffered by the administrators.

In addition to work-related stress factors, a variety of events and conditions in an employee's private life can contribute to stress. This is known as disease of lifestyle. Our ill-health pattern today is largely related to our behavior and lifestyle: in other words, we are making ourselves sick.

"Lifestyle" takes in the food you eat, drugs you take, cigarettes you smoke, alcohol you drink, physical exercise you get, and your habitual response to stress, tension and loneliness.

Most men and women today are living with excessive and unreasonable amounts of physical tension and mental stress. Tension and stress are the primary and universal causes of ill-health.

Stress does not affect everyone in the same way. Researchers have developed several theories to explain the differences in reactions to stress — one of these being the "Type A and Type B" personality theory developed by physicians Meyer Griedman and Ray Rosenman.

Characteristics of Type A personalities include aggressive and competitive behavior, intense drive and ambition, workaholism, restlessness and inability to listen, and "hurry sickness" — always competing against the clock. Type B personalities are not as competitive or aggressive as the As; they're more patient, are not driven by the clock and are able to take time to appreciate leisure and beauty.

These personality traits have been linked to the probability of developing heart disease. In a sample of 3500 males between the ages of 39 and 59, half of whom were classified as Type A personalities and half as Type B personalities, 70 percent of those who developed cancer or artery disease were from the Type A group.

More and more evidence seems to support the notion held by a large number of doctors that the root of all physical diseases is suppressed emotion.

The two stress-related illnesses that have been studied most exhaustively are coronary heart disease and mental illness. Every eight minutes an Australian dies from heart disease. One of the main causes of heart and blood vessel disease is stress. Heart disease is one of the three most common causes of death before the age of 65. Accidents and cancer are the other two.

Too much stress can also lead to alcoholism and drug dependence, as well as to a whole spectrum of physical problems which may be directly or indirectly caused by stress. These include: peptic ulcers, respiratory diseases, allergies, headaches, backaches, diabetes, cancer, asthma, rheumatism, insomnia and hypertension.

The importance of stress as a causative factor in all types of disease has led to the creation of several widely-used rating scales for identifying stress levels and susceptibility to disease. One of the best-known measures is the Social Readjustment Rating Scale of 43 events, devised by Thomas Holmes and Richard Rahe of the University of Washington.

In this test, stress scores are attached to specific life events (see Stressful Life Events) occurring over a one-year period. A score of 150 or less indicates a 35 percent chance that the person will get sick within the next two years; a score of 150-300 increases the chance of illness to 51 percent and a score of over 300 represents an 80 percent chance of becoming seriously ill within two years. Ill with bronchitis or depression, ill with heart attack or gout; in fact, ill in whatever way they would have eventually become ill had they not suffered the stress of the life event. It has been contended that the illness has been brought forward in time because the body's defences, preoccupied with the coping with the life event, failed to keep the aging and degenerative processes in check.

Factors that compound stress due to change in life events are:

- Becoming too far away from one's origin. Changes in life events or life stress appear more manageable if one exists in a familiar environment.
- Migration from one social status to another. This results in increased frequency and severity of illness. The risk is dependent upon how far and how fast you travel socially and graphically.
- Failure of the defences of the body to reach their optimal status. This can compound the effect of life stress. One's diet, exercise and lifestyle habits are vitally important in compensating for the effects of stress.

Life events will happen to all of us. If we are not overburdened by life events, if we

> Absorbing interests, the daydream, the fantasy, and the relaxation technique are life-savers

are not too far removed from our origins, if we respect our bodies and if we have developed mature styles of coping with crisis and stress, then we may survive psychologically and physically. If not, the penalty is cumulative and we will be sick more often and dead before those who have learnt their lessons.

Both short and long-term effects of stress can include: increased blood pressure, tension headaches, cardiac irregularities, hypertension, indigestion, ulcers, dizziness and palpitations, hyperventilation, anxiety states (agoraphobia), trembling or shaking, muscle cramps, poor concentration, poor memory, poor work performance as well as a variety of psychosomatic disorders such as poor social relations and sexual difficulties.

Stress diseases, and particularly coronary artery disease, are increasing in our society. Many of the causes are avoidable, but some are so much a part of modern living that it is impossible for any of us to escape them.

Survival then becomes a matter of personal philosophy and, particularly, of evolving a lifestyle that allows frequent periods of "turning off". We all have our escape hatches, and we all need them. The thing is to use the ones that cause us and everyone else the least harm, and do not simply add another form of stress. Thus chain smoking, excessive drinking, and taking it out on the other driver or on the family are very short-sighted answers. Absorbing interests, the daydream, the fantasy, and the relaxation technique are life-savers. So also are good friends and understanding partners. One researcher has even come out in print to advocate an active sex life to keep down one's cholesterol level.

Above all, we need to keep ourselves healthy. If we are tired or unwell, every little incident tends to become a major crisis. Those habits of eating and drinking, exercise and relaxation that are conducive to good health are extremely important in the avoidance of stress disease.

Coping with stress is vital. It's not indulgence. It's a matter of survival.

STRESSFUL LIFE EVENTS

	Score
Death of spouse	100
Divorce	73
Marital separation	65
Jail term	63
Death of close family member	63
Personal injury/illness	53
Marriage	50
Fired from work	47
Marital reconciliation	45
Retirement	45
Change in family member's health	44
Pregnancy	40
Sexual difficulties	39
Addition to family	39
Business readjustment	39
Change in financial status	38
Death of close friend	37
Change in number of marital arguments	35
Mortgage — loan over $10,000	31
Foreclosure of mortgage/loan	31
Change in work responsibility	29
Son/daughter leaves home	29
Trouble with in-laws	29
Outstanding achievement	28
Spouse begins work	26
Start or finish school	26
Change in living conditions	25
Revision of personal habits	24
Trouble with boss	23
Change in work hours/conditions	20
Change in residence	20
Change in schools	20
Change in recreational habits	19
Change in church activities	19
Change in social activities	18
Mortgage/loan under $10,000	18
Change in sleeping habits	16
Change in number of family gatherings	15
Change in eating habits	15
Vacation	13
Christmas season	12
Minor violation of law	11

Our spy force is revealed as a dangerous and secretive cult — the lap dog of the CIA

INSIDE ASIO

BY JOHN BROOKE

Despite more than three decades of phone-tapping, photographing and extensive compilation of dossiers on innocent members of the Australian public, this country's security services have failed to find any solid evidence of internal subversion. But there is an elite core within the services who use this non-existent subversive threat to maintain their "divine right" to direct the destiny of Australia. ASIO — the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation — prides itself on being a member of one of the world's most exclusive clubs, the "Anglo-Saxon Intelligence Exchange Club". Fellow members of the club — the Americans, British, Canadians and New Zealanders — all work happily together, pooling their knowledge against the common foe: communism. Or so the story goes!

ASIO does enjoy a special relationship with America's CIA. The organisation is given the privilege of helping guard American secrets without being allowed to know what those secrets are; in return, the CIA through its facilities in Canberra has, since December 1972 and with the knowledge of ASIO, monitored all internal and international telephone and teleprinter communications coming into or going out of the nation's capital. And this includes *all* of Australia's enciphered diplomatic messages.

The Australian Security Intelligence Organisation has become a sacred cow; in fact, there has never been any critical analysis released to the general public of our security and intelligence agencies. Liberal and National Country Party members accept the need for such organisations with a misplaced and unquestioning patriotic fervor. The Labor Party has, at least until very recently, preferred to steer clear of the subject. And the media is petrified at the very thought of offending ASIO. In London, the "official" thinking on controversial matters of policy is written by special correspondents and printed in the *Daily Telegraph*. In Moscow, the KGB line on any issue is published in *Pravda*, usually under the byline of Victor Louis. In Australia, the "official" ASIO line is given to newspapers including the *Canberra Times*, the *Bulletin* and the *Sydney Morning Herald*. An apparently voluntary media censorship scheme of "D Notices" has been sufficient to intimidate the majority of Australian editors, and in the last 15 years only the *Financial Review* and the *National Times* have dared to make any sustained investigation of the operations and costs of ASIO.

The US Central Intelligence Agency classifies fellow intelligence agencies on a scale of one to 10. Israel's MOSAD rates 8 out of 10; SDECE, the French overseas

INSIDE ASIO

espionage service, rates a 7, as does the West German BFV (the Office for Defence of the Constitution); the KGB and Britain's DI6 (formerly MI6) share equal billing with South Africa's BOSS at 6 out of 10; next comes the Yugoslav Military Intelligence Service SB, the Indonesian State Intelligence Agency BAKIN, and the South Korean CIA, all with 5 out of 10. ASIO and its sister organisation, the Australian Secret Intelligence Service (ASIS), which operates overseas, both rate 2 out of 10!

The reason for Australia's low rating is simple. The CIA believes there are two basic rules for successful intelligence organisations: firstly, there is no such thing as a friendly intelligence service; and secondly, all liason services are eventually penetrated by enemy or local revolutionary operatives. The CIA trusts *no-one* — friend or foe. On the other hand, ASIO not only trusts the CIA and prides itself upon its American connection but, as will be shown in this article, it will do almost anything to curry favor with its American masters.

In December 1972 Henry Kissinger, the dominant personality in the joint US State Department — Defence — CIA Committee of Forty, ordered the activation of the sophisticated surveillance equipment in the US Embassy in Canberra, which can monitor all Australia's communications systems and automatically collate the information for computer processing.

Kissinger had previously met with Gough Whitlam and the meeting had not been a success.

In March 1973, the CIA implemented "Project Argus" which deliberately excludes the Australian intelligence agencies from receiving certain classified information obtained through US spy satellites. In the same year, Central Intelligence Agency technicians in Los Angeles cracked the Australian diplomatic codes.

ASIO is responsible for internal security in Australia and, as a member of the Anglo-Saxon Intelligence Exchange Club, it perpetuates the myth that the CIA does not engage in clandestine operations in a "friendly" nation. However, the central concern of American foreign policy in relation to Australia is *not* the welfare and security of Australians. It is the maintenance and security of the US bases in this country. American bases in Australia are at present essential for the control of nuclear submarines cruising the Indian and Pacific oceans; the monitoring of Soviet, Chinese and French missile tests; the early detection of missiles fired at the US; eavesdropping on communications between Vladivostock and the Soviet Pacific Fleet; and the testing of military Space Age technology, including laser beam weapons.

In a thermo-nuclear war Australia is indefensible. It doesn't matter how many treaties we sign with the United States, or how special our relationship with the Americans is. The stark fact remains — all the weaponry in the United States arsenals cannot defend an island continent which covers an area of 7,686,849 square kilometres, has a population of only 15 million (most of whom reside conveniently in six cities) and is thousands of miles distant from continental United States of America.

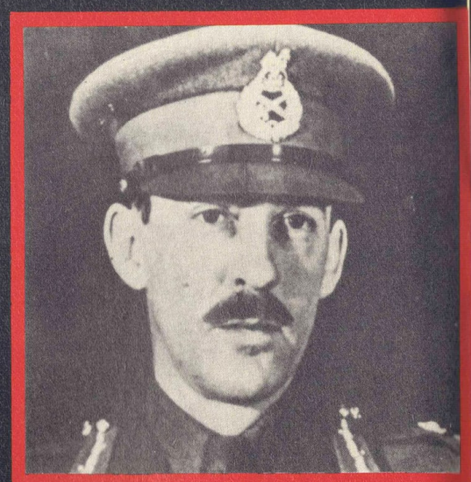
Since 1971, the sophisticated US spy satellites operating under the codename "Program 647" have been dependent on facilities at Pine Gap and Nurrungar. Technology at Pine Gap controls the 647 satellites while Nurrungar receives the data and transmits it to Los Angeles, from whence it goes Langley, Virginia — CIA headquarters.

Just as US satellites monitor all Russian communications, so too do Soviet satellites monitor US communications. In the SALT discussions the two superpowers exchanged information on their surveillance systems, so Moscow and the KGB know infinitely more about the Australian-based US facilities than does Canberra or ASIO! Since the US bases at Pine Gap and Nurrungar were first proposed, successive Australian governments (briefed by their intelligence advisers) have repeatedly confused the issue by evasion and outright untruths. Pine Gap was first described as a "joint defence space research facility", and Nurrungar as a "space communications centre". Pine Gap was supposed to be under the control of the US Advanced Research Projects Section of the Department of Defence; in fact, the CIA drafted the treaty agreement covering Pine Gap, and its first officer in charge, Richard Stallings, was a known CIA employee. The CIA always has, and still does, control both Pine Gap and Nurrungar, and this has been common knowledge in Canberra since E.G. Whitlam disclosed that Stallings was a CIA operative in connection with the American's links with Doug Anthony, now leader of the Country Party.

For the foreseeable future the US Navy is dependent on North-West Cape, and the US military and the CIA cannot do without Pine Gap and Nurrungar until alternative systems become operative in the late 1980s — at which time, incidentally, American interest in Australia will diminish considerably.

In October 1975, Gough Whitlam discovered that CIA operative Stallings had enjoyed a close friendship with Doug Anthony of the National Country Party. Not unreasonably, Whitlam believed that Australian politicians should not enter close relationships with another country's intelligence operatives. On November 2, Whitlam named Stallings as the conduit for CIA money channelled to the National Country Party. The accusation was repeated four days later and produced the following response from the CIA, abbreviated here:

MEMO: Dated November 8, 1975.
FROM: Chackley, Chief East Asia Division CIA.
TO: DG [Director General] ASIO.
November 2: PM of Australia made statement in Alice Springs to effect that CIA had been funding Anthony's National Country Party.
November 4: US Embassy Australia approached Australian Government at highest level to deny categorically that CIA had given money to National Country Party or its leader.
November 6: Australian PM publicly repeated allegation that he knew of two cases in which CIA money had been used to influence domestic Australian politics. Press coverage in Australia has identified a number of CIA members serving in Australia: Walker under State Department cover, and Fitzwater and Bonin under Defence cover.
Due to these disclosures it is no longer possible for CIA to deal with this matter on a no-comment basis.
November 7: CIA is perplexed. Does this signify some change in our bilateral intelligence security-related fields?
CIA cannot see how this dialogue can do other than blow the lid off those installations in Australia vital to our services, particularly installation at Alice Springs.
Colby [head of CIA] was asked at Press Conference if allegations made in Australia were true. He categorically denied them.
CIA feels it necessary to speak directly to ASIO.
Has ASIO headquarters been contacted or involved?
Is there a change to Prime Minister's attitude to policy in this field?
CIA feels that everything possible



Previous page, top left: ASIO headquarters in St Kilda. Bottom left: Russian defector Vladimir Petrov escorted from the Petrov Inquiry in 1954. Right: Madame Petrov is hustled toward a plane by Russian couriers. This page, above: The scene after the Hilton bombing. Immediate right: Brigadier Charles Spry, first Director General of ASIO. Right, top: Richard Lee Stallings, first chief of Pine Gap, revealed in 1975 to be a senior CIA officer. Second right: Ivan Skripov, Russian diplomat and KGB man expelled from Australia in 1963 for attempting to set up a spy network. Far right: Petrov and unidentified friend dine in the Russian Embassy, Canberra. Bottom right: Senator Murphy leaves ASIO headquarters in March, 1973.

INSIDE ASIO

has been done on a diplomatic basis. On an intelligence level they feel that if this problem cannot be solved they do not see how *our mutually beneficial relationships are going to continue.* CIA feels grave concern as to where this type of public discussion may lead. The DG ASIO should be assured that CIA does not lightly adopt this attitude. Reply should be made to CIA.

The "problem" which had arisen between the CIA and ASIO was quickly resolved — by the action of the Governor-General of Australia Sir John Kerr, who swept Gough Whitlam from office on November 11, just three days after the CIA memo was sent to the Director-General of ASIO.

Did the CIA mastermind the dismissal of Gough Whitlam?

In fact, Kerr had a long association with a variety of intelligence agencies. In World War Two he was a member of the Directorate of Army Research, a quasi-intelligence organisation. In 1944 he travelled to London via Washington, where he was in contact in both cities with US Intelligence. In the 1950s Kerr was closely associated with the Congress for Cultural Freedom and the Asia Foundation for LawAsia, both CIA-funded organisations.

As Governor-General, Kerr regularly called for code-word material from both ASIO and ASIS. During the years of the Labor Government there were plenty of people willing to pass on their misgivings about the Whitlam Government's attitude to security and the intelligence community.

What should concern and disturb all Australians is that the CIA could send a memo to the Director-General of *our* premier intelligence agency, ASIO, in which it was tacitly assumed that the wishes of Richard Nixon, Kissinger, Colby and the CIA would take precedence over those of the elected Prime Minister of Australia.

It is difficult to discuss the actions of ASIO over the last 20 years without constant reference to the CIA, and surely this in itself is a major condemnation of what is supposed to be an Australian organisation.

To outside intelligence agencies including Britain's DI6, ASIO has long been regarded as nothing more than a lap-dog for its master — America's CIA!

After the fall of the Whitlam Government a former CIA hatchet man, James Angleton, commented:

"After the Labor Government took office everything worried us. You don't see the jewels of counter-intelligence being placed in jeopardy by a party that has extensive historical contacts in Eastern Europe, that is seeking a new way for Australia, seeking a matter of compromise, seeking roads to Peking, when China used to be one of the main bases of the illegal NKVD operations which encompassed Japan, Australia and New Zealand."

However, ASIO does undertake some missions on its own accord. Let's look at two of its more recent escapades — the Sydney Hilton bombing of February 1978, and the notorious case of the left-wing Chilean activists in 1976.

In reality, terrorist activity is *not* a significant threat to Australia, despite the enthusiasm with which ASIO operatives and some politicians point to the Hilton bombing.

The Hilton bomb was placed in a litter-bin at an entrance of the hotel. When the bin was being emptied, the bomb exploded and two dustmen were killed. The siting of the bomb indicates that it was

> It is difficult to discuss the actions of ASIO over the last 20 years without constant reference to the CIA

placed there for symbolic reasons and, tragically, two men died; but what Head of State at the Commonwealth gathering could have been expected to root through Sydney's litterbins?

As a result of the Hilton bomb, Malcolm Fraser first called on the SAS and then the regular Army. The whole operation was "master-minded" by active service operatives from ASIO. When all this activity failed to find a culprit, Fraser called in Sir Robert Marks, a former head of New Scotland Yard, to report on measures needed to be taken against possible future terrorism. Not surprisingly, perhaps, Marks accepted as proven the assumption that terrorism was indeed a real threat to Australia. But nowhere in his 79-page report did he explain why!

As a result of this report a considerable security bureaucracy was set up in Canberra, and Parliament House is now guarded more effectively than the Kremlin. Yet six years after the Hilton bombing we are still waiting to know who was responsible.

Soon after Malcolm Fraser took power, orders were sent to ASIO requesting information about left-wing political activity in the Australian Chilean community. ASIO prepared a background paper, and from it we learn that in 1969 an Australian immigration officer was appointed to Santiago, the Chilean capital. During the years of President Allende's rule 4333 Chileans emigrated to Australia. Presumably most of these refugees had right-wing sympathies. In the two years following Allende's overthrow and death some 4000 Chileans, mostly political refugees with left-wing leanings, came to Australia. ASIO commented:

"Relaxed selection criteria were applied although normal medical and character requirements were imposed. Considering the circumstances there would have been admitted to Australia some whose background was such as to render them politically suspect. Also, in the early post-Allende months access to reliable security records would have been unlikely."

Thus ASIO assumed that some "suspects" must be included in the post-Allende refugees, and made it clear that Australia had now established an independent relationship with the post-Allende security police of the Junta.

ASIO reported that potential left-wing Chilean activism would centre around an organisation called "An Torcha", which it reported was Marxist-orientated and strongly influenced by the ideology of Fidel Castro.

On January 22, 1976, Queensland Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen wrote to Malcolm Fraser listing a number of Chilean exiles "who are highly dangerous and should be returned to their own country", where presumably they could be put in front of a firing squad. Premier Joh's information came from the Queensland Police Special Branch, a security organisation which in 1973, on the basis of the ramblings of one drunken aboriginal, had managed to convince Joh that there was a real danger of an aboriginal armed uprising in Queensland. According to Bjelke-Petersen, Brisbane was once again under threat, this time from a group of 44 highly dangerous Chileans who should be immediately deported.

The evidence against the Chilean revolutionaries is interesting. One, who was adjudged the leader, was seen fixing a poster to his car advertising a lecture by a visiting Chilean exile singer, Joan Jara; the other 43 had all attended a barbecue for the singer in July 1975, and the Queensland Special Branch had taken their car numbers. ASIO commented on the situation:

"Membership of Chilean political groups and committees, and Chilean participation in political demonstrations in Australia, indicates that the number of pro-Allende Chilean activists could be several hundred. A large percentage of that number, particularly those belonging to An Torcha, is considered likely to support the use of political violence, and a smaller number of Chileans, possibly fewer than a dozen, are considered likely to be activists or adherents of Chilean of Latin American terrorist organisations."

The document went on to suggest that 15 Chileans in Sydney could belong to An Torcha, with 30 to 40 in Brisbane and possibly a "handful" in Wollongong. Against whom did ASIO suggest the Chilean activists would use political violence?

Is there any logical reason to assume it might have been Premier Joh or the people of Queensland?

Nevertheless the Premier continued to press for their deportation. The immigration department pointed out that *none* of the designated 44 had committed any offence which would justify deportation, and Joh was finally fobbed off with a polite letter refusing his request. But as a result of the incident, immigration from Chile was cut back considerably, and regulations were strengthened to discriminate against possible political exiles. ASIO then set about recruiting a number of members of the Chilean community to spy on their countrymen.

The Chilean exiles who arrived *after* Allende's fall were placed under surveillance simply because they were opposed to a military dictatorship and were therefore deemed politically left and potentially subversive; on the other hand, those who arrived prior to Allende's death were classified as rightist and thus no threat to Australia's security. Additionally, the present close screening of all Chilean immigrants requires constant collaboration between Australian security agencies and the security service of the present Chilean dictatorship.

When the American Victor Marchetti quit the CIA and wrote a book exposing its abuses, he began:

"There exists in our Nation today a powerful and dangerous secret cult — the cult of intelligence."

Like the United States, Australia has made intelligence agencies a secret and dangerous cult.

State and Federal Governments have become obsessed with the threat of internal subversion. Traditional and vital civil liberties are over-ridden on the million-to-one chance of espionage.

In reality, most of the secrets protected by Australian security agencies are *not* our own secrets at all, and the value of these secrets cannot be challenged because even ASIO is not permitted to know precisely what they are.

In recent years some of the unhealthy secrecy surrounding the CIA has been ripped aside by both media scrutiny and a number of US Congressional Inquiries. But ASIO and its activities remain shrouded in mystery.

The Australian Security and Intelligence Organisation was born in 1949. In 1950, Robert Menzies introduced legislation banning the Communist Party during a speech in which he named 40 union officials as well-known communists. There were at least six obvious errors on the list and, as a result of ASIO's first great blunder, Menzies fired Justice Reed as head of the agency and replaced him with Colonel Spry, a former director of Military Intelligence.

By July 1950 Australia was involved in the Korean War and clearly the major internal enemy was the Communist Party; almost as threatening to Spry was the Labor Party, with its complement of left-wingers and union rabble-rousers.

Colonel Spry staffed his fledgling organisation with the type of men he knew best — ex-officers, many of whom were ex-Indian Army and had lost their jobs when that country became independent.

> Like the United States, Australia has made intelligence agencies a secret and dangerous cult

Besides his "regular" troops, Spry recruited a string of agent provocateurs who infiltrated the trade unions, the Labor Party and the media. Penetration of the inner circles of the Australian Communist Party was deemed a top priority.

In 1951, an ASIO undercover agent met Vladimir Petrov, Third Secretary of the Soviet Embassy, at a Russian social club in Sydney. The subsequent Petrov Affair remains the great justification for ASIO in the eyes of its supporters. Petrov was living proof that Russians *do* spy in Australia; therefore, ASIO could be totally justified because it once persuaded Petrov to defect to the West.

1954 was an election year in Australia. The storm raised by the banning of the Communist Party had died down and the Korean War had ended.

On April 11, Prime Minister Menzies announced to Parliament the defection of a Russian Diplomat, Vladimir Petrov, and immediately the Government established a Royal Commission into Soviet espionage in Australia.

All the commission managed to unearth was a vague charge that a female cypher clerk in the French Embassy had supplied Petrov with information about Australian arms sent to Indo-China. But there was nothing secret about the shipment, and Madame Ollier was sent back to France by a frightened Ambassador where she was checked out by French security and cleared of any involvement with Petrov.

The delayed decision of Mrs Petrov, herself an MVD operative, to defect was more useful to Western intelligence than the defection of her husband. Undoubtedly the Petrovs did provide Western intelligence with some names of Soviet operatives in Britain and America; but more importantly, ASIO had paid its entrance fee to the Anglo-Saxon Intelligence Exchange Club.

The Petrov case was crucial in that it persuaded the Australian intelligence and security services to turn away from their traditional colleagues in Britain's MI6 and give their allegiance instead to the CIA. Sir Charles Spry, who had never felt at ease with his Whitehall counterparts, became a close personal friend of J. Edgar Hoover.

The Petrov Affair established the reputation of ASIO and encouraged the growth in Australia of the security industry. Predictably, most intelligence operations were directed at communist or pseudo-communist organisations, but there was another significant development, later explained by Mr Justice White:

"After 1953-54 Special Branch files assumed a new dimension of intense interest in Labor political opinions and trade unions. All elected State Labor leaders became subjects of index cards, and sometimes of subject sheets and files. Interest in extreme right-wing organisations paled into insignificance. Interest in moderate right wing opinion was virtually non-existent. Interest in centre, moderate left, radical and extreme left opinion was the main preoccupation. Like the Maginot Line, all defence against anticipated subversions, real or imagined, were built on one side."

In October 1956, the Federal Government introduced legislation which placed ASIO on a statutory basis, and throughout the late 1950s an ASIO foreign service operating under the cover of the Immigration Department expanded rapidly. Eventually this overseas ASIO empire covered 16 countries: Argentina, Austria, Chile, France, West Germany, Greece, Hong Kong, Italy, Lebanon, the Netherlands, Sweden, Turkey, Britain, the United States, Yugoslavia and South Africa. In every one of these countries ASIO agents established contact with local security police. While the Colonel's Junta ruled in Greece, ASIO worked hand-in-glove with ESA, the Greek military political police; and Australian security was quick to build up friendly relations with the General's regime in post-Allende Chile. For many years an ASIO operative in South Africa

INSIDE ASIO

was in regular contact with BOSS, the South African Secret Police, despite warnings from Britain's DI6 that BOSS was involving itself too closely in United Kingdom and Commonwealth politics.

In the 1960s the Vietnam War was an issue which gave ASIO another group to infiltrate, and yet one more source of names to put on file. To be seen in a Vietnam demonstration was to come under official security scrutiny — a sure way to an index file and a black mark in any future vetting process. The ABC collaborated with ASIO in making available all news footage of marching demonstrators.

ASIO's other success of the Sixties was the expulsion of the Soviet diplomat Ivan Skripov for alleged sabotage. Skripov was set up by an ASIO agent, Miss X, described as 30-ish, a brunette and a linguist, who had been loaned to ASIO by MI6. Just what great crime Skripov committed has never been made clear, but he was quickly bundled back to Russia and ASIO operatives still recall the case with pride.

In 1970, Peter Barbour replaced Colonel Spry as head of ASIO, and his appointment was immediately resented by the ex-officers and hardliners within the organisation. Barbour soon made it clear that he preferred younger and more intellectual agents, and he recruited a number of academics to help him select future operatives.

In 1971, at the ALP Federal Conference in Launceston, a proposal that ASIO should be abolished was only narrowly defeated and, as Labor neared the prize of Federal Government, there was great unrest in the intelligence establishment. On October 13, 1972, a large group of former senior personnel of ASIO met in Melbourne. The purpose of this gathering has never been disclosed.

When Labor took office in December 1972, the transition appeared to go smoothly enough, and responsibility for ASIO stayed with the Attorney-General, then Senator Murphy QC.

In March of the following year, the Yugoslav Prime Minister Mr Bijedic was due to visit Australia and earlier that month the Attorney-General was told by the Commonwealth Police Commissioner that Bijedik's safety "could not be guaranteed". The reason for the concern was a group of Croatian exiles who had allegedly collaborated with the Nazis in World War Two. The Commonwealth Police felt that the group might attempt to assassinate the Yugoslav Premier. However, ASIO strongly disagreed and insisted the Croatians were harmless. Senator Murphy was in a quandary: one security force insisted the Croatians were potentially dangerous but another, ASIO, was giving them a clean bill of health. Murphy sought clarification from ASIO, but this request for further information from the Attorney-General was bluntly refused. On March 17, St Patrick's Day, Murphy together with 27 Commonwealth Police Officers "visited" ASIO headquarters and demanded to see the files on the Croatian exiles. The files couldn't be found, and the visit or "raid" caused an uproar in the press.

Four years later, James Angleton of the CIA commented on the episode:

> "With this bumbling Attorney-General moving in, barging in, we were deeply concerned as to the sanctity of this information which could compromise sources and methods and compromise human life . . ."

He was interrupted by the interviewer, who said:

> "But it was done by the elected Attorney-General of this country. It was done by . . ."

Angleton cut back angrily:

> Barbour was fired supposedly because the upper echelons of ASIO had been penetrated by at least one KGB agent

> "I am not disputing the fact he was elected. I don't understand the point of your question."

The CIA rarely pays regard to elections in the countries in which it operates. Not surprisingly, therefore, Angleton could not understand the point of the question. And notice how the CIA operative stated: "*We* were deeply concerned . . ."

In September 1975, Peter Barbour (head of ASIO) was suddenly appointed Consul-General to New York, and replaced by Mr Justice Woodward. British Intelligence, DI6, explained Barbour's sudden departure by leaking the information that he had breached security practice by taking a female secretary on an overseas trip. Shades of James Bond! Barbour was fired supposedly because the upper echelons of ASIO had been penetrated by at least one KGB agent.

The CIA and DI6 had been aware of this for about two years, but even today most members of ASIO still believe the cover story.

The real reason for Barbour's dismissal remains a well-kept secret, as by the way, does the fate of one KGB agent.

The intelligence community in Australia, together with their brothers in the CIA, breathed a collective sigh of relief when the Whitlam Government finally fell. ASIO is, of course, a totally anti-Labor organisation. In Britain, DI5 and DI6 have learned to live with socialist governments, but ASIO, like the CIA, is obsessively and pathologically suspicious of socialist doctrine.

In 1977, Malcolm Fraser released an abridged version of Mr Justice Hope's Report on Australian security agencies. In part it states:

> "The Australian intelligence community is fragmented, poorly co-ordinated and badly organised. The agencies lack proper guidance and control. They do not have good or close relations with the system of government they should serve. In some cases they have lacked funds and other resources (for example, adequate staff) to do the jobs expected of them. In other cases they have used lack of funds as an alibi for not doing jobs they should have done. Australia's intelligence interests do *not*, and cannot, coincide with those of any other country. Therefore, although we can and should benefit from exchange of information and views with friends and allies, we need our own intelligence collection and assessment capabilities. We also need constantly to reassess the benefits to Australia from intelligence relationships with other countries against the costs."

Just how fragmented the Australian intelligence community is can be seen from the following list of the various agencies involved:

ASIO — Australian Security Intelligence Organisation. Responsible for internal security.

ASIS — Australian Secret Intelligence Service. Reponsible for overseas activities, and divided into the following sections:

MO9 — Overseas spying.
Special Operations — Small subversive operations overseas usually liasing with CIA "dirty tricks" operatives.
Administration.
Narcotics Liason Division.

Commonwealth Police — Functions include surveillance of suspected terrorists and political activists.

Defence Security — Responsible for vetting certain key personnel.

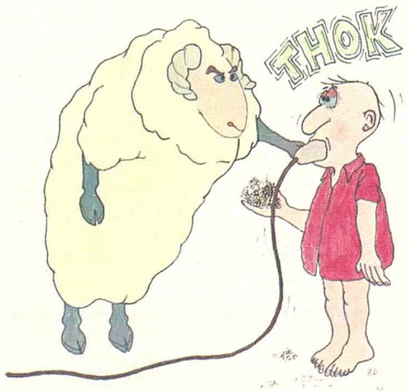
Special Branches — maintained as anti-subversive units by *all* State Police Forces.

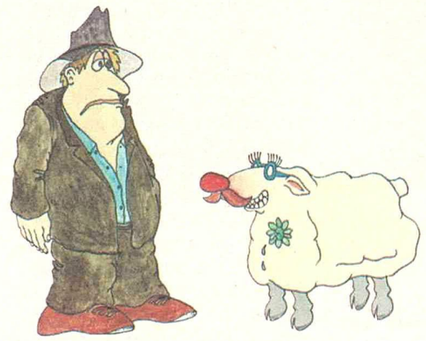
Defence Signals Division (DSD) — A ciphering and communications monitoring agency.

Office of National Assessments (ONA) — To co-ordinate information from various sources.

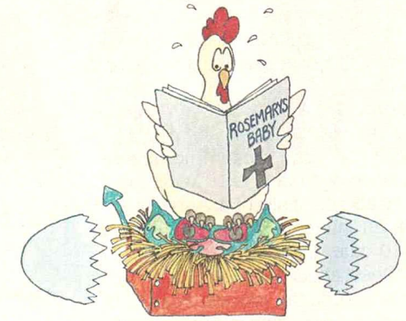
Joint Intelligence Organisation (JIO) — Intelligence analysis agency divided into:

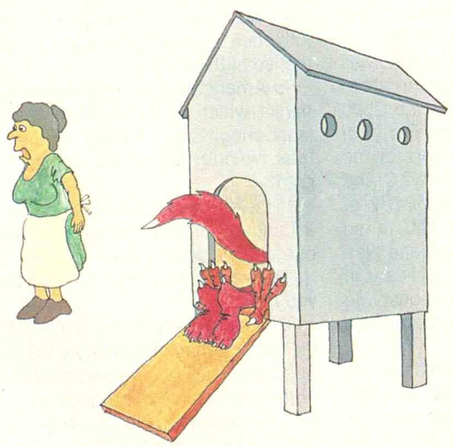
DALKIN'S FARMYARD FRIENDS



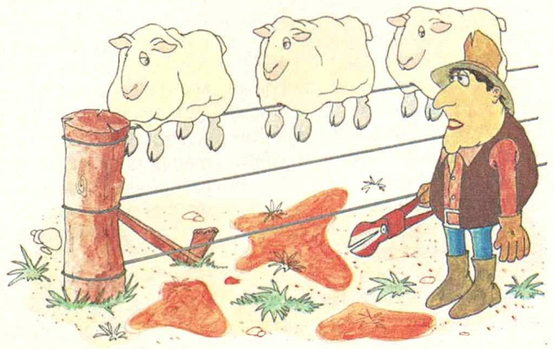


"Are you a jolly jumbuck?"





"Come quick, Sid.
The fox is in the hen-house again."



"I've got every confidence it's gonna crutch ya,
but I ain't sure it's gonna shear ya."

INSIDE ASIO

DIES — Defence Intelligence Estimates Staff.
DJSI Directorate of Joint Service Intelligence.
DEI — Directorate of Economic Intelligence.
DSII — Directorate of Scientific and Technical Intelligence.
DIS — Directorate of Intelligence Support.

Why does Australia need such a veritable constellation of intelligence and security agencies?

By nature, security organisations cloak their affairs in secrecy on the grounds that knowledge of how the organisations operate *must* be kept from the "enemy"; unfortunately, this same secrecy helps to avoid scrutiny of the organisations by their masters in a supposedly democratic society — the people and parliament.

Justice Hope pointed out that Australia's intelligence interests do *not* and *cannot* coincide with those of *any* other country. However, all the available evidence strongly suggests that, for a variety of reasons, leaders within the Australian intelligence community have decided that our nation's interests are identical with those of the United States of America.

While the majority of the Australian electorate would probably support a continuation of our "close and special" association with the US, we must be realistic about the alliance. American and Australian interests do not always coincide. To date, the United States has not been honest about both what goes on in its bases in this country, and the extent of CIA clandestine operations in Australia. ASIO may believe it enjoys a "favored" relationship with the CIA; in truth, the CIA has never given favored treatment to *any* other intelligence agency. Indeed, it has been ruthlessly explicit about its activities in other countries. In both friendly and non-friendly nations the CIA actively engages in:

1. Political advice and counsel.
2. Subsidies to individuals.
3. Financial support and technical assistance to selected political parties.
4. Support of certain private organisations including labor unions, business firms and co-operatives.
5. Covert propaganda.
6. Private training of individuals and exchange of personnel.
7. Economic operations.
8. Paramilitary and/or political action operations designed to "destabilise", overthrow or support a regime.

In Australia the CIA has engaged in all of these activities, from funding individual political figures to establishing banks to help launder dirty money and finance clandestine operations. It has bought support from private and professional organisations; influenced major industrial and economic planning in various areas, and worked to "destabilise" an elected Australian government.

Not only have these activities by operatives of a foreign power been known to Australian security agencies, but on many occasions ASIO and ASIS have actively collaborated with their American counterparts in un-Australian actions.

During its 32-year history ASIO can boast just two successes: the defection of the Petrovs, and the expulsion of Ivan Skripov.

For the remainder of the time, ASIO operatives have taken thousands of photos, prepared tens of thousands of dossiers on "potential" subversives, and tapped a great many phone calls.

In our modern society the powers of security and intelligence agencies are awesome. ASIO can destroy a person's career or poison relations between individuals. At the same time the secrecy of the bureaucratic intelligence structures ensures that nobody in Australia knows precisely what ASIO and ASIS are doing. We are told they are essential for the security of the State, and yet no-one has yet defined exactly what it is that threatens the security of the State. Is it the 2500 members of the Communist Party of Australia? Or the 1000 members of the Marxist-Leninist Communist Party? Or the 350 members of the Socialist Party of Australia? Perhaps it is the 100 or so members of An Torcha, the Chilean "leftist" group. Could it be the *two* Chileans in Victoria who have had connections with the Latin American terrorist group, Cono Sur?

Secrecy of the bureaucratic intelligence structures ensures that nobody in Australia knows precisely what ASIO and ASIS are doing

In Canberra there is a multi-national intelligence community of considerable proportions. British DI6 operatives meet for coffee with their Canadian and New Zealand counterparts. France maintains an SDECE officer in its Embassy. The West Germans have their BFV man, and the Greeks, Italians and Yugoslavs also have known operatives. China has three identified agents, and South Korea has two. The Singapore and Malaysian special branches have agents who have infiltrated the student community, and the Japanese and Indonesian intelligence officers are well-known. All the Eastern European countries have known agents, apart from the dozen or so KGB men. The Indians, Thais and Filipinos also maintain operatives. Israel's MOSAD watches the Palestinian community, particularly in Melbourne, and South Africa's BOSS still liases with ASIO.

Perhaps, then, the real reason for Australia's massive intelligence complex is simply the need to keep up with the Joneses. Intelligence and counter-intelligence organisations are apparently an essential part of the apparatus of a modern State. Supposedly, no-one can manage without them. Like many other components in society they follow Parkinson's Law and continue to multiply. But what is it really all about? Wormald, the spy in Graham Greene's novel *Our Man in Havana,* put his finger on it when he explained: "It's not a real living. All this spying. Spying on what? Secret agents discovering what everyone knows already."

ASIO operatives, like their CIA counterparts, never cease quoting a phrase from John Barron's book *KGB — The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents.* In the introduction, the author states:

> "No activity of the KGB abroad has higher priority than its efforts to manipulate the thought and action of other nations by insinuating such agents into positions of power."

The concept of "agents of influence" provides the excuse for the security services to keep under surveillance such figures as Dr Jim Cairns.

It also provides a blank cheque for over-enthusiastic operatives to open files on *you* and *me.* And if the prime objective of the KGB is to recruit "agents of influence", is not that also the avowed objective of the CIA?

Is American gold, channelled through banks which spend most of their time laundering dirty money gained from massive drug deals, cleaner than Russian gold?

In the entrance hall of CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia, a remarkably apposite quotation is set in the wall:

"Know the truth, and the truth shall set you free."

The senior executives in the CIA know the truth of what goes on in the US bases in Australia. They understand the full extent of the clandestine operations undertaken by their agents in this country. Can the Director-General of ASIO or the Prime Minister assure the people of Australia that they also know the full truth in these matters?

"Ignore the truth, and ye shall live in chains."

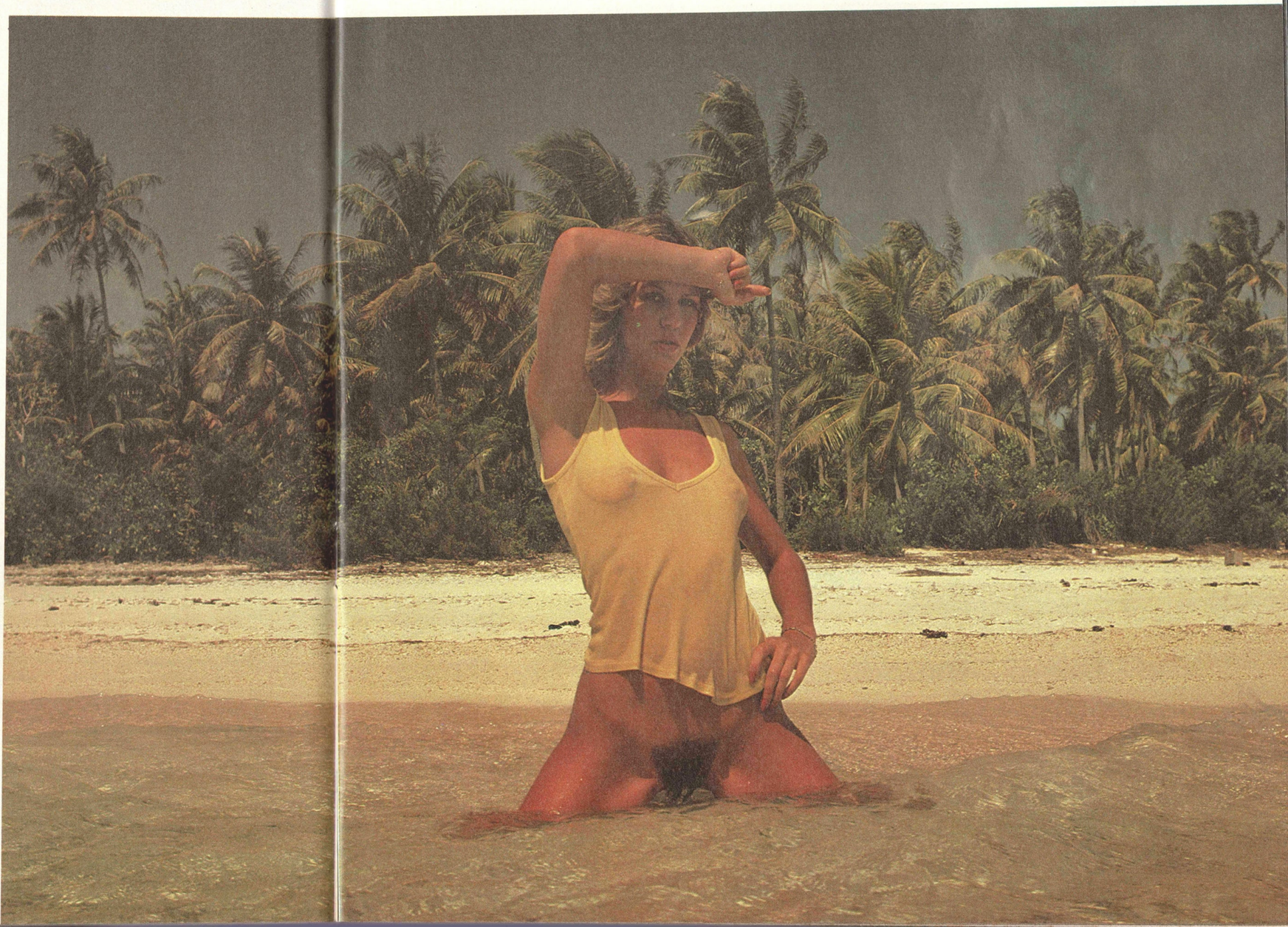
KERRY ANNE

ISLAND GIRL

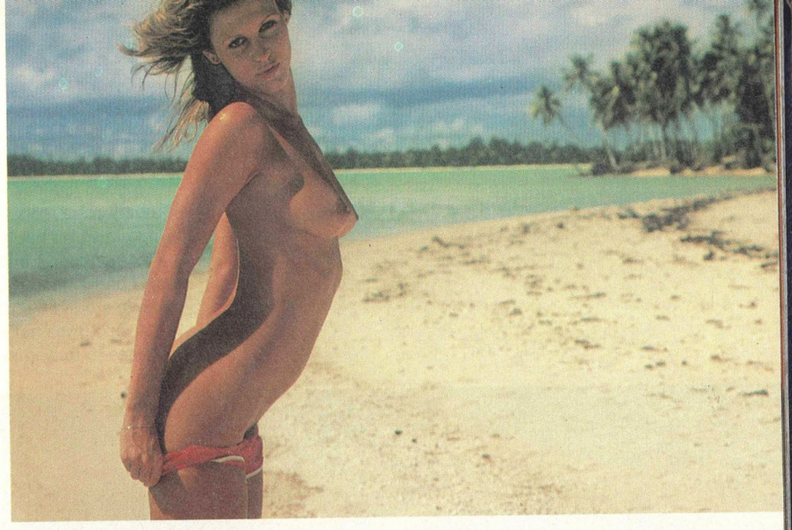
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO METTBACH

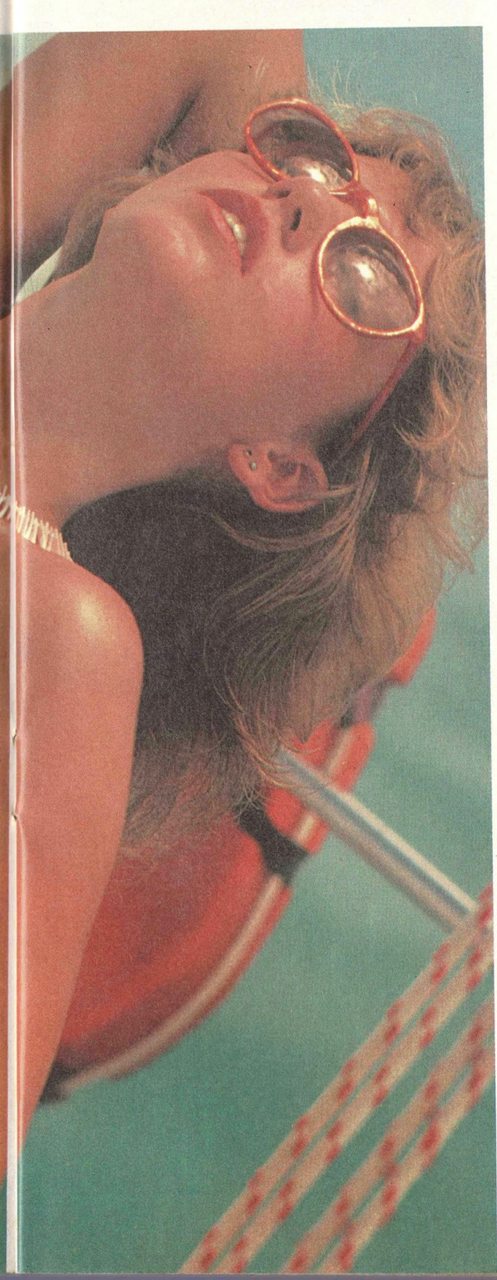
Falling in love with the sensuous, dusky Tahiti of Mutiny on the Bounty was easy for our lithe Pet of the Month Kerry Anne Gillies. Nineteen-year-old Kerry Anne swam and frolicked naked in the champagne waters of Bora Bora and the quiet outlying islands until her body developed a rich tan and her blonde hair was streaked by the sun.

Our outgoing beauty turned
heads wherever she went on the jewelled
isles as she revelled in the simplicity of the
long, hot days eating fruit in the sun and
freshly caught tuna in the evenings by
the light of beach flares.

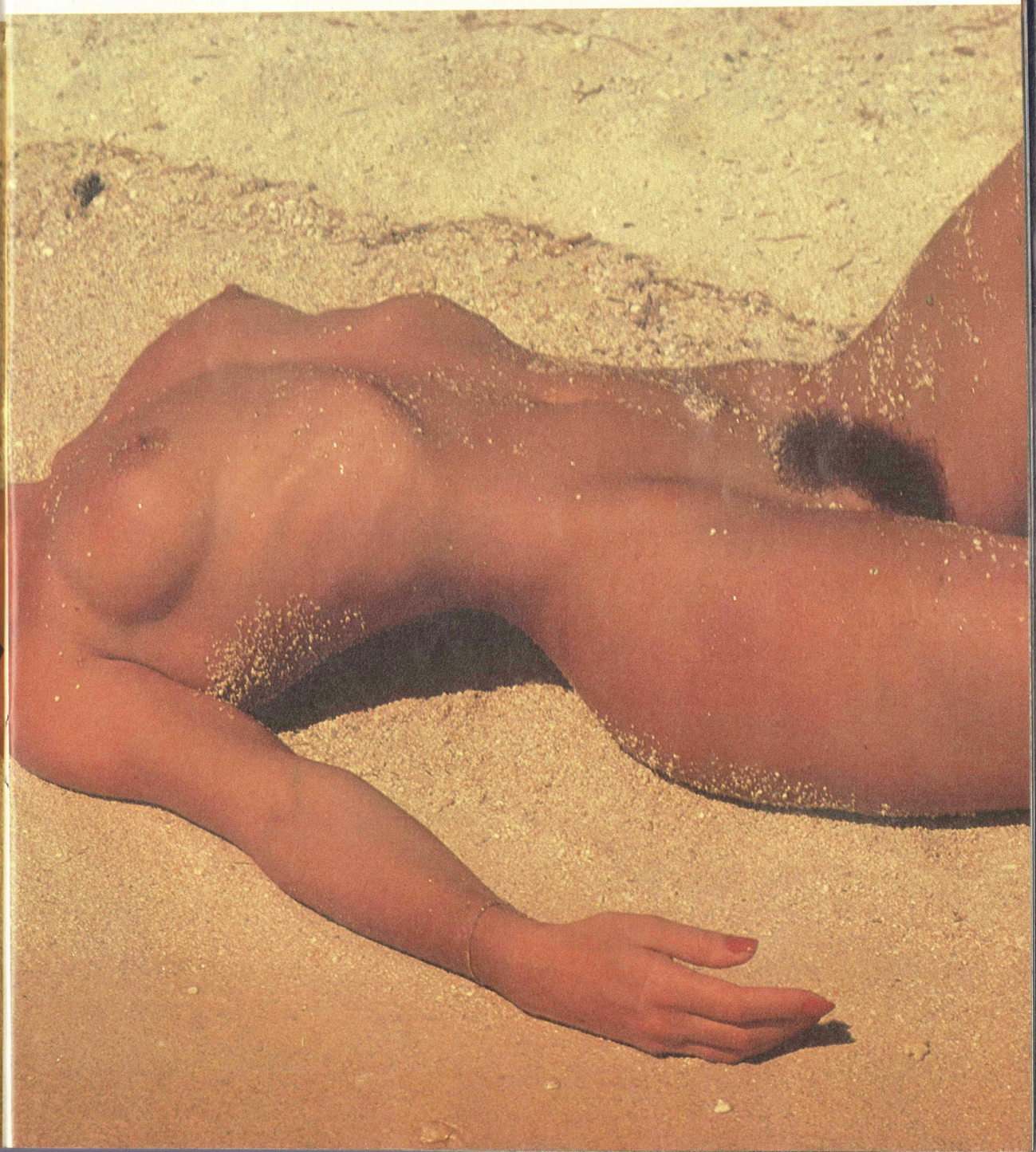


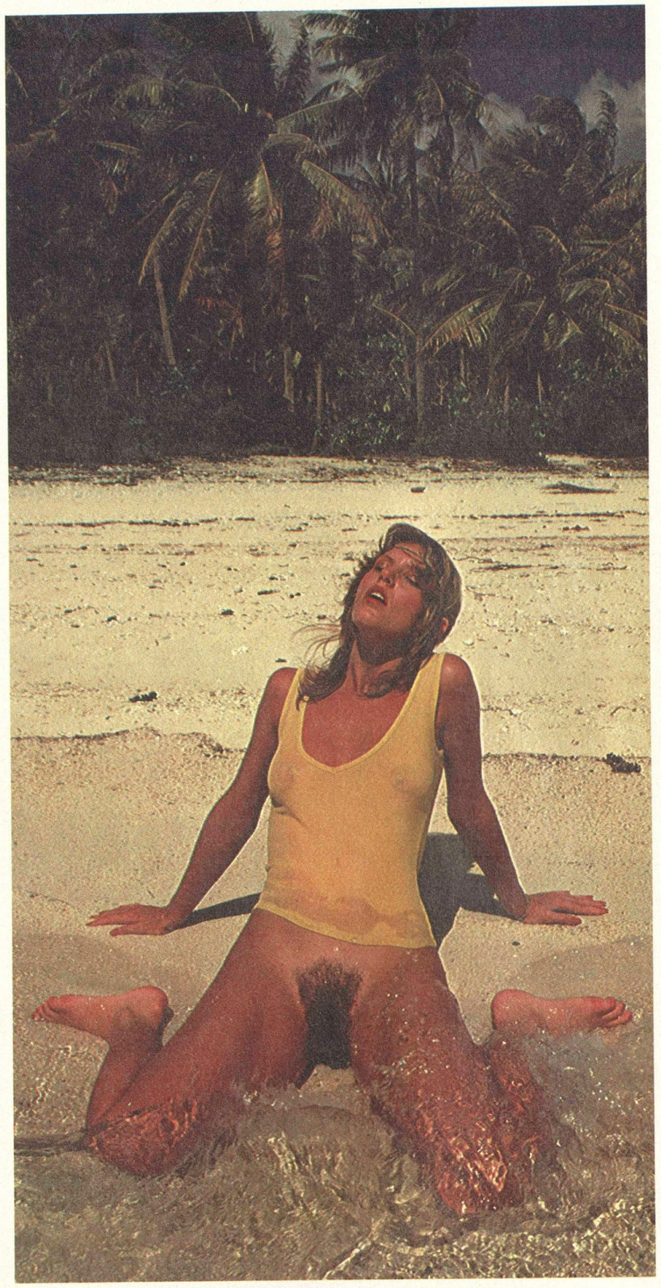
Kerry Anne likes staying in the great shape she's in by swimming and surfing, playing squash and making energetic love. A Libran, she has a keen sense of the arts and fulfilled a long-held desire by visiting Tahiti, and seeing for herself the land so evocatively rendered in the works of Gaugin.



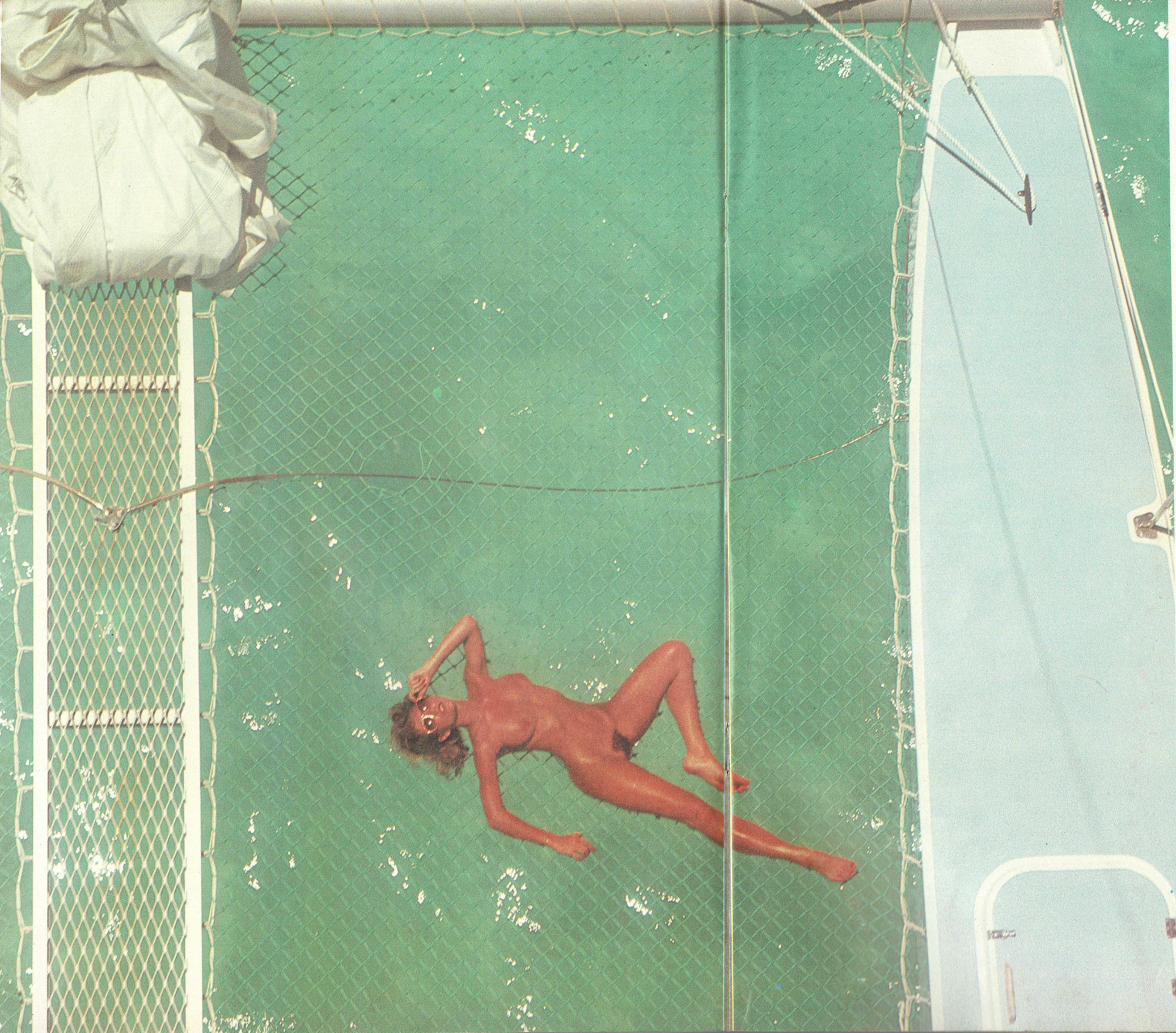


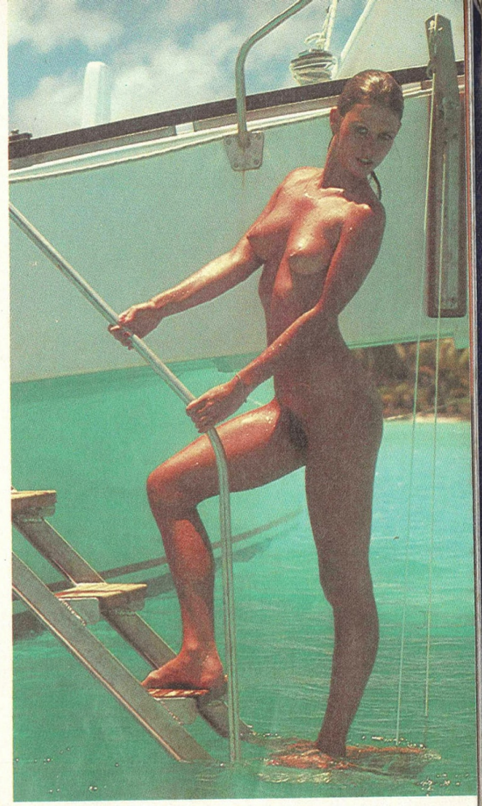
She considers herself a good listener, a quality she feels is imperative for her to learn, observe and better understand the people around her. It also gives her a chance to fully suss out the men who wander into her life. Her type of man is charming and tall with a good sense of humor — all the things, she says, that are the most difficult to find in one man.





Kerry Anne would like her future to involve acting and she hopes to break into television soon. She is at present involved in amateur drama workshops for the stage. She wants to return to Tahiti, while filming or maybe to spend an idyllic honeymoon.





Then, perhaps this Brisbane beauty will fulfill her cherished fantasy of making love at twilight beneath the palms of a tropical paradise as the warm tradewinds caress her moist body.

MISS KERRY ANNE GILLIES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Photographs by Isaiah Karlinsky

Australia's armed forces are making history in the world's most infamous trouble spot

ANZAC AIRLINES: ON STANDBY IN THE SINAI

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

The sun-baked Royal Australian Air Force and Navy pilots and crewmen are sprawled on the furniture they've knocked together from packing crates and scrounged foam rubber, lobbing additional Coca-Cola cans on to the pile of red-and-white empties overflowing the trash can, squinting out through the wide doors of their cool day-room at the hot desert, and speculating.

"Looks like a slice of North Queensland to me," says one.

"Western bloody Queensland," says another.

"I'll tell you what it's like," says a third, tossing away a nine-day-old Sydney *Daily Telegraph*. "Spot called Cultana."

"And where the hell might that be?"

"Might be in Alaska, only it ain't. Where it is, is South Australia."

"If you ask me," offers a fourth, "it's sort of western New South Wales-ish."

ANZAC AIRLINES

"You've never been to Cultana, then."

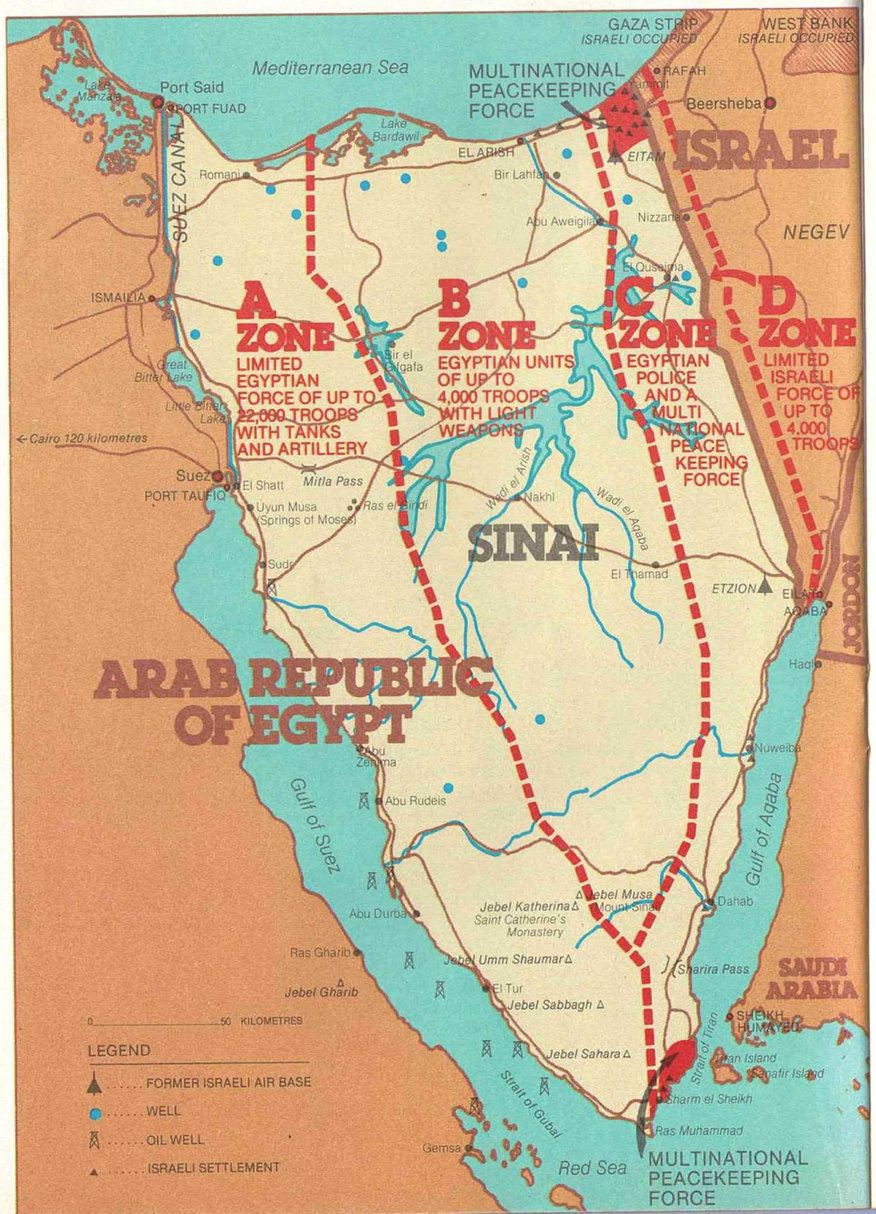
"And you've never been to North Queensland."

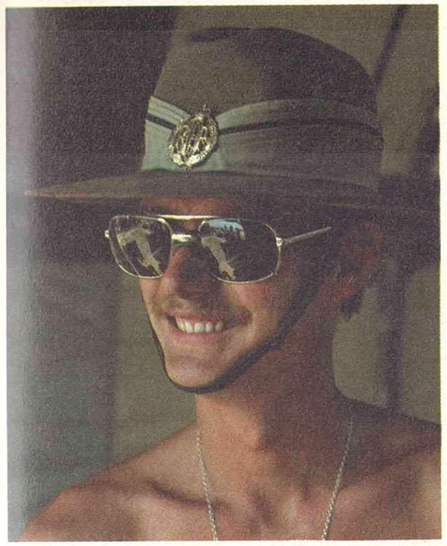
"West Queensland."

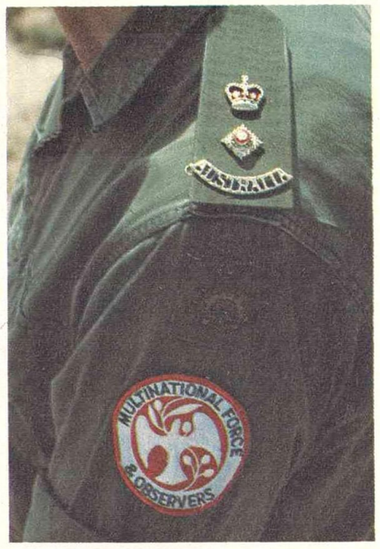
A blond flyer in a green nylon jumpsuit, who has been puzzling over the instructions to a board game called *Battleship* ("Combine strategy and luck in this exciting naval action game"), speaks without looking up.

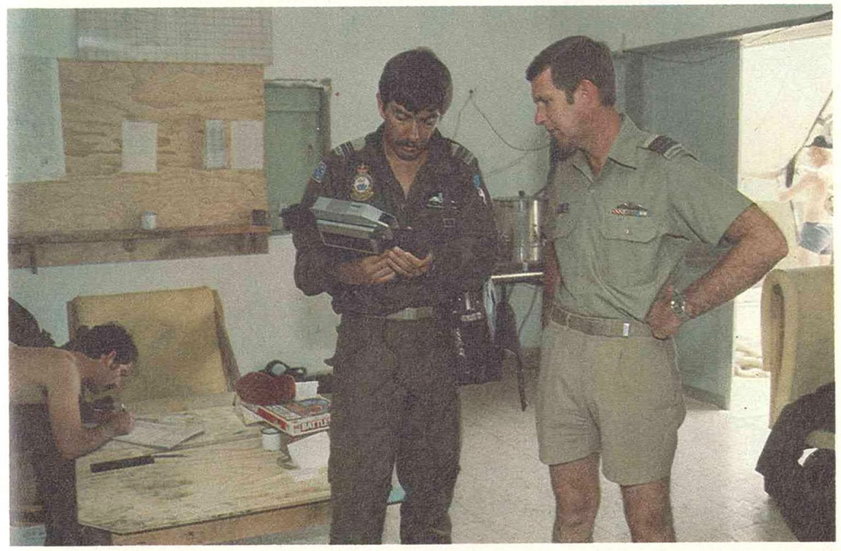
"Want to know what it looks fairly much like?" he says. "The Sinai Desert, that's what. The bloody Sinai Desert."

And it looks like North Queensland, and west Queensland, and the west of New South Wales, and a sun-parched dust-blown beauty spot called Cultana, but it isn't any of those. It's half a world away, a place which the blond flyer has very aptly christened: the *bloody* Sinai Desert. For









Previous page: Bell UH-1H Iriquois landing. Clockwise from above: Pilot officer Ian Powell, of Fremantle, at controls of UH-1H; Pilots in dayroom; Corporal Jim Bohm, of Canberra, instrument fitter; Shoulder board and MFO patch of Lt Col Ian Edwardson. Australian Army; Pilot confers with Flt Commdr Terry Wilson, contingent commanding officer; The Sinai.

leeched into its sand there is indeed blood — the blood of five wars in 34 years. When the wind picks up outside the dayroom the fine sand swirls and eddies, and mixed with it as it rises is the sun-dried powdered blood of Egyptians and Israelis, Moslems and Jews. And in Cairo and Jerusalem, in Alexandia and Tel Aviv, families wait to see whether there is enough strength in a piece of paper called "Camp David" (and in the 2600 men who are charged with verifying that its terms are being met, 140 of them Australians and New Zealanders) to stem the flow of blood into this wasteland.

The peace treaty signed by Israel and Egypt in 1979 called for practical demilitarisation of the Sinai, with monitoring of Egyptian troop levels in the desert to be performed by a UN force. It became clear last year that the Soviets, intent on throwing a spanner into a peace process which, to the extent that it was successful, would result in erosion of Russian influence in the Middle East, were not about to permit a resolution establishing such a force to pass the Security Council. So Egypt and Israel, acting under the terms of the Camp David accord, agreed to create an independent multi-national force. Israel, Egypt and the US would split the cost three ways. The US would take the responsibility of convincing its friends and allies to participate — and among the first nations asked were Australia and New Zealand.

Australian opinion, which had been understandably less than enthusiastic about joining a UN force because of the controversy surrounding Camp David, was even more sharply divided over the prospect of sending troops without UN sponsorship. "Australia is going to be drawn into another open-ended military commitment overseas," said Opposition Leader, Bill Hayden. "We had no business being in Vietnam and we have no business being in the Middle East." The Socialist Party placed advertisements warning that "the decision of the Fraser Government to involve Australian military forces in the so-called Sinai 'peace force' is not in the best interests of Australia. It is a further indication of the subservience of the Fraser Government to the global plans of the United States."

The government assured the public that fears that Australian trade with Arab nations would suffer were misplaced. Egypt, it pointed out, was Australia's largest Arab trading partner. To decline to participate would strain relations with her. The analogy with Vietnam, it said, was invalid. In Vietnam, Australians were helping one side against the other in a war zone. In the Sinai, Australians were going to be acting with strict neutrality in a demilitarised zone. Australia would not let itself look like a cat's paw of the US. If Britain and Europe didn't send contingents, Australia wouldn't either.

The tide of opinion shifted. In July, 55 percent of Australians were against participation while 37 percent approved, with 8 percent undecided; by November, 47 percent favored supplying a contingent, 41 percent were opposed and 12 percent were undecided. The government's decision was clinched when the UK, France, Italy, the Netherlands and Norway announced that they would participate, along with Colombia, Fiji and Uruguay.

Under the terms of the peace treaty, the Sinai — a 62,000 square kilometre triangle, its northern side being the Mediterranean coast bordering Israel and its southern point thrusting into the Red Sea — is divided into three north-south zones. In the western Zone A, Egypt is allowed no more than one division of up to 22,000 troops, consisting of three mechanised brigades with up to 480 armored personnel carriers, one armored brigade with up to 230 tanks, seven artillery battalions with up to 126 artillery pieces, and seven anti-aircraft guns. In the central Zone B, Egypt can have four battalions totalling up to 4000 soldiers with light weapons and wheeled vehicles. Zone C, at the east, is a 40-kilometre wide, 380-kilometre long strip that follows the Egypt-Israel border from the Gaza Strip in the north down to the Israeli port of Eilat, and along the eastern coast of Sinai to Sharm-el-Sheikh at the southern tip of the peninsula. In this zone, no Egyptian troops are permitted.

The primary purpose of the multinational force and observers is to patrol and man observation points in Zone C. This is the job of the troops of the "force". The role of the civilian "observers" is to visit Egyptian units in Zones A and B and Israeli installations in Zone D, a sliver just over the border with Sinai in which up to 4000 Israeli soldiers with surface-to-air missiles and 180 armored personnel carriers are allowed. Any violation is to be reported to both Israel and Egypt. Hopefully, once the problem is rectified, the MFO is to verify that it no longer exists.

Seven hundred and ninety US troops and an 80-man Italian naval unit are stationed at Sharm-el-Sheikh. The Americans patrol the southern sector of Zone C and operate 10 helicopters to ferry men to and from the observation points and checkpoints on the roads from Zone B to Zone C. The Italians operate three minesweepers to ensure freedom of navigation through the mouth of the narrow gulf leading to the

ANZAC AIRLINES

Israeli southern port of Eilat; an Egyptian blockage of Eilat triggered the 1967 war.

But most of the MFO's personnel, including the Australian/New Zealand contingent, are based at Eitam, a former Israeli military airfield at the north-eastern corner of the desert, just to the west of the Israeli-administered Gaza Strip.

The approach to Eitam, under a cloudless blue bowl of sky that goes on forever, runs across a white sand flatland dotted with scrub, past herds of smirking camels and Bedouin encampments. Women with toe-length over-the-head black shrouds held in their gold teeth herd goats with bells around their necks into brush corrals in front of galvanised shacks. The former Israeli gatehouse is not guarded by Egyptian sentries. On the roads inside the chain-link fence there is a bustle of trucks backfiring as they groan along with whole buildings on their flatbeds. Gleaming white MFO vehicles hurry back and forth. That this is not a normal military installation is clear from the view of British privates saluting Fijian lieutenants under the date palms, while Dutch sergeants defer to the Uruguayan brass by the cactuses. There is something stirring about the clarity of the air, the brilliance of the light, the wideness of the desert, the fresh tan paint on the prefabs, the co-operative energy of the men, and the importance of their mission. There's a sense of history being made.

In front of the headquarters building, a Colombian infantryman stands rigidly at parade rest. Overhead, the MFO's orange ensign and the Egyptian flag fly at equal height. Within are the offices of the Force Commander, Norwegian Lieutenant General Frederik Bull-Hansen, and staff from Norway, the UK and the US. Logistics and supply are handled by a detachment of 300 Americans. Uruguay operates a ground transportation unit, and Holland takes care of signals and provides military police. The French run a medical unit and fly two fixed-wing aircraft, a De Havilland Twin Otter and a Transall, ferrying personnel to and from Sharm. Observation points and checkpoints (OPs and CPs) in Zone C are manned in two-week tours by members of 500-man contingents fielded by Colombia and Fiji. Mixed crews of Australians and New Zealanders fly the helicopters that take the Colombians and Fijians to the OPs and CPs and the American civilian observers to Egyptian units in Zones A and B. There are 110 men from Australia and 30 from New Zealand, including pilots, mechanics, air traffic controllers and administrative personnel, drawn from the air force, army and navy. Their aircraft — eight furnished by Australia, two by New Zealand — are crucial to the MFO. Without the Australian/New Zealand contingent, Eitam would be out of business.

The contingent's flight operations centre is a low sand-colored building that was formerly the Israel Defence Forces' air terminal. Outside is a volleyball court, its net tied with red plastic streamers so passing helicopters won't hook it with their skids. Inside, they answer the phone "Anzac Airlines" and clear the choppers for take-off and landing.

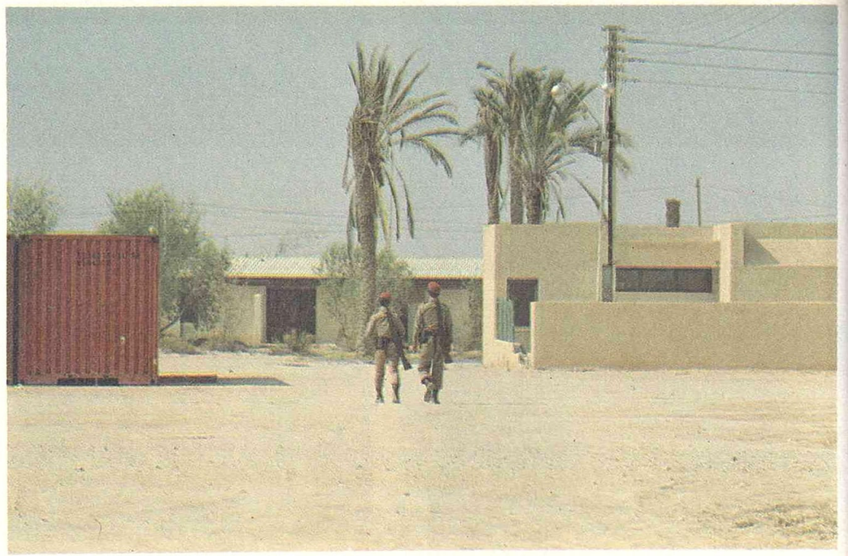
Sitting in his unluxurious office, the contingent's commanding officer, Flight Commander Terry Wilson, makes the point that Australia is no stranger to Middle East peace-keeping duties. "I served with the Australian contingent to the UN Emergency Force, helping to supervise the Sinai disengagement Israel and Egypt agreed to after the Yom Kippur War of 1973," he says.

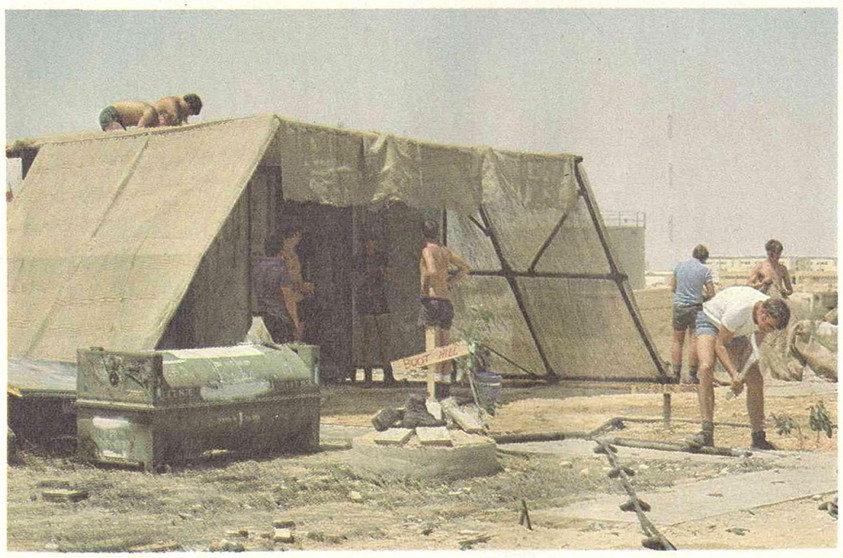
"We've got several pilots here who were in that group, too. I volunteered to come back here because I felt my experience keeping helicopters in the air in this kind of terrain would be of use. When you're trained to do something and the opportunity to do it comes along, you grab it.

"The first thing we did was dig out the old files. That show was a bit different from this. We lived in a hotel in the city of Ismailia just on the other side of the Suez Canal, whereas here we're thrust into a big facility with troops from many other countries, which requires a bit more tact and diplomacy. But the major difference is that this time we're here under the terms of a peace treaty, rather than to police a buffer zone created as a result of a cease-fire. That makes our job unique. I don't know that there has ever been a force playing a role quite like this in the history of the world."

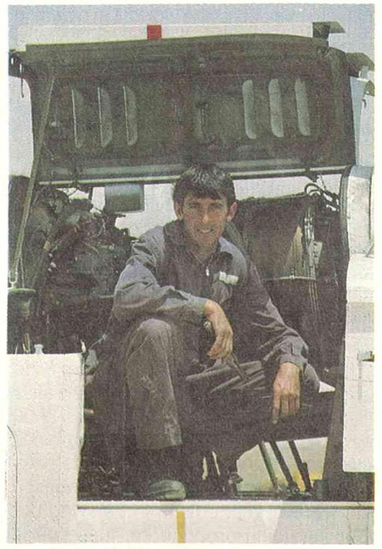
Number 649, a 12-seat Bell UH-1H Iriquois painted a shiny white so the Egyptians won't mistake it for a stray Israeli machine, or vice-versa, is being readied outside for a training flight. A crewman with a red moustache has gathered a group of ground personnel and is giving them a no-nonsense lecture on what to do if there's a crash on landing or take-off. As he speaks, he raises his voice to be heard over the sound of a chopper that heels in and lands 100 metres away, raising a cloud of dust.

"The most important thing is to get us out as quickly as you can," he says, fixing each man in turn with his cool eyes. "If you can't get the door open, this window pops out." He climbs inside and buckles himself





Below: Erecting a fence around the "garden". Top right: Colombian infantrymen on security patrol at Eitam. Right: Erecting awning of burlap for repair shop improvised from shipping container. Bottom: Replacing fuel nozzle gasket on UH-1H. Opposite: Iriquois taking off on training flight; LAC Bob Fenwick.



ANZAC AIRLINES

into one of the passenger seats. "This is how the harness releases. Remember how it's done, because if we do have an accident, a moment's delay can make the difference for all concerned."

And you can see the men flush with the realisation that a few seconds lost puzzling over how to open an injured crewman's seatbelt could mean their butts too. They step back as number 649 cranks up and slowly lifts off, taxis to the head of the runway, lifts its tail, takes a running start, and rises into the desert sky. Among the crewman's audience were Leading Air Craftsmen Ron Mulder and Noel Willi. Both volunteered to go to the Sinai.

"It's a bit of a challenge, an adventure," says Mulder, a 22-year-old airframe fitter from Sydney, as he watches number 649 disappear. "It's not every day you get to travel to this part of the world. I'm planning to visit Egypt, Israel and Europe. Hope to have my girlfriend come out from Australia to go with me, if the air force says okay."

Willi, 19, is an aircraft metalworker from Warwick. Wasn't he worried about being plunked into the world's most famous trouble spot? He smiles broadly: "Mum was!"

Squadron Leader Kevin Follay, 38, is standing in the maintenance area with his hands on his hips, surveying the work being done. Follay is in charge of the 51 Australians and 15 New Zealanders who take care of the contingent's aircraft, constantly fighting to stay ahead of the desert. "The Sinai is hard on helicopters," he says. "You get dust storms where the air is filled with fine abrasive as far up as 2000 feet. The sand runs through the turbines and crazes the windshields and eats away at the leading edges of the rotor blades. If you weren't meticulous in carrying out your servicing procedures, these birds would go all to hell.

"Fortunately, though, we've got plenty of experience flying in similar climates in Australia. One of the first things we did when we got here was to send all our rotors up to Israel Aircraft Industries one by one and have them apply a special plastic coating to protect the blades against dust abrasion, and it's working fine."

LAC Bob Fenwick, 29, of Canberra, an engine fitter, is standing on top of a UH-1H with an open cowl, whistling as he changes a fuel nozzle gasket, when the sound of helicopter blades chopping air blows in on a gust of dry wind. In the distance he can see number 649 turning out of the blue towards Eitam. As the white machine approaches the parking area, instead of hovering gently down it begins to drop. Fenwick's eyes widen. "Comin' in fast!" he shouts.

"Autorotation drill," says Follay, shading his eyes with his hand. "They shut the motor off and let the spinning of the rotor provide lift as the 'copter lands. More or less a controlled crash." He speaks laconically, but he is holding his breath ever so slightly. Number 649 hurtles downward, too quickly for comfort. Its skids scuff the tarmac. The rotor slows. The doors open. Follay lets his breath out. "So," he says, smiling with his mouth only, "perfectly routine."

Each contingent wears its home-country uniform, topped with a distinctive brick-orange beret with the MFO's dove-with-an-olive-branch patch on the front. One Australian officer, however, is sporting a slouch hat. "Isn't quite regulation," he says, half by way of apology, half with evident pleasure at finding himself with a good solid excuse for showing the flag in this hotbed of supranationalism. "Lost my MFO beret when our tent went up. Haven't been able to get a replacement."

Three weeks after the contingent arrived, a tent they had erected behind the flight operations centre for shelter from the sun during the working day went up in smoke. "Three weeks to put it up, three minutes to burn it down," the men like to say. In line with the Australian military tradition of finding a use for everything, the tent's charred aluminium frame is having an afterlife as irrigation pipe to water the yard between the radio and instrument shops, improvised from two of the corrugated steel containers in which the contingent's equipment arrived at the Israeli port of Ashdod on the heavy landing ship *HMS Tobruck*. An absurdly fussy stone garden path has been lovingly laid, bordered with transplanted yellow wildflowers of touching delicacy. All that's missing from this verdant scene — complete with "KEEP OFF THE GRASS" sign — is some grass to keep off of.

> The hall echoes with the din of soldiers complaining about the food in six languages

The men are amused by early newspaper reports that they had no beds. Once the initial confusion subsided, they found themselves sleeping on beds with innerspring mattresses, two to an air-conditioned room. They've got signs on the doors that say things like "Muff Diving, Flight Officer" and "Eitam Girls' Dormitory". In addition to base recreation facilities which include a gym, a swimming pool, and a theatre that shows a different film every night, the Australians have their own "surf club" where, after hours, they can curl their tired hands around cool ones trucked in from Israel and Egypt, as well as more familiar brands airlifted from home.

There are three mess halls — one for each of the battalion-strength units from Fiji and Colombia, and one for the rest of the contingents. The Australians and New Zealanders eat in the "international" hall: a spacious facility run by E-Systems, the Texas-based corporation which operated the Sinai Field Mission (the American civilian force which manned the desert's peace-keeping observation posts before the Israeli withdrawal). Lunch is a military fashion show. There are the neat Uruguayans in knife-creased olive drab, the French in Foreign Legion khaki, the British a bit off the beam in mottled jungle green, except for one Captain Mike Roberts of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who is wearing a kilt and carrying a cromach (a chest-high Scottish walking stick) and who looks so incongruous that he fits in perfectly. The winners: the Americans, in the desert camouflage recently introduced by the US Army.

Tan with brown blotches, orange splotches, white specks and black dots. The Aussies call them "lizard suits" The US Rapid Deployment Force hasn't been deploying as rapidly as might be wished. The Arabs refuse to give it bases, and the effectiveness of US manpower at the task of safeguarding Free World access to Persian Gulf oil is open to question when one considers that one quarter of the 82nd Airborne Division troops who were about to leave for the Sinai to join the MFO had to be replaced when surprise urine tests revealed that they were airborne on drugs ranging from barbiturates to cocaine. Anxious to convince the Kremlin of its ability to project power into remote desert sheikhdoms, the Pentagon appears to be trying to accomplish via fabric design what it as yet seems unable to attain by more conventional military means.

The hall echoes with the din of soldiers complaining about the food in six languages. "Watch out," one Australian crewman warns another, wagging his finger at his friend's plate. "You get any closer, it'll bite!"

"The company that runs this hog trough has a separate dining room for its own people," says the other crewman. "Totally different food. They ain't stupid. Won't find them eating this slop!"

"That's how you know a soldier's still alive, the medics say," grins a colleague who has been eating heartily. "You don't put your ear to his heart. You put your ear to his mouth and see if he's griping about the food."

"Coffee ain't bad," shrugs another.

"The whole, place ain't so bad if you ask me. Look at the way the officers get on with the men, for instance. Like yesterday, I brought an officer with me in a truck to shovel up some sand for a cesspool."

"About what officers are good for, I'd say."

"You going to bring your wife in and park her in Tel Aviv?"

"Now that'd be coals to Newcastle, wouldn't it?"

"Yeah, why buy a book when you got the public library?"

"You see where they posted a standing order to take the inland route to Tel Aviv to avoid getting stoned on the coastal road?"

"Wouldn't mind getting stoned on the coastal road myself."

"They mean getting beaned with rocks by PLO types in the Gaza Strip."

"I prefer the other kind of getting stoned personally."

"Bloke don't drink, there's not much for him to do here at night."

"The thing I can't get over is the Arabs just campin' out by the side of the bloody road."

"They ain't Arabs, they're Bedouin."

"Same thing."

"Not to them it ain't. They hate the Arabs worse than they hate the Jews."

"Wouldn't want to be a Jew in this part of the woods. No wonder the Israelis are security-happy. The whole damned country could fit inside one Australian cattle station."

"It's a bit prettier than a cattle station."

"Not when the shrapnel's flying, I shouldn't think."

The Press, in nations far from the Middle East, is full of charges of Israeli intransigence, Israeli stubbornness, Israeli unwillingness to make concessions. But in giving up the Sinai, Israel has made a sacrifice for peace that the Arab States have yet to match: eight military airfields, including Eitam; more than 170 army installations, including the most sophisticated electronic warning stations on earth; the naval base guarding the entrance to the Gulf of Eilat; twelve agricultural villages and a new city; the Alma oilfield, which was supplying one quarter of the nation's consumption, as well as western Sinai reserves which some geologists say could have made it a petroleum exporter; deposits of manganese, copper, phosphates, porcelain clay, glass sands, coal and natural gas; and an investment in infrastructure of more than $17 billion — nearly equal to the country's entire foreign debt.

But Israel's biggest give-up wasn't farmland, oil, or money — it was something far more precious. It was time. Israel has formidable armed forces — quite the equal of, if not superior to, any of the Arab forces or any combination thereof. But because of Israel's tiny population — less than four million, compared to more than 50 million in Egypt alone — it can maintain only a small standing army. In order to defend itself against a threatened attack it has to mobilise its reserves, and this takes time: 72 hours for full deployment. And in order to call up its hundreds of thousands of citizen soldiers, the country has to leave its entire social fabric — industry, agriculture, shipping, public services — staffed by a skeleton crew, barely functioning. Before the '67 war, Egypt was able to bleed Israel's economy at will simply by massing troops in the Sinai, forcing the Israelis to call up their reserves for one false alarm after another.

Before the Sinai withdrawal, 210 kilometres separated Israel from the Suez Canal. The distance from the Egyptian border to the Israeli port of Eilat is now 12 kilometres. From the border to Tel Aviv is 63 kilometres. With the peninsula again in Egyptian hands, Israel's survival depends on keeping it effectively demilitarised. This is the significance of the MFO. As long as it is on the job, the desert will be clear of Egyptian forces that could menace Israel, and there will be peace. The '67 war began when Egypt ordered the UN Emergency Force out of the Sinai. If the peace treaty sticks, this cannot happen again. According to its terms, the MFO cannot be ordered out by Egypt — even by Egypt and Israel together. But also according to its terms, the Sinai is sovereign Egyptian Territory. Egypt could abrogate the treaty and demand that the MFO get out.

> The first push is always the most adventurous. You work the hardest but there's something about being the first

Australians need not worry that their boys will die in a new Egyptian-Israeli war. As long as the MFO is there, there will be no fighting. If there is fighting again in the Sinai, it will be because the MFO has gone.

Will the treaty hold? The Arab world is not going to abandon its dream of eliminating Israel, because its objection to the Jewish State is, at bottom, not political but religious. Moslem theology requires that all Jews — all Christians too, for that matter — who refuse to accept Muhammad can reside in *Dar al-Islam* (the geographical "realm of surrender" to the will of Allah, i.e. today's Middle East and southwest Asia) only as *dhimmi:* "protected persons" who must demonstrate their subjection to "believers" by stepping into the gutter when a Moslem passes, by not riding in a vehicle within a town or village, and so on. That the Jews have their own sovereign State in the middle of the Middle East is regarded by Moslems, and especially by the ultra-orthodox Saudi ruling family, as a blasphemous affront to Allah.

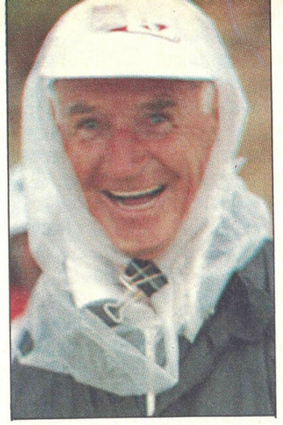
Needless to say, a frank expression of such views would not cut much ice in Western capitals, so the issue is couched in terms of the "legitimate rights of the Palestinians". In the West, this is taken to mean the establishment of a Palestinian State on the West Bank, but among Arabs it is understood to signify the return of the refugees of the 1948 war, with their children and grandchildren, to the coastal plain of what now is — but will then no longer be — the Jewish State.

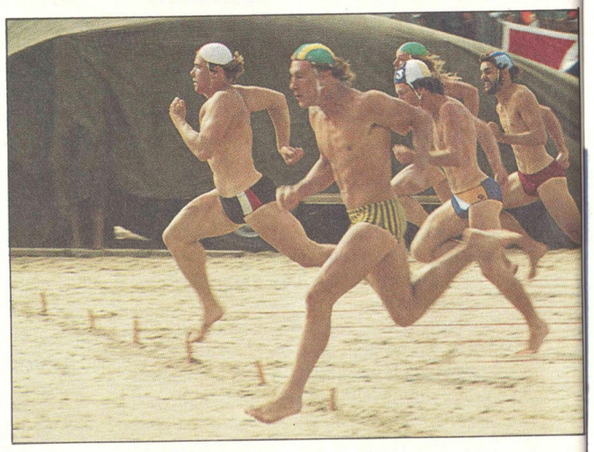
Sadat, a devout Moslem, did not discard this view. A career soldier before he entered politics, he simply came to the conclusion (after five unsuccessful wars against Israel) that elimination of the Jewish State could not be accomplished by military means. It would, in his view, have to be brought about through a political process that could take generations. It was his hope — his dying hope, as it turned out — that such a process would be initiated by the grant of limited autonomy to the West Bank Arabs mandated by Camp David. He became a man of peace, not because he suddenly decided that the Israelis were sweet people after all, but because he believed that diplomacy would be the most effective way of achieving his country's national goals.

The other Arab regimes do not share Sadat's analysis. They still believe that more is to be achieved against Israel by continuing to threaten her militarily than by conducting normal relations with her. But they have a problem: in every war against Israel, they have been trounced despite Egyptian participation. Without Egypt, without the most powerful Arab army, how can they ever hope to win? Now that Egypt has the Sinai — 40 minutes' drive to Tel Aviv in a modern tank — she is going to be under immense pressure from the Arab world to repudiate Camp David and reactivate the southern front against Israel.

Yet though the continued development of the MFO depends on whether Egypt honors the treaty, the MFO's very presence makes it more likely that she will. As long as the MFO stands fast, Egypt has a marvellous pretext for declining to again allow its boys to be used as cannon fodder for pan-Arabism: "We'd love to help you, fellows, but these damned Diggers and

Continued on page 160





When the surf life saving movement's marathon men met this year they had one aim — to knock golden boy Grant Kenny off his pedestal

CLASH OF THE IRON MEN

The fitness boom of the last few years has seen a resurgence of interest in marathon events. But too often, *marathon* means *masochism* — particularly in the USA, where gruelling programs force competitors past the point of physical breakdown. For example, there's one such event which includes a 50-kilometre cycling section, a 10-kilometre swim and then 20 kilometres on foot. It is not merely a test of physical fitness: it is verging on insanity.

The Australian Surf Life Saving Association's iron man event is a refreshing alternative to the conventional long-distance torture test, because there's a functional purpose behind the huge effort that surf club members put into winning the title. Like the other competition events staged by the clubbies (beach sprints, surfboat races and belt races), the iron man contest is a vehicle for sharpening the skills which save lives in the surf.

The concept came originally from America. Professional lifeguards in the United States held competitions against fishermen who rowed dories through the breakers to set their nets. They

Captions, clockwise from bottom left: Moana, SA, scene of the 1982 Australian Surf Life Saving championships; the start of the double ski final; SLSA official; female medal winner Sharon Muddle; senior beach sprint contestants; ski relay winners, the Wooden brothers of SA; march past contestants; competitors check their skis in the assembly area.

CLASH OF THE IRON MEN

divided the contest into three sections — a swim which favored the lifeguards, a dory-rowing event which gave the fishermen a chance to get back, and a board-paddling section.

Australian surf club officials visiting the States in the early Sixties witnessed contests of this type. They took the concept home, modified it to suit local conditions and turned it into a uniquely Australian event: a gruelling test of strength, stamina, tactical intelligence and surfing skills.

The current iron man competition is divided into four legs; the order of the first three is decided in a ballot before the race. There is a 400-metre racing ski section, a 300-metre board-paddling event and a 200-metre swim, all in the open surf, followed by a 50-metre sprint up the beach to the finish line.

This format gives competitors little or no recovery time between sections. The pace, plus the unpredictable element of the surf, have resulted in some memorable challenges in the relatively short history of the event. But there has rarely been an iron man encounter charged with the drama and excitement of this year's national title challenge at Moana, in South Australia.

Grant Kenny was the man in the hot seat, defending the title he had won twice in a row, in 1980 and '81.

The teenager's remarkable feats in the surf have focused the attention of the national media on the iron man event. The unique blend of sand/surf/marathon madness has captured the Australian sporting public's imagination, and so has Kenny, as the sport's most recognisable face.

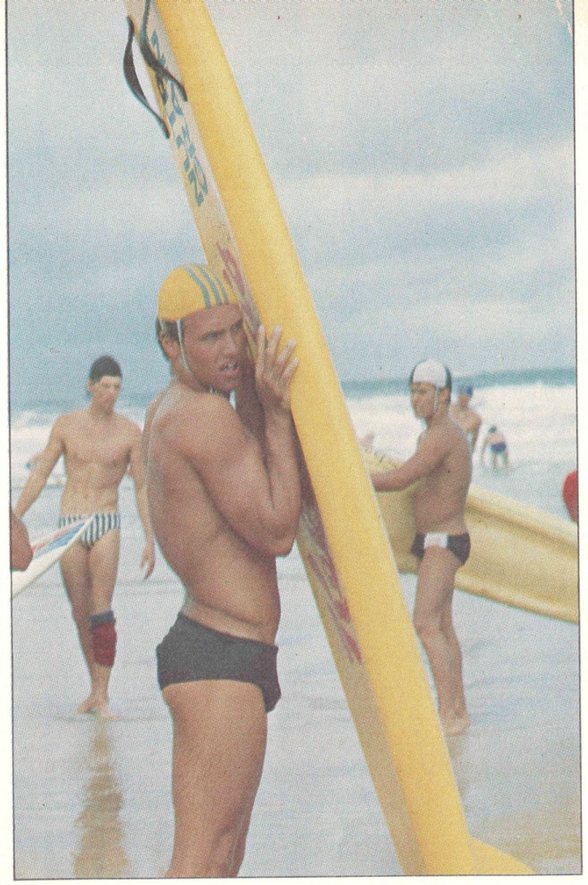
He blew the competition away in 1980, when at the age of 17 he won both the national senior and junior titles. Kenny's detractors sneered and said he would never take the senior title again. But the Nutri-Grain Kid proved them wrong and became a national identity when he took his second senior title in 1981. This year he was chasing the hat-trick, while some very serious contenders prepared to knock the golden boy off his pedestal.

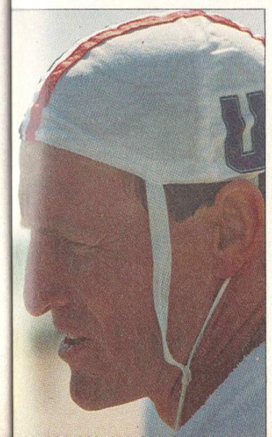
Kenny's fellow Queenslanders were going to be a strong threat. Former Olympian Steve Holland, a Currumbin club member whose swimming ability took him to fourth place in the Queensland iron man event, had enough speed in the water to put him into contention for the national title.

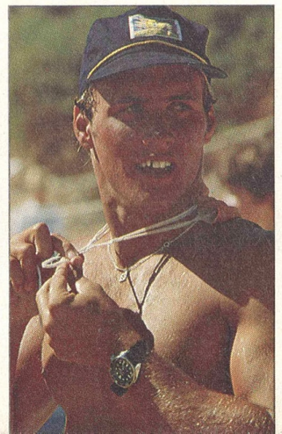
The current Queensland title-holder and third placegetter in last year's national competition, Robert Nay of Northcliffe, was another strong swimmer whose class made him the danger man for Kenny. Mark Bennetts of Southport was also rated a good chance.

Kenny's example had spurred iron man competitors from all over the country to push themselves into peak condition for the contest. The NSW contingent looked strong. State champion, 22-year-old Gray Parkes, another powerful swimmer, had his share of support. His fellow southside Sydney lifesavers — Robert Chapman from Eloura (former national title-holder and second placegetter in 1979 and '80) and Greg Allum from Wanda (the 1979 champion) — were prepared to stake their claim for the 1982 national iron man title.

The Surf Life Saving Association was celebrating its 75th anniversary at Moana this year. After a brief period in the doldrums in the early Seventies, the SLSA is booming, with an updated image, rising membership and a modern, high-powered approach to saving lives in the surf. The annual national titles is a mammoth event, attracting more entrants than the Commonwealth Games. This year the organisers received more than 4500 entries from the country's 236 surf life saving clubs, and tens of thousands of spectators lined the beachfront to watch the surfboat races, the beach sprints and the march past. But without doubt the highlight of the weekend — the climax of the surf life saving championships — was the 1982 iron man challenge.

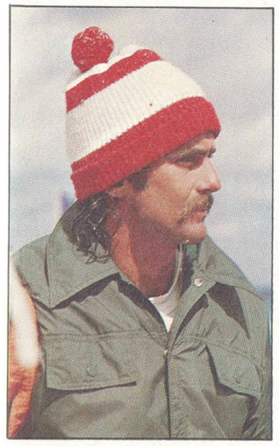


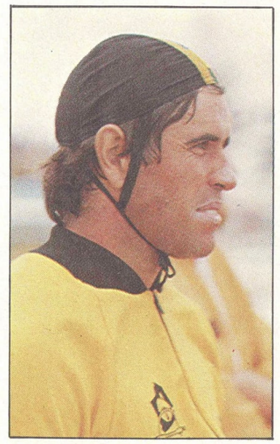


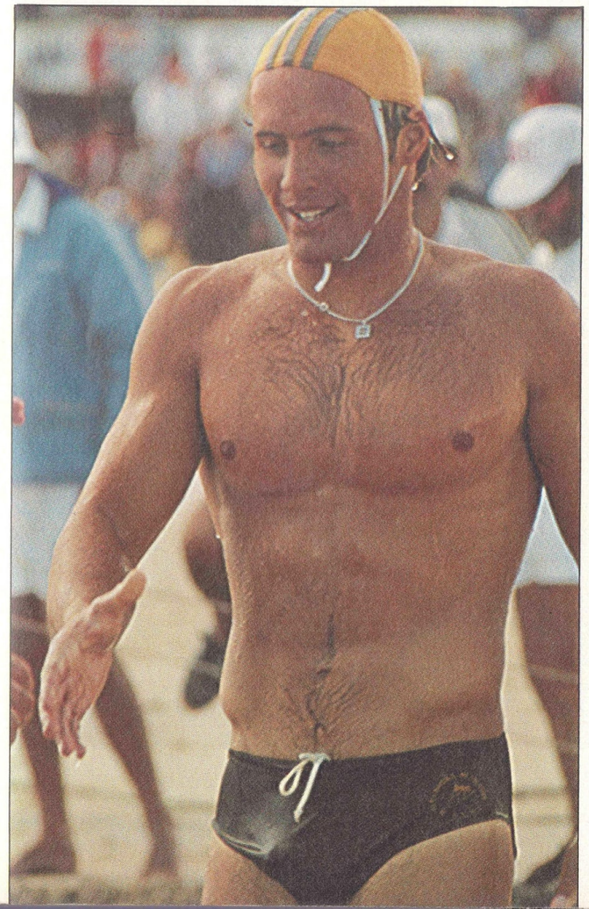


Captions, clockwise from bottom left: The Warriewood crew were the open boat race favorites this year; senior iron man contestants Greg Allum from Wanda and Robbie Nay from Northcliffe; Grant Kenny relaxes; the start of the double ski race; beach flag contestants dash across the sand; Grant Kenny; US iron man champion Tim Harvey from San Clemente.

Captions, clockwise from bottom left: Former iron man title holder Robert Chapman; the start of the senior belt race; iron man contestants battle out the ski section. Kenny's distinctive yellow ski is mid-field; spectators shelter from the rain; Ken Vidler, three times iron man champ from WA; former Olympian Steve Holland; Grant Kenny, the 1982 iron man champion.







Kenny won his heat in choppy surf in front of a crowd of 20,000 to make the 12-man final, which included no less than nine former national title-holders and the New Zealand and US iron man champions. The ballot to decide the order of events appeared to put Kenny at a disadvantage. The swimming leg, his weakest section, was first and the pundits were claiming that specialist swimmers like Holland and Nay would push too far ahead in that leg for the defending champion to catch up.

A huge crowd gathered over the sand to watch the final. The report of the starting pistol cracked across the beach and the contestants raced to the water to begin their swim to the buoy anchored offshore. The ballot hadn't suited Kenny. Neither did the surf conditions. He is a skilled waterman, and his surfing ability has given him the edge in the past, but it didn't look as if he was going to have a chance to exercise that ability this year.

South Australia is not renowned for the quality or size of its surf and on that day at Moana the waves were only a metre high, and windblown. Robert Nay started the swim brilliantly, taking the lead ahead of Holland. Gray Parkes was prominent, along with Bennetts and Chapman. Only a few metres separated the pack as they headed for the buoy. It was time for some dirty tricks.

The ocean is an unpredictable arena. Wind chop and swells can hide competitors from officials on the shore, giving some contestants a chance to strike a blow for victory. Jostling, leg-pulling and the odd clenched fist are not uncommon, and Kenny came in for his share of attention in the swimming leg as his rivals did everything they could to hold him up.

The champion was floundering. He was way behind at the buoy, and slipped even further back on the swim to the beach. His position looked hopeless and Kenny's supporters could see the title slipping from his grasp as he came out of the water near the end of the field to pick up his six-metre ski.

This second leg was Kenny's big chance to make up ground. While the majority of the iron man entrants are swimming specialists, Kenny's forte is the ski. He is a member of the Australian team for the world kayak championships and is preparing for a challenge in the 1984 Olympics. There wouldn't be too many people on the planet faster with a paddle than Grant Kenny.

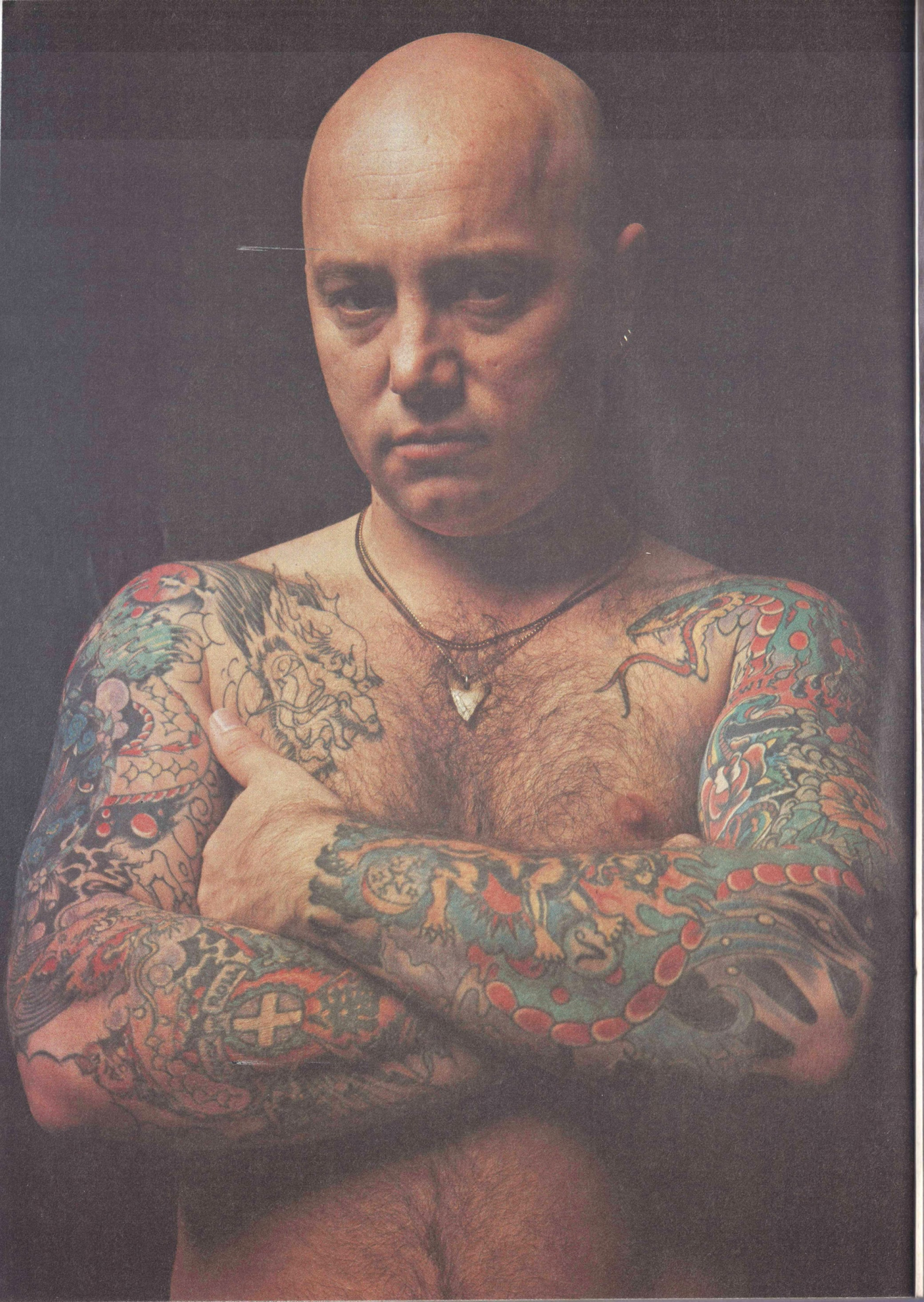
Nay, still in the lead, was off and running on his ski, and he was still well in front by the time he had made it into the open water. But Kenny was closing in. With an inspired effort he flashed past the tail-enders and put himself into fourth place. Every time his paddle blade hit the water he made ground. He took an inside run and flew around the buoy on his distinctive yellow ski. Nay was still holding the lead as they headed for the beach, but Kenny was now in third place. There were only a few metres between the pair. The crowd was going wild.

As Nay picked up his red surfboard from the beach, Kenny was breathing right down his neck. It was in this final board-paddling leg that the champion's uncanny tactical skill and surfing ability shone out.

As he did in the ski section, Kenny took a rails run to the first buoy, sneaking inside Nay on the first turn. Kenny was in front! Then he forged further ahead. With luck on his side, he pushed over the top of a sloppy little wave which carried his board to the beach, 10 metres in front of Nay.

Grant Kenny had done the impossible, coming from way behind to win his third consecutive iron man title — and he was not even out of his teens. Nay finished a few metres behind him in second place. Mark Bennetts was third, with Parkes fourth and Robert Chapman fifth. In an emotion-charged scene Kenny's father Hayden, who won Australia's first iron man title in 1965, congratulated his son while the 30,000-strong crowd cheered joyously. Ten months of intensive training had paid off for Kenny, whose iron man hat-trick equalled the feat of Cronulla's Barry Rogers, the man who took three in a row in the Seventies.

As the champion headed home to Alexandra Headland, his rivals were already hatching their plans to get the better of him when the iron men meet next year. ○



Photograph by Bob Finlayson

"I've got tattooed arms and rings in my ears,
Never gonna suffer a straight man's fears." — Angry Anderson

BAD BOY

In the centre of the grimy stage the little bald man plants his truncated legs apart and looses a coarse, guttural howl into the microphone, his face contorted into something between rage and ecstasy. "Astra Wally he's a real mean cat / Gets around with caps in his hat / Drives around in a Jag Mark 10 / He'll do a deal, he'll kill another friend," he sings while the band around him plays thundering, fast blues-rock that's as oppressive as the heat in the tiny pub.

"Astra Wally, he's super cool," howls the little man, then glances sideways at the crouching form of the guitarist to his right. A smile passes between them, and the guitarist crabwalks into the light, the fender guitar looking like a toy in his massive wharfie's hands.

The guitarist grimaces, bites down hard on the cigarette in his teeth, and edges back to the shadows, smiling again, winding the band up for the final chaotic chords that will end up the night's set.

As the little man screams the last of the refrain "It ain't funky coming down in jail . . ." the song ends, and as the applause erupts from a stunned audience, he exhorts: "The band, the fucking band, the best band in the world . . . Rose Tattoo . . ."

The singer and the four musicians fall into sweaty embraces and stagger off stage, shiny sweat over tattooed skin, one bald head bobbing in the light. For maybe an hour, the Tatts have conjured up the most vibrant rock and roll images going: street gangs and girls and bottles and revolution and hoodlums, a regular rock and roll Disneyland. A living rock and roll fantasy, and Rose Tattoo is one of the best there is . . .

"I try to tell people that watching Rose Tattoo on stage is like watching a pure fantasy," Angry Anderson, Rose Tattoo's lead singer, is telling me. "But you tell them that and it'll never sink in, because they don't want to know that, they want to believe it's all real — that we're street thugs or something.

"So you tell some people, as I have, that Rose Tattoo is a fantasy and they say: 'Shit, these guys are ripping us off.' They don't try to evaluate what you're telling them, they want you to be what they think you are. Or else they think I'm admitting we're a sham.

"People who know us know that we are just a very good rock and roll band — that's all."

Angry is a formidable-looking character. A nuggety five feet two inches, his well-muscled arms are covered from wrist to shoulder with intricate tattoos. His head is shaven, but even if it wasn't he'd be as bald as a coot up top. His front teeth are broken, leaving a triangular gap that can look menacing or comical. He has four gold earrings in his left ear and three in his right, seven being a "magical number", he later tells me.

But Angry (he's been called that since schooldays; no-one calls him by his real name, Gary) is as congenial a bloke as you'd find in any suburban pub. Like the rest of Rose Tattoo, the insignia are just a sign that he's been around, has taken some hard knocks but has come up smiling. Thus the tattoos and earrings are ribbons from past campaigns rather than current standards of war.

Guitarist Peter Wells is the balancer in the Rose Tattoo front line. Well over six feet, with a heavy, deeply-etched face, he looks solemn and silent. He's a bigger, healthier-looking version of Keith Richards.

Together with the now-departed bass player Ian Rilen, Angry and Pete formed Rose Tattoo during the latter part of 1976.

Angry had fronted the Melbourne shinhead

BY ROGER CROSTHWAITE

BAD BOY

band Buster Brown, while Peter had been bassist for heavy rockers Buffalo. Their eventual meeting in Sydney was the stuff of which dreams are made. Two heads seeing the same vision of what rock and roll was supposed to sound *and* look like.

"It took years," says Angry. "There were only a couple of guys in Melbourne that I could identify with — one of them was Billy (Thorpe). He was always a very slick guy. The reason he's got a million bucks now is because Billy always was a million bucks; he always had real personal style.

"And the other guy was Lobby Lloyde. When Buster Brown busted up and Lobby's band The Balls was breaking up, we were going to form a band.

"But we knew we were going to be exploited by the press over the skinhead thing . . . the band would be a last ditch attempt to get something together. And any band formed as a last ditch attempt wasn't going to work.

"I used to go and see Pete in Buffalo all the time, which was a pretty unhip thing to do in Melbourne at the time. I wasn't interested in any of the other players, the only one who had any personality or color was Pete. The reason I never considered playing with him at that stage was that he was a bass player and I was looking for guitar players."

And while Angry was watching Pete, Pete was watching Angry and they finally got it together when Angry migrated from Melbourne.

Rose Tattoo made their debut on New Year's Eve at Sydney's Bondi Lifesaver, where they were to thrill crowds throughout 1977.

Drummer Dallas "Digger" Royal and second guitarist Mick Cocks were the rest of Rose Tattoo at that stage, with bassist Geordie Leech coming in when Rilen left in late 1977 to form Sydney's X, a very loud punk outfit. But before he left he penned their first — and so far only — charting hit, *Bad Boy For Love,* produced by Harry Vanda and George Young, who were also responsible for AC/DC's string of albums.

Naturally, with a charting single, the boys were asked to do the obligatory *Countdown* appearance. It was a memorable show. Angry, full of the spirit of life, and more than a little bit of the other kind, boogied on over to Mick Cocks, kissed him passionately on the lips and came away chewing Cocks's gum.

"It was a purely spontaneous thing, and the producer of *Countdown* said it was probably the greatest moment in televised Australian rock and roll," Angry recalled.

Some didn't see it that way. Rose Tattoo was banned from *Countdown,* and there were even some hysterical denunciations from the pulpit. Without the influential TV appearances, and subsequently no radio airplay, the band's next two singles flopped, so it was back to the pubs to earn a crust. So much for spontaneity.

There have been whispers from the *Countdown* camp that all is forgiven, and if the Tatts ask nicely they could get a second chance. But at the moment it's a bit of a Mexican stand-off.

"They may have changed their minds," Peter Wells says. "But I'm not sure whether we have . . ."

Throughout '78 and '79, times were tough for Rose Tattoo.

Their debut album, solid as it was, plunged into oblivion thanks to lack of airplay and the *Countdown* ban.

Cocks and Leech left temporarily, and Lobby Lloyde filled in on bass, until Angry contracted hepatitis and the band was forced off the road for a while. When I spoke to Angry in mid-1979 he was bemoaning the downturn in the band's fortunes. "We've had a lot of hassles about

> If you saw a policeman you ran the other way and you taught the dog to bite anything with a uniform on

noise pollution, and we were being underpaid because of the sort of band people thought we were. But it's hardly worth it after playing six or seven nights a week for two years and still ending up in debt," he said disconsolately.

It was a dark time, but with the return of Cocks and Leech to the line-up in late 1979, 1980 was a good year with some magic gigs going down around Sydney and Melbourne.

This rock business was still less than kind to Rose Tattoo, and so in mid-1981 they slipped quietly out of the country and headed for England. There were dark mutterings over there about how Australia had treated them badly, how they wouldn't be coming home for quite a while. Angry had his grudges, but he wasn't bitter. "There's people back home who helped us who we'll never forget," he told me at the time. "And there's some we'll never forgive . . ."

England and Europe treated Rose Tattoo well. The boys honed their music and their act there to a much finer edge. When Mick Cocks left in mid-tour, they didn't even miss a beat. Robin Riley, formerly guitarist with Dallimore (and, rather fortunately, already heavily tattooed) flew out immediately as Cocks's replacement.

When the Tatts returned Angry was happy. Memories of some fine gigs, some fine nights drinking in the English pubs and the knowledge that they'd got a foot in the door overseas sweetened the rather untimely accident suffered by Riley soon after his return.

A bike accident, a broken arm, and Rose Tattoo were off the road again, temporarily. Which left Angry and co to sit and think, and plan their next move . . .

Angry Anderson is a man with very definite opinions which, he carefully explains, are his and not to be regarded as representative of the way the whole band thinks.

"My views on the police and politics and Australia are nothing to do with the band at all, although we do talk about it amongst ourselves," Angry explains. "When people ask me to express an opinion as Angry, I take it as just that. I'm that arrogant that I think people want to know what I think.

"Even when I write songs with pretty strong opinions, it's just me, it's not the band. Ultimately I always get drawn into raves about my lyrics, because some of them are objectionable to some people. I can understand that. But the band allows me that kind of artistic freedom, or wank value if you like, so I can write more or less what I really want to write.

"They cater for me, and everybody in the band has to be catered for, to a certain extent. When you've got something as intimate as five guys playing music together, and liking one another, and liking the business they're in *and* liking the music they play, you're asking a lot.

"I never *not* write about things I think are going to be controversial . . ."

"Corruption breeds destruction, there's a cancer killing my homeland," he sings on *Magnum Maid,* the story of a Vietnam vet who returns to find the same corruption in his own country that he was sent to root out overseas, and decides to do something about it. "I always ask Pete what he thinks about these things, and he usually says: 'What the hell, let it run.' Because writing songs about incest and assassinating the leader of the country are pretty touchy subjects. They have been completely misconstrued at times. But there's not a lyric in any of our songs that isn't true.

"We're never gonna catch the criminals, while they're running the show . . ." Angry on the corruption of the country's leaders is something to hear.

"Who can steal better than a lawyer or an accountant, with all that education behind them?" he says. "A common criminal has only got one thing going for him, and that's the instinct known as street wisdom.

"It's romantic to say it, it's even more romantic to believe it, but there *are* worse crimes than killing people in a moment of passion or as a reaction to something. What about guys who undermine the whole society's morale and incentive? What can be done to them?"

There's a lot of Angry in his songs — from the joyous *One Of The Boys* ("I've got tattooed arms and rings in my ears / Never gonna suffer a straight man's fears") to the smouldering blues of *The Butcher And Fast Eddie:* "It happened in the suburbs north of the river / Where the smokestacks raped the air / And gangs of shorthaired boys roamed the streets / Get out of the way 'cause they're out to get their share."

"Where I was brought up (in the Melbourne suburb of Coburg, which surrounds Pentridge Jail), if you saw a policeman you ran the other way, and you taught the dog to bite anything with a uniform on," he recalls.

"It's not that the people there teach kids not to respect the law. It's just that the kids are brought up with a little more reality attached."

Over the years the police tried to pin on Angry charges of statutory rape, breaking and entering, car theft, receiving stolen goods . . . and naturally he's a little outspoken on the subject.

In his years as a bikie, a skinhead and generally a real Melbourne lair, the encounters with the law were generally unpleasant.

"There's never been a situation where I've been treated well by the police," he says. "Now I *know* that's not the overall picture, I'm not that much of a pessimist that I believe that all policemen are corrupt. I still believe there are a few Serpicos around, but I haven't come across many of them.

I still say I'm not anti-police, because if you didn't have a police force you'd have anarchy.

"I also got involved in a system which I'm very critical of today, and that's mental rehabilitation.

"I wasn't insane. They said I was temporarily mentally disturbed, which can mean a whole range of things because they don't define it any more fully than that.

All that was wrong was there were things going on which I couldn't handle. I was being assaulted by various sets of circumstances and I was reacting to it in a very violent and extravagant way.

"Mental institutions are simply prisons for people who don't fit in. They run them like prisons, they take away your rights and your dignity and all that stuff you've probably heard a million times before — but it's true.

"I was only ever a day patient, but I went through this system for years of being asked why I did the things I did. They'd say 'But you've got to have a reason' and I didn't know why I slept in parks and stuff, and these guys made out like I was a crackpot.

"And I finally got to meet a knowledgeable and enlightened person, who said to me: 'You don't really need to do any of these things, all you need to do is believe that you can fix what's wrong with you.'

"So instead of falling into the trap of believing I was crazy, like a lot of people were trying to make out, I knew I was just a normal person who had problems I couldn't cope with. Once this person talked to me as a normal human being and gave me books to read to find out what was wrong, I was able to stand on my own feet and fight those problems and I was able to get out of it. It took me two or three years to do it, though."

At 34, Angry is ardently, almost belligerently, Australian. "I'm a great believer in Australia and its traditions. I'm not ashamed of it and I'm not embarrassed about it — I'm part of it.

"But the thing that angers and frustrates me about being Australian today is

> We're throwing off at ourselves. At the kind of people we are. We're amused at our own extremes

that the Australian in us is being drained away by the very people who try to run the country for us.

"The Aussie tradition is about being a battler, always helping somebody when they're down. But how many people today would go next door to help a chick who was being bashed or raped? It's apathy, it's taking away the tradition of one neighbor caring for another.

"Where's the Aussie? Where's the guy who believes in things that are black and white, no grey areas — if it's right it's right, if it's wrong it's wrong and get rid of it.

"The thing that frustrates me as a person is that I'm not knowledgeable enough, I don't know the answers, I just see the result — and the result doesn't please me one bit."

Stretching the imagination just a little, it's not hard to imagine Angry as the avenging angel of Australian society, railing against injustice, defending the oppressed.

What did Peter Finch say in *Network*? "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore." Yes, it seems to fit.

But first and foremost of course, Angry is a rock and roll singer. The tattoos, the earrings, the shaven head all make up a picture of a rock singer who's as vibrant as any Hollywood movie star, as spinechilling as Clint Eastwood or Charles Bronson can be, and ultimately as harmless and fun as a Tom and Jerry cartoon.

In England, especially, there is an awareness of Rose Tattoo as one of the best shows in rock.

"Over there the band was allowed to be anything it wanted to be. We were allowed to be, extravagantly, what Rose Tattoo was always meant to be, and that's fun and frolics."

Rose Tattoo played at the famous Reading Festival in England, and what happened there helps to capture the spirit of the venture. "We walked out there and we could have walked across a sea of hands. There were Aussie flags and Rose Tattoo banners, 200 yards of supporters in front of the stage — it was real lump in the throat stuff," Angry recalls.

"We were real excited, but I mean you can't take outdoor festivals too seriously, the sound's awful, everybody's pissed, it's like a party. And the best way to have a party is to get pissed, and not go out there and try to win musical credibility. You've got to be a good act, and have a ball. I got caught up in this myth in England that I could drink a bottle of vodka each performance, which I can't . . . but there's no harm in trying. So towards the end of the set I got to be a bit pissed and the only people I could hear playing were Pete and Digger, so I'm over on Pete's side of the stage groovin' away and he got sick of me hanging all over him so he moved away. So I attacked his amp stack. I headbutted it, right? And I hit it a little harder than I intended to, and I dropped to the floor covered in blood. Somebody took some pictures of me on the floor back stage, because I was right out the window, and the next day a story appears with a headline *Anderson Bottled Off Stage* and a picture of me on the floor! I know for a fact that the journos concerned never even left the free booze tent!"

Ah, you've got to laugh. There's Angry and Rose Tattoo putting across the wildest, most enjoyable rock circus going, and it's still not enough for some people.

"This band was put together for one specific reason," says Angry. "The people involved want to play their personal kind of music, and do it in such a way that it is magnified and enlarged.

"We're throwing off at ourselves, at the kind of people we are. We're amused by our own extremes. You should never get embarrassed by your own history because at any stage of your life you're doing things that you believe in.

"I know I miss out on a lot of things by being the sort of person I am, but I'd rather be like I am so at least I can look back in five or six years and say, well, I knew what I was doing and I still believe in it."

COLD COMFORT

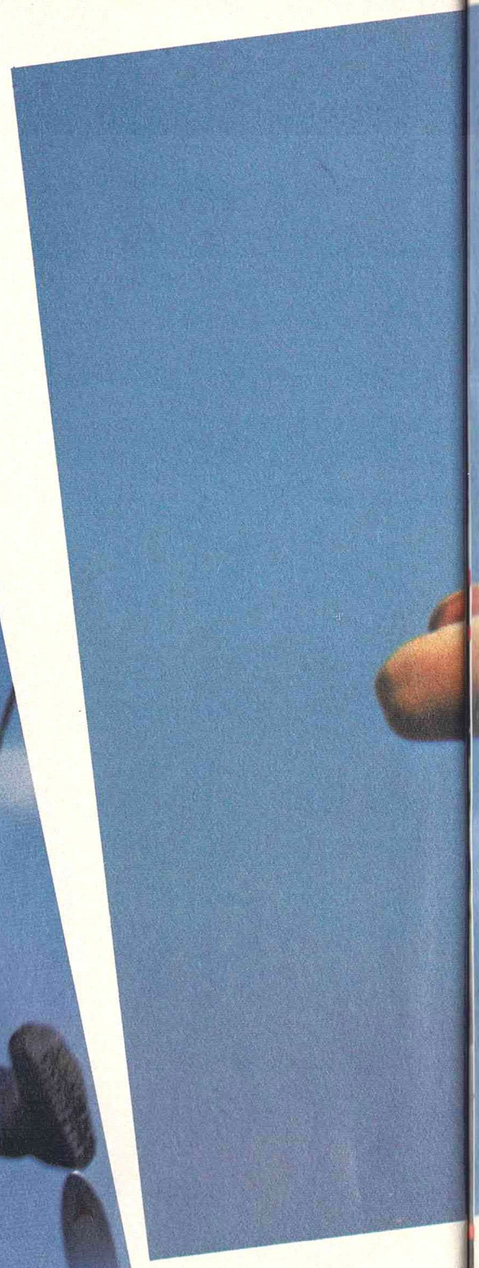
FASHION BY SUE SMITH
PHOTOS BY BILL LING

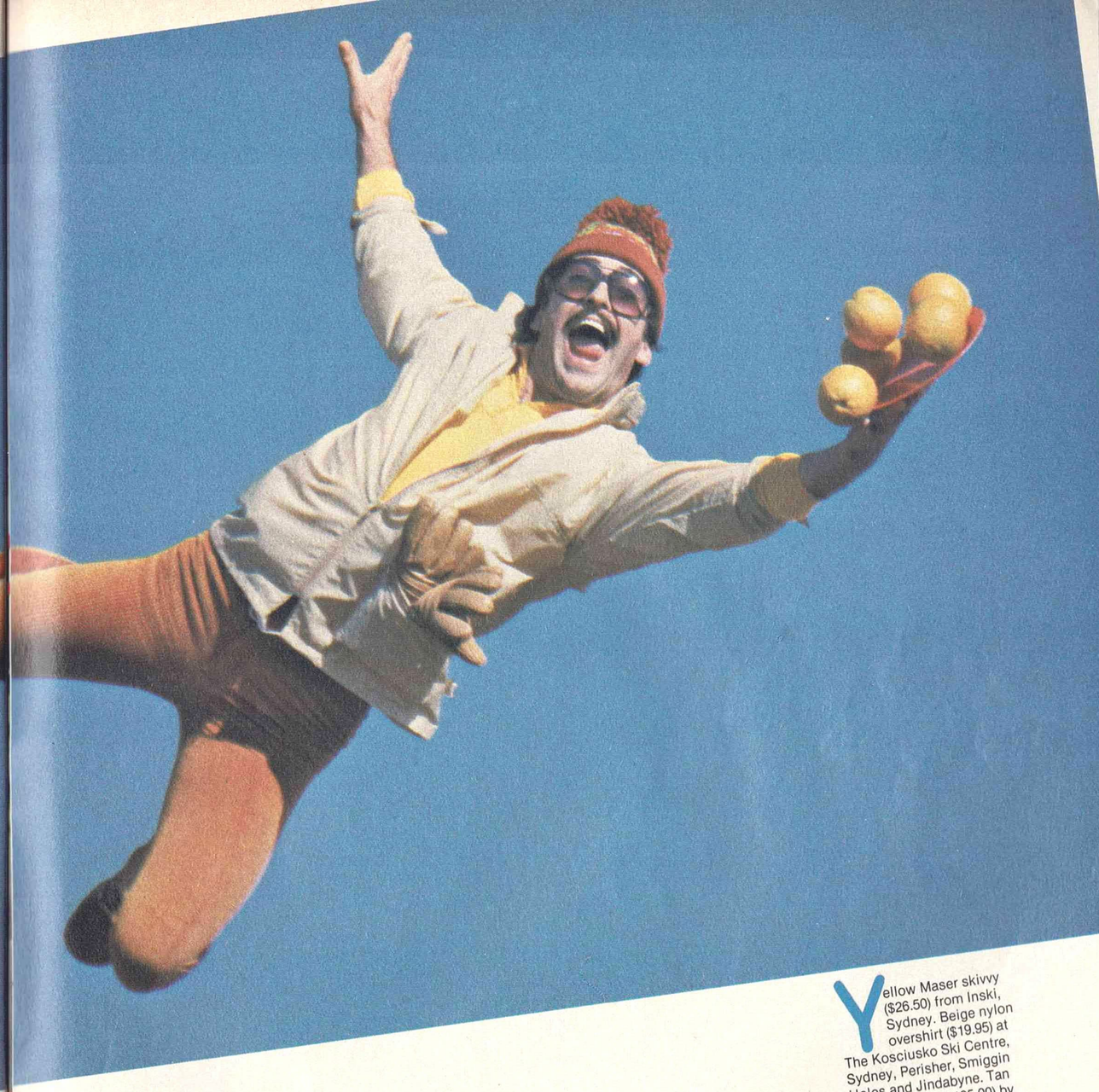
Navy all-in-one suit, with cream and navy vest by Skimer($425.00) at Inski, Sydney. Red Master skivvy ($32.00) from Inski. Red and white wool Pull-D hat ($13.50) from Inski. Navy silk balaclava by Zegna ($16.95) from Inski. Kombi down-filled leather mittens($35.00) from Fleets, Sydney, Gordon, Parramatta, Newcastle and Thredbo. Red , white and blue Moon Boots ($44.95) from Fleets. Carrera Everclear Goggles($33.00) at The Kosciusko Centre, Sydney, Perisher, Smiggin Holes and Jindabyne.

Let's face it — if you're going to make any kind of impression on the wildlife which will inhabit the Kosciusko ski resorts this winter, you've got to make a fairly solid investment in the clothing department. Ski resorts have always been thinly-disguised fashion parades, and if you think a tracksuit bottom and football jumper complemented by a color co-ordinated lumberjacket is going to cut any ice down in the chalet, then you haven't got your pinkie anywhere near the pulse. "Colorful" is the operative word. Get stuck into the new stretch bib and braces, or maybe some stretch cords with built-in snowguards. And remember, don't be afraid to wear your spare ski outfit to Jindabyne pub at night. Everyone else will be doing it.

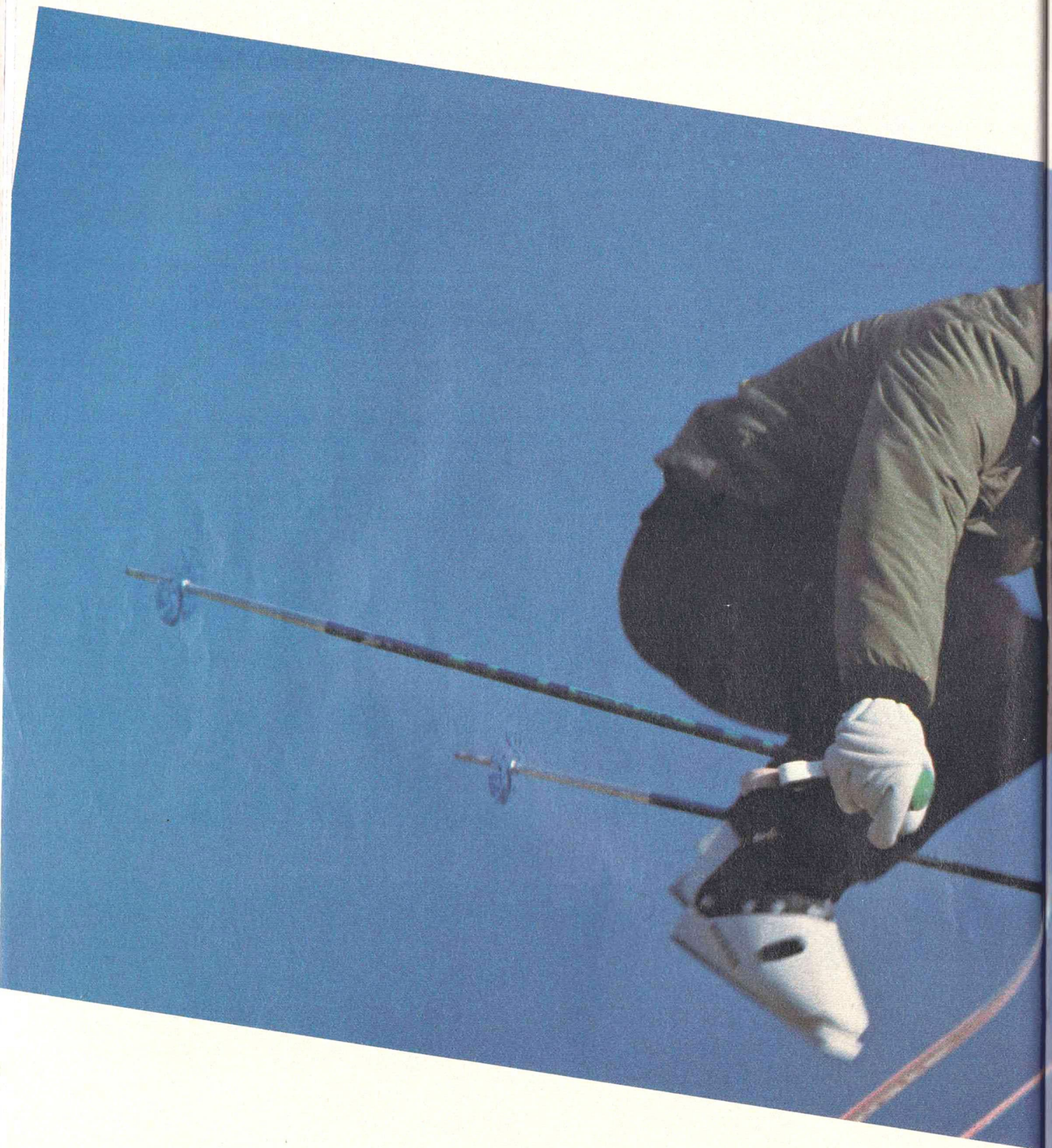
White stag ice blue parka ($117.00) from Inski, sydney. Red Reinalterbib and brace ski pants ($194.00) at Inski. Nordic red, white and blue sweater($69.90) by White Stag at Inski. Red felt Conte of Florence cap($29.00) from Fleets, Sydney, Gordon, Parramatta, Newcastle and Thredbo. Ice Leather gloves by Sportgallery($28.00) from The Kosciusko Ski Centre, Sydney, Perisher, Smiggin Holes and Jindabyne. Red and White Carrera Phantom goggles($28.00) at the Kosciusko Centre. Salomon SX90N ski boots($250.00) from Inski.

Maroon freedom skins ($112.00) from The Kosciusko Ski Centre, Sydney, Perisher, Smiggin Holes and Jindabyne. Maroon overshirt with khaki-ribbed trim ($148.00) by Profile Ski Wear and Navy skivvy from Speedo ($12.00) from The Kosciusko Ski Centre.Norsewear wool sweater ($69.95) from The Kosciusko Ski Centre. Cream felt hat ($36.00) from Fleets. Navy moon boots ($43.95) from Fleets. Navy mirror glasses ($15.95) from The Kosciusko Ski Centre. Ice leather gloves by Sportgallery ($28.00) from The Kosciusko Ski Centre. Atomic Bionic Team SL Skis ($315.00) also from Inski.





Yellow Maser skivvy ($26.50) from Inski, Sydney. Beige nylon overshirt ($19.95) at The Kosciusko Ski Centre, Sydney, Perisher, Smiggin Holes and Jindabyne. Tan cord ski pants ($135.00) by Elesci at Inski. Margot's Gear tan leather gloves ($29.95) from Inski. Tan leather apres-ski boots ($78.00)) from Inski. Aris wool beanie with oversized pom-pom ($16.00) from The Kosciusko Centre.



Forest green with black rib trim overshirt ($79.00) at Inski, Sydney. Black Bogner mechanic's suit ($230.00) from Fleets, Sydney, Gordon, Parramatta, Newcastle and Thredbo. Grey Sportgallery leather gloves ($28.00) from The Kosciusko Ski Centre, Sydney, Perisher, Smiggin Holes and Jindabyne. Black Skivvy ($12.00) from The Kosciusko Ski Centre. Black silk balaclava by Zegna ($16.95) at Inski. Salomon SX90N ski boots ($250.00) at Inski. Black Carrera soft sight goggles ($25.00) at The Kosciusko Ski Centre. Black Carrera face mask ($9.95) at The Kosciusko Ski Centre.

Reversible jacket by Icarus ($199.00) from Fleets, Sydney, Gordon, Parramatta, Newcastle and Thredbo. Autumn cord ski pants by Olympia ($58.00) available from The Kosciusko Ski Centre, Sydney, Perisher, Smiggin Holes and Jindabyne. Norsewear cream wool, sweater ($69.95) from The Kosciusko Ski Centre. Tan felt stetson ($49.00) from Inski, York St, Sydney. Tan leather apres boots by Blond'o ($86.00) from Fleets. Brown mirror glasses ($9.95). Margot's Gear tan leather gloves ($29.95) from Inski. Skis ($315.00) from Inski.

Gerry never did miss a shot

UPHILL RUNNER

FICTION BY JAMES McQUEEN

Old Uncle Bennet, who was nobody's uncle that I know of, woke me just before dawn and I fumbled out of my sleeping bag in the corner of the farmhouse kitchen. There was a pulsing orange glow from the grate of the old range against the back wall. The window was a square of cold pearly metal that seemed to suck the warmth from the room. Uncle, stooped and dirty as he had been last year, and the year before that, and as far back, almost, as I could remember, lifted the steaming kettle from the stove and filled a dented enamel teapot. Waiting for it to draw, I went and stood beside him at the stove, holding my hands over the hot iron plates. I shivered. There was no sound from beyond the door, where the other three still slept in the only beds. It was the first year that there had been only four of us. I had always shared the kitchen with Gerry. I went to the corner and pulled my clothes over my long-johns, slipped on my boots, and then took the cup of steaming tea that Uncle Bennet had given me. I walked out onto the long verandah. Across the river, I could see the dim outline of the hill, dark and flat, not yet touched by the sun. In the river hollows the ti-trees were still hidden by the valley fog that lay like dirty cotton wool at the foot of the long slope. Despite the cold it was the best part of the morning, when the sky is clear and soft and the big silver wattles are so heavy with dew that they look frosted, and when the light strengthens as you watch. And soon, almost before you know it, you've got shooting light. And I thought: no rabbits for Gerry today. And I wondered again what had kept him away this year.

When the light was clear to the river, and the tea was gone, I went back into the dim kitchen. Uncle was frying sausages in a big black pan. As I came in he started to break eggs into the hot fat.

"Better git 'em out," said Uncle. And I moved towards the bedroom door. But before I got there it swung open and Vinny stumbled, blinking, into the kitchen. He was wearing his long underwear, and he had a dirty grey blanket wrapped around his shoulders. His short straw-colored hair was tousled, sticking up at all angles.

"Good old boy," he said, and dropped his blanket about his feet. He picked up the toasting fork and speared a sausage.

Old Uncle chuckled a little, spooning fat over the eggs. "You got pretty drunk last night," he said.

"Drunk and broke," said Vinny, juggling the hot sausage. "That bloody Con, he's got trained cards."

"You get drunk, you shouldn't play cards," said Uncle Bennet.

"By God," said Vinny, suddenly dead still, "you're right, Uncle! If only I'd thought of that." He turned and winked at me. Then, with his mouth full of mashed meat: "He hasn't come

Illustration by Yvonne Sutherland

RUNNER

yet. I shook my head and started to put plates out on the rickety table.

"Shit." He was suddenly deflated.

"Never mind," I said. "He might come yet." But I didn't really believe it.

Uncle began to fill plates. He looked up at me. "Better git them other two out, else there'll be no sausages left. . ."

So I went to call them.

We ate our breakfast quickly, standing round the table. I began to feel a little queasy, because I'd drunk too much whisky the night before. But I chewed on, forcing the food down, knowing that I'd feel better for it. Blue was silent, looking sleepy and sardonic as he chewed. Con looked pale and ill, but he's looked pale and ill in the mornings for as long as I can remember. He looked at me once, raised his eyebrows. I shook my head, and he shrugged. Uncle poured more tea, and we drank it slowly, standing round the stove.

And I had a moment, then, of seeing us the way an outsider might; four soft-skinned middle-aged townsmen in old clothes, eating bad food and drinking bitter tea as if we liked it, at a time of day that we saw maybe once a year. And waiting to go through a ritual a generation old, and strangely unsettled because there were only four of us, and not five, and feeling childishly that because of it the luck might somehow be broken, that this year the old magic might not work.

But then the tea was finished, and it was full daylight. And it was time for the rabbits, and Gerry wasn't coming this year. So in the end the four of us trooped silently out onto the verandah.

No-one seemed to want to make a start. Vinny sat in the sagging old wicker chair fiddling with his bootlace, and Con spent a long time counting bullets. Blue stood idly working the bolt of the old .22 single-shot that he's owned for more than 30 years. We all had those old single-shots. It was part of the ritual. The afternoon would be different, but for the morning it was just the old rifles.

"Come on," I said, "for Christ's sake . . ." The sun was edging up over the hills to the east.

And reluctantly, they followed me down the steps.

Vinny heard it first, then the rest of us, and we stopped there, grouped at the bottom of the steps, our ears cocked, like a bunch of nervous schoolgirls.

The distant whine of the car's engine grew louder.

"It's him!" said Vinny.

No-one said anything.

"It *is*," said Vinny.

Still we waited.

And then the car, Gerry's bright red Alfa, swung in from the road and surged up the white curl of gravel road half a mile away. Suddenly we were all laughing and slapping each other on the back.

"I told you!" said Vinny. "I told you he'd come!"

The others all looked sheepish, and pleased, and I suppose that I did too. Because when you came down to it I was closer to Gerry than any of the others were.

The Alfa slewed to a halt 10 metres from the steps, scattering gravel on our boots. We could see Gerry behind the wheel. He switched off the engine and just sat there for a minute. The small metallic noises of the cooling engine sounded loud in the chill air. Then he opened the door and got out.

I saw that he still had a suit on, a little creased and wrinkled, and a tie dragged down from his open collar. And as the first of the sun took his square Irish face, I could see that his eyes were a little bloodshot, and that he hadn't shaved.

"Came straight from a party,' he said, looking at us almost hesitantly, yet with a trace of that same old familiar boyishness. "Bet you thought I wasn't coming, eh?"

"You can't go shooting like that,'" said Blue, nodding at the suit.

"Why not?" said Gerry, and smiled a little. He looked at me then, and I could see that he was very tired. "I'll just borrow a pair of Uncle's gumboots." And he was gone, running easily up the old steps, as if he wasn't really 50 years old at all, as if nothing could ever stop him.

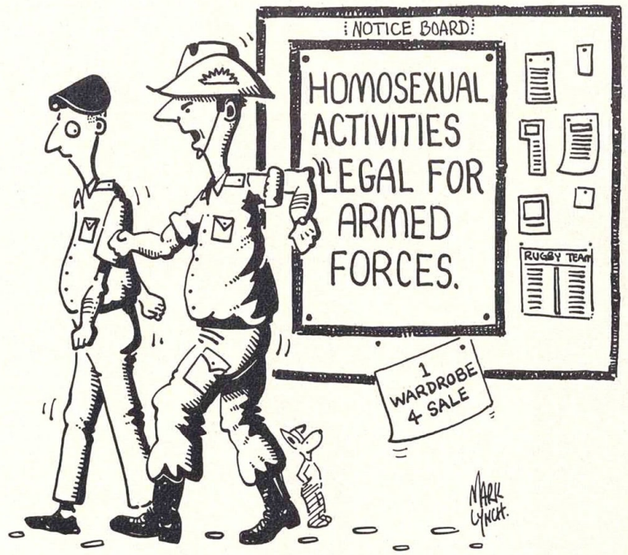
And we all stood there looking after him, smiling like idiots as the day grew brighter around us.

Gerry walked beside me on the way down to the flat, slopping a little in his borrowed boots.

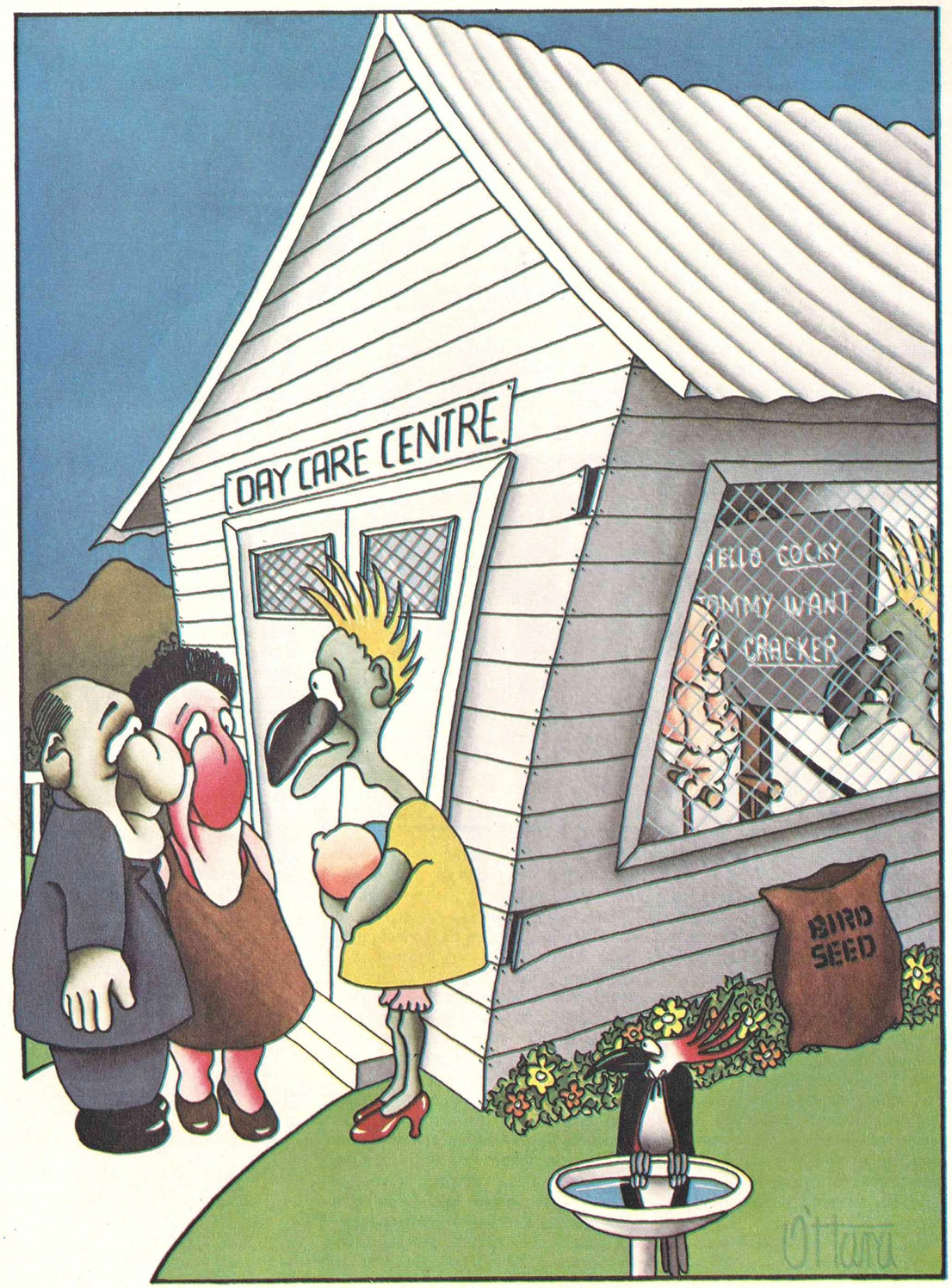
"Hard night?" I said.

"Are there any easy ones?" He turned a little to look at me, and for a moment I seemed to see strange shadows in his grey eyes. But then he laughed softly, looked down to check his rifle, and I thought that I must have imagined it.

It had all begun before we were even out of high school. Five wild kids who found an old farmer who, for a few quid, would feed us for a weekend, let us shoot his rabbits and hares, and not care if we swore and drank whisky and played poker all night and spewed on his doorstep. It lasted only a couple of years, then. Because for Gerry and me there was Korea, and for the others university. But afterwards, when we were all back in the old town again, some-one — I think it was Vinny — talked us into starting again. And for some reason we did. And soon we were 30, and then 40. And still we came, once a year, to the rundown farm, for two days of whisky and poker and shooting. And the strange thing is that we all still enjoyed it; I know that I looked forward to it for months, arranged my timetable, almost my life, around it. I don't know why



"That's it for me, mate . . . I'm getting out before it becomes compulsory!"



"Don't worry! We'll take good care of him."

RUNNER

it should have taken such a hold on us, but it had. And it never made any difference that we didn't see much of each other for the rest of the year. For that one weekend all the barriers dropped, and we were back in that faraway never-never land where it had all started.

The afternoon would be serious, but the morning was for fun. It had always been that way. We spread out in a line across the flat, and walked westward toward the place where the bush came down to the river a couple of miles away. The ground was covered with thin grass and sage and clumps of bracken. Everything was still wet with dew. We started the first rabbit within a minute or two, and Con loosed off a shot. But it was gone before he had sighted properly. His shot raised another pair, though, and Blue got one of them.

By the time we had gone half a mile everyone had taken at least one shot, except Gerry. He had never even lifted his rifle.

"What's wrong?" I asked him while we waited for Blue to pick up another rabbit from the river bank.

"Nothing," he said, "Hangover, that's all."

And, as if to prove it, he took the next rabbit with a headshot at 40 metres. He was always the best of us, Gerry. But I was beside him when he bent over to pick up the carcase, and in the sudden dimness under the blackwood tree his face was flooded with a sudden unmistakable sadness, a desolation that startled me.

"For Christ's sake," I said, "What is it? What's the matter?"

But he just shook his head. "Nothing, mate," he said. "Just old age creeping on."

But I couldn't help worrying. Because to tell the truth he'd been a little . . . different . . . over the past year. He still smiled and joked, and he was still a lot of fun, a good mate. But there was a kind of *edge* to him, not quite a strain, but something like it. His practice was all right, as far as I knew, and he'd left the dull parts like conveyancing behind years before, and was into the exciting stuff, putting deals together, making things happen. He was even into some of the big developments, and if they hadn't turned out as well as they might have, he was solid enough. And his wife, well, we'd all known Jenny for as long as we'd known him, and there wasn't much to go wrong there.

"How long is it?" he said suddenly, coming to an abrupt halt. "Since we started coming here?"

"Too long," I said. "Too many years."

"No," he said, and there was that awful sadness, almost like a longing, in his voice, "not long enough . . ."

But by then we had run all the rabbits and it was time to turn back. And all the way to the farmhouse he was silent, swinging the dead rabbit in one hand, cradling the old rifle under his arm, and not smiling at all.

It wasn't that he had ever really smiled a lot. It was just that his face had a kind of smiling *cast* to it. And nothing ever seemed to scare him. He was probably the calmest, the least *afraid* person that I've ever known. I'd always known that, right from the time we were kids together. But I never quite realised just how deep it went until Korea. One place, one time, one event is stamped indelibly on my memory.

It was in the bad days, some of the worst. Our unit was pinched in a narrow bottleneck, the pressure constant, our lives a round of dull misery, snow melting then freezing again to gelid mud, cold that day after day settled deeper in our bones; periods of savage shelling, interspersed with hours of awful quiet, broken only by

> He was still talking on the radio, just as calm as ever, as if the grenade didn't exist

the bitter whipcracks of sniper fire and the dull thudding of grenades that arced in from the launchers across the river.

Our dugout was like an oversized grave, half-roofed with rotten canvas and ankle-deep in mud. There were three of us in it that night; Gerry — who was a captain by then — me, and a platoon runner. Gerry was busy on the radio to HQ, and I was talking to the runner. We all heard the thump, the tearing of the perished canvas, saw the ugly shape of the grenade that dropped onto the table, bounced to the floor between us. The runner and I both threw ourselves over backward onto the ground. I remember lying there, my face in the mud, counting. I got up to four before I realised that Gerry's voice hadn't stopped. He was still talking on the radio, just as calm as ever, as if the grenade simply didn't exist. When I'd counted to 10 I got up. I knew by then that the grenade was a dud. And Gerry was still sitting there, talking, and he smiled at me as if it was all a great joke.

Some of them, if they got that way, began to do crazy things, take insane risks. But not Gerry. He never changed at all. It was just that he never seemed to be afraid.

In the afternoon it was time for the hares, and for the serious shooting. The mood began to change, as it always did, over Uncle Bennet's terrible lunch. As we chewed on the stringy steak and scooped up the watery potatoes, we seemed to withdraw into ourselves a bit, even Vinny.

We all took out our guns, mostly expensive autos or pumps. Only Gerry had a hammer gun, an old and beautiful Greener double that had been his father's. We sat there on the verandah, sorting out cartridges, giving the guns a last rub, looking up now and then at the long hill over the creek. The weather was no longer blue, but grey, and a light chill wind blew down the valley. I shivered a little, decided to put on a pullover under my shooting jacket. Gerry had borrowed bits and pieces from all of us, and he must have been warm enough, but he look strangely pinched.

We set off down the track to the bridge, not talking much. At the bottom of the hill we climbed through the last wire fence at the edge of the paddock. The land sloped up now, open bush and neglected pasture all the way up to the top of the hill. It was the place for the hares, and we spread out 20 paces apart, and began the ascent. Before we had been moving for more than a couple of minutes Con flushed the first hare. It streaked up the hill, long and lean and grey, moving faster than seemed possible.

Con missed with his first shot, but caught it with the next, just at the limit of range. We moved forward again slowly, Con frowning to himself over the miss.

Vinny took the next one, picking it up almost before it had got well started, blowing it head over heels into the ferns. We waited while he went to pick it up.

"Ever wondered," said Gerry suddenly, "why they always run uphill?" He had moved over until he was only a few yards from me.

I thought for a moment, shook my head.

"They always do, don't they?"

"Yes, they do."

"They'd go faster on the flat," he said, "or downhill, wouldn't they?"

"I guess so."

"Rabbits run mostly downhill, don't they?"

I thought for a moment. "I suppose they do."

"Then why do hares run uphill?"

"I don't know," I said. He was looking up towards the top of the hill.

"I think," he said, "that they do it because they can run uphill faster than anything *else* can . . ."

I didn't say anything. And the line moved forward again.

We came back halfway through the afternoon. The day was very grey now, and cold, and the wind was fluffing the silver wattles and rattling the bracken. There were 11 hares when we laid them out by the steps. Con had shot five, Vinny three, Blue two. I had taken only one, and felt somehow uncomfortable about that. But Gerry, the best shot among us, had not even fired his gun. He looked a little down, but then so did we all for some reason. And it wasn't that it was all over for another year. It was something more, and it had to do with Gerry.

This year there was no waiting around for a last drink, a final yarn. Everyone seemed eager to get away, almost indecently eager, and a little ashamed of their eagerness. Oddly, it was Vinny who was the first to go, mumbling about the weather, dropping his gear into the boot of his car anyhow, laughing half-heartedly, and not meeting anyone's eyes as he climbed behind the wheel. Then it was Con, and then Blue. Old Uncle had gone to drive his cows in for milking, and there was only Gerry and I left.

He sighed, looking very tired now, his face flushed and windburned, his eyes still a little bloodshot. "I think," he said, "I'll go back up the hill, see if I can get a hare to take home." He smiled, his eyes crinkling a little. "I can't go home without one, can I?"

"Take mine," I said.

He smiled again, but it seemed to take him a great effort. "I couldn't do that, could I?"

"No," I said, "I suppose not."

"I'll just go back for half an hour or so," he said, picking up his gun. "Don't wait for me, old buddy. I'll see you soon, anyway."

"All right," I said.

And he was gone, striding quickly away down the paddock, the wind stirring his hair, tugging at the skirts of his jacket. He didn't look back.

I felt very dull and heavy and stupid as I gathered up my gear and stowed it in the car.

I started the car, took one last look at Gerry's figure in the distance, and drove off. But I didn't drive far. Round the first bend, where the high hedge of blackberries hid the house and the hill, I stopped. I just sat there for the time it took to smoke a cigarette. Then I got out and walked back to the gate and leaned on it, looking towards the house. A thin drift of smoke straggled from the chimney of the house, grey smoke from a grey house, and Gerry's car was a blood-bright splash in the yard.

Something was wrong. I didn't know what, or how, or why. But I knew.

And then I heard the thin distant sound of the shot. It came from the direction of the hill, half a mile away.

I started running. I don't know why I ran. After all, he'd said that he was going after hares. But I ran, all the same, and I kept on running; past the house, past the red car, over the bridge, along the flat towards the bottom of the hill.

I found him there, at the fence. I stopped 20 metres away. I didn't want to go any closer. But I knew that I had to, so in the end I did.

I remember thinking, while I stood there looking down at him, my breath rasping, my chest pumping, what a good job he'd made of it. Everything was just right. I'd never known him to climb a fence without breaking his gun, but I could see from the way it was lying that he'd pushed it through the strands of wire holding it by the barrel. One of the hammers had caught, and he'd given it a jerk to free it. The hammer had been pulled back almost far enough to cock it, and then slipped free and fallen. He'd been holding the end of the barrel close to his chest, and that was that. And it was all just right, and I made certain that I didn't touch a thing.

So there was nothing to do, not there on that bloody lonely grey hill, under that cold empty sky, and I turned away and left him, and walked slowly back to the house. I wasn't really crying, but I felt as if I was.

I found Uncle Bennet in the cowshed and sent him off to phone the police from the farm down the road. He just shook his head when I told him, and didn't say anything.

When he had gone I went and sat on the steps and lit a cigarette. I didn't want to look at the hill. In fact I didn't want to look at anything.

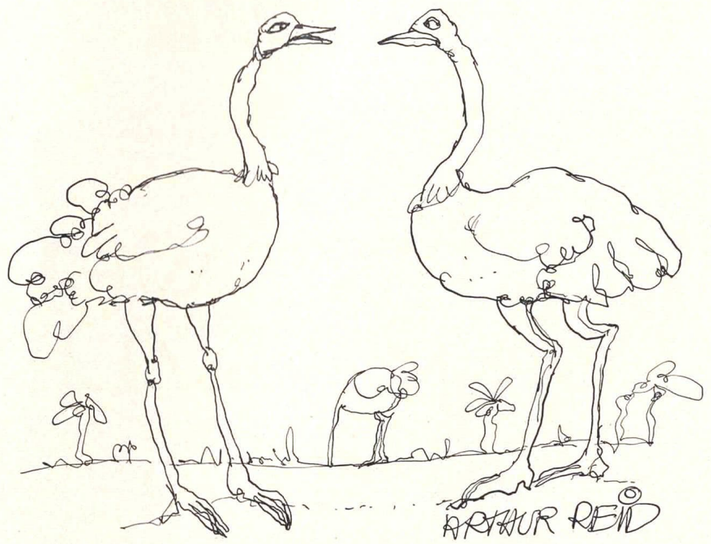
After a while I stubbed out the cigarette and walked over to his car. The envelope with my name on it was lying on the seat. I suppose he knew that I wouldn't really leave like that.

I tore the envelope open and took out the single sheet of paper. It was neatly typed, just his name signed, so I knew that he'd written it before he'd even come out to the farm.

"Sorry, old mate," it said, "but I got caught in the last zoning squeeze. I've been tickling the peter, and I'm into my trust funds for about 60 thousand. Do the best you can for Jenny and the kids. Love, Gerry."

I went back to the steps and sat down. It seemed so bloody stupid, so bloody useless. I didn't have that kind of money myself, but it would have taken maybe two phone calls to get him covered. If he'd only told me. If he'd only been able to tell me.

And I thought again about Korea, and about how he had never seemed afraid of anything. And for some reason I thought about what he's said about the hares running uphill. And then I didn't want to think about anything at all for a while, so I took out my lighter and set fire to the letter. I held it until it was almost all gone, and then I let the wind take the last charred fragment and whirl it away into nothing. And then I just sat on the steps smoking and waiting and watching the grey clouds that were getting darker and heavier and racing faster and faster across the sky.

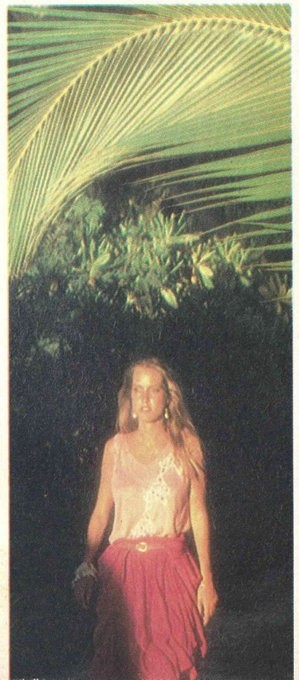


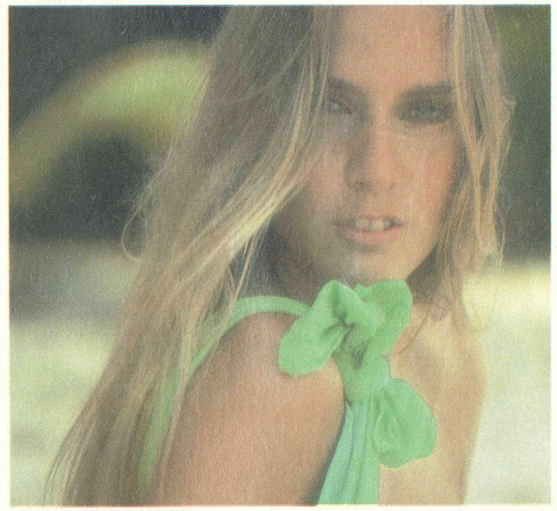
"If God had meant us to fly he would have called us Orville and Wilbur Wright!"

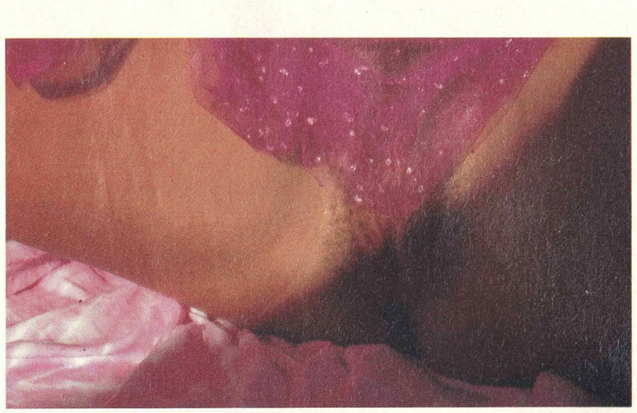
PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL WAGNER

The sea breeze is nice, agrees our French-born Pet Muriel Rousseau, but the winds of change blow best in the great cities of the world. For an earthy young beauty with soaring ambitions and a scenic figure, Paris — her home — is heaven. For one thing, there are so many cultural advantages . . .

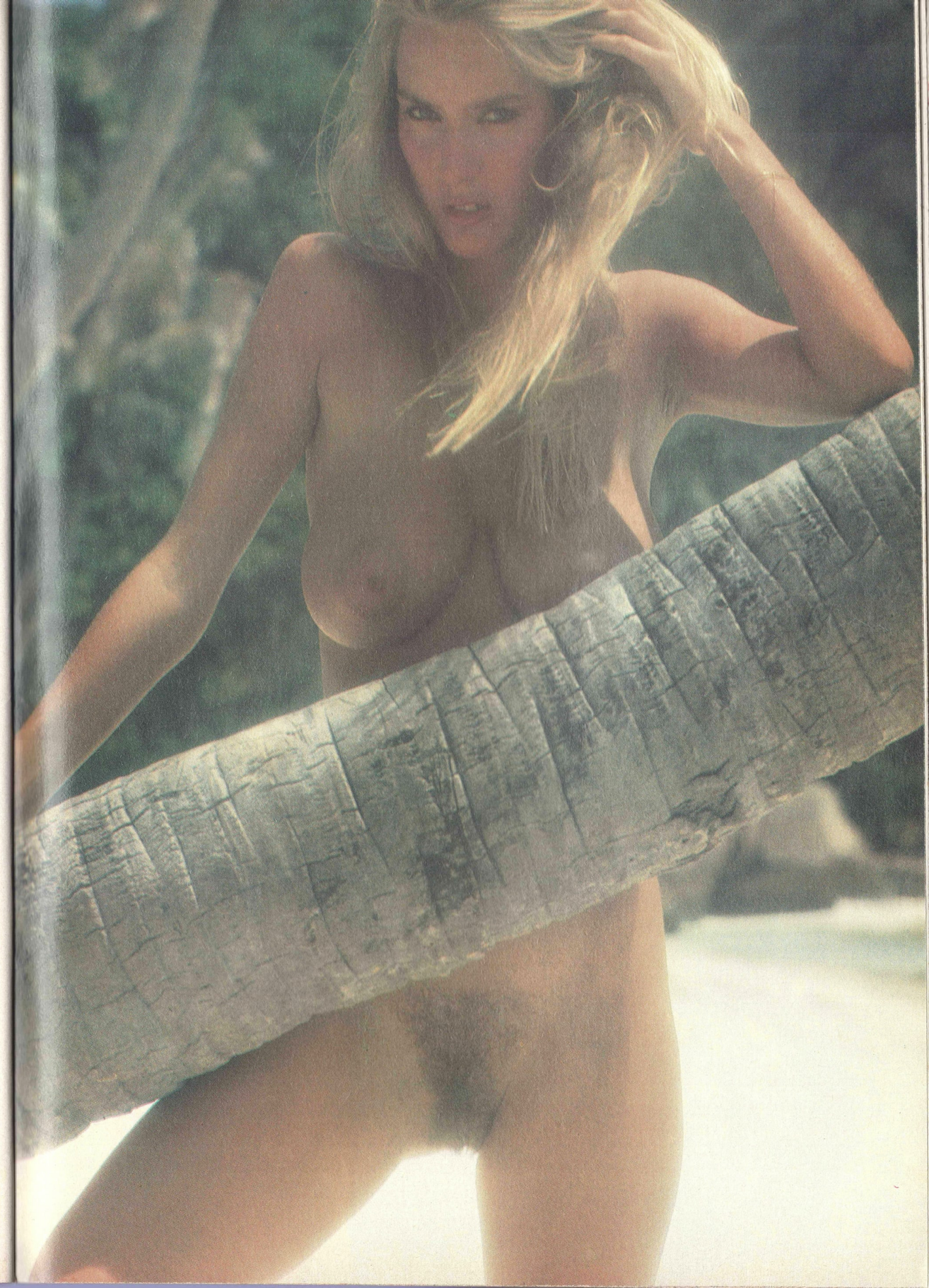






Take one recent, very typical day: in three short hours at her favorite sidewalk cafe our tempting tourist attraction was propositioned in nine different languages.

Still, she's ready to make a big change: specifically to these shores and she's looking forward to savoring Australian men.



At 22, Muriel is more into playing the field than settling down. "I learn something from every man," she discloses. "Some are good for my head, some for my heart, and some, I guess, are just special for my body."

THE PENTHOUSE HISTORY OF CRIME IN AUSTRALIA — PART III

THE CHINESE CONNECTION

BY DENIS WHITBURN AND ALLAN MOULT

The Fallen Woman was a mainstay of popular Victorian melodrama. Raised by god-fearing parents, her inevitable seduction at the hands of a cad who had no intention of following through on his promise of marriage rallied the boos and hisses of working class theatre audiences from London to New York to Sydney. The reality at the core of the playwright's fiction echoed the sermons pitched from church pulpits, the angered voices of the reformists and the personal tragedy of those girls who lived out their downhill existences devoid of audience sympathies.

In the eyes of society, Ellen at 23 — restless and inclined to hysteria, with the pinched, worn features of an opium addict — had fallen as low as a woman could in late-19th Century Australia. Seduced in Melbourne by a European (under promises of marriage), she fled to Beechcroft in the country, to bear the child which she passed over to her sister before arriving in Sydney. For a while she shared a house with two prostitutes in Woolloomooloo, a ghetto of workers' hovels on the other side of the city's lush Hyde Park. Later, when boarding in a church home, she was introduced into a circle of Chinese men by one of the women who commonly used the homes as a source of procuring girls for prostitution.

By her 19th birthday, Ellen was one of the many victims of seduction, domestic unhappiness and poverty who had taken refuge in the company of the Chinese. Within a year, she had been introduced to opium by her 38-year-old market gardener

CHINESE

Chinese companion, himself an opium smoker of 12 years. She relied completely on her thrice-daily intake of the drug which she mixed from the weekly supply, a square tin can bought for one pound from one of the numerous suppliers: Chinese merchants in the stores around the Haymarket area of Sydney. The ash from her opium pipe she saved to sell as "second" opium to the heavy smokers in the country.

The Chinese had gathered in closeknit communities around Little Bourke Street, Melbourne and Sydney's George and Goulburn Streets and in the suburb of Alexandria, where their clusters of wretched huts would, as one observer put it, have disgraced the suburbs of any city in the world. It was in these areas that the Ellens of society took to cohabiting with the Chinese, reinforcing popular belief in the race as despoilers of innocent white Australians women inside the notorious opium dens and gambling parlors that littered the community.

In 1890, more than 8000kgs (17,000lbs) of opium were imported into Victoria alone. The amount slumped to 3500kgs (8000lbs) within 10 years, but had climbed to 12,500kgs (28,000lbs) by that time in New South Wales. It was clear to reformists that not all of it was for the exclusive use of medicine; it represented an accepted state of hypocrisy whereby the customs bounty on imports of the drug was enough to silence the anti-opium platform. Revenue was revenue.

The opium problem first surfaced on the goldfields in the 1850s with the influx of Chinese workers. By 1861, they accounted for more than 10 percent of the miners in the Victorian fields and the fear of "Asian hordes" became an emotional issue among white Australians. A Bill was eventually tabled in the Victorian Legislative Council to prevent the goldfields from "becoming the property of the emperor of China and the Mongolian and Tartar hordes of Asia." Deft hands at plundering the spoils of the heathen nations, the landed British gentry were not about to have the tables turned on them by "John Chinaman". The Chinese were, in the words of one *Bulletin* commentator, "corrupt below anything else in nature, except the ghouls they consorted with." He spoke of 16-year-old girls decoyed into opium dens by the sheen of silk and the jingle of gold and left to percolate through the dens to be finally cast out into the slime and rottenness of the streets. Another, a reformist, related a visit to a 100-bunk opium den, where he found six half-dressed drunken women smoking opium while a prominent solicitor danced naked round the room.

There were more than enough horror stories of the Chinese evil to fire the constrained Victorian moralist. Once a girl had fallen into their clutches and turned on to opium she was irretrievably lost, and it was not only the destitute who were at risk, as journalist Helen Jerome revealed in her investigation into opium addiction in Sydney's *Truth*.

Her firsthand journey into the dark lanes of Sydney's Chinatown brought her face to face with "slant-eyed sentinels" as she penetrated black stifling hovels where she was met with the "sweet, sickly, almost overpowering smell which all the cursed know is the best weapon of the Devil." In the frontroom of one opium den she came across "fetid and stifling recumbent forms with half-closed eyes jealously clutching at their pipes. One old man grumbled at the cruel expense of opium — a penny a pipe — as he took a long sobbing breath of the instrument, the smoke coming back and forming weird patterns around his head. Next to him a young Chinese boy lay sleeping with arms outstretched, wan and in an almost corpse-like hue." In the next room a young, pretty white girl sat with "a yellow monster smoking his pipe waiting her turn, and another shameless-looking white woman preparing a pipe for three Chinese men."

Women living with the Chinese were quick to defend their men as kind, considerate partners compared with Europeans. However, many were turned out as prostitutes to other Chinese, sailors and aborigines. Common sights among these women were bizarre facial scars brought on by venereal disease, a blight so bad it kept them off the streets during the day and confined their working hours to the cloak of night. A further debilitating effect for the heavy opium smoker was the flaking away of skin. The general disfigurement of such a woman was monstrous, as was her very existence.

Anti-Chinese feeling ran so high by the 1890s that an Anti-Chinese Gambling League, under the leadership of Labor MP George Black, had been formed to "clean up Sydney". Their charges included alleged corruption among police. They claimed a wholesale system of bribery had been instituted by the proprietors of the Chinese gambling houses in George Street, and the police of that division had refrained from taking active steps to suppress gambling, believing members of the Legislative Council, some of whom owned the houses, would have removed them from the force. The accusing finger was pointed squarely at the man in charge of No. 4 Station, Inspector Atwill, although there was also a strong belief by the reformists that the unwillingness to take action against gambling went right through the ranks of the police force, from the Inspector-General down.

The 1891 Royal Commission into Gambling and Police Corruption found it impossible to accept amounts of up to 60,000 pounds a year in profits from Fan-Tan and Pak-ah-pu reportedly being sent back to China as anywhere near the amount of money involved in Chinese gambling. At the same time, it had no hesitation in saying the figure was trifling in every respect when compared to the gambling practiced in Sydney in consultations and betting totalisations.

Inspector Atwill readily admitted the existence of the Chinese gambling parlors, claiming he knew of 21 along Lower George Street alone — shops with their white paper signs like the red lamps marking the brothels, announcing for the casual passerby the activity to be found within. Questioned by the Reverend Le Rennetel as to why the parlors were not closed up, Atwill begged him not to proceed with lobbying MPs for a Bill to be brought down to wipe out gambling, telling him the police themselves were preparing their own Bill on the matter. (Two years later, with no interruption to gambling activities, Le Rennetel broached the matter once more. Atwill replied ". . . I think that legislation will be brought forward very soon to deal with the question").

A custom among the proprietors of the Chinese gaming houses was to contribute to a fund to be used in the defence of a prosecution against them. Opinion had it that the fund was used for other purposes as well — to pay off police from No. 4 Station. Atwill denied this emphatically, and that he had received a New Year's Box of 120 pounds from the Chinese, putting the accusation down to just part of the rumormongering he and his men had constantly to contend with.

The commission's conclusion — following exhaustive, if not gentlemanly, theatrics which kept the reputation of the police force unsullied — bared a naivety guaranteeing a continuation of corruption from the top for the 90 years to follow. "For bribery to be effectual it would have to be to a large extent general, and that, amongst so numerous a body of men which surely includes a percentage of honest individuals, is practically out of the question." The commissioners emphatically discredited charges of bribery levelled against No. 4 Station, and rejected the imputation with which the charge of inactivity of the police had been coupled. At best, it could only offer the conduct of the police as being open to question.

Earlier, a Royal Commission in Victoria into the conduct of the Detective Branch of the Melbourne police proved completely effectual. Melbourne City Superintendent Winch was found to be protecting brothels and after-hours trading in pubs, dipping his hands into official coffers, and indulging in public conduct, including drunkenness, unbecoming to an officer of the law. Near the time of the hearings, Winch had been literally caught with his pants down, discovered by a constable in the private room of a baroque brothel owned by "Madame Brussell" (Caroline Pohl), an establishment given the nod of approval by the Melbourne "Club". Sir Samuel Gillott, elected Mayor of Melbourne for three terms, was a personal benefactor of the madame and saw that her business was able to serve the city without unnecessary interruption.

The Detective Branch itself was found to be more or less an arm of the Melbourne underworld, "a standing menace to the community". Clearly, both Winch and his division had to go.

The pattern was set between the two commissions for extraordinary variance in the ethics of the two State authorities: one prone to uninterrupted corruption, no matter what public tub-thumping took place intermittently to convince the masses otherwise; the other effective in keeping the system straight by publicly punishing those who betrayed their posts.

If the moves to do a "house-cleaning" on the NSW Police Force were stunted, the actions taken by the reformists to bring the opium trade under control were more or less considered ineffective. Stricter enforcement of opium sale laws were recommended but trading continued much as before, with the conspicuous assistance of Sydney's "finest". *Truth* newspaper meanwhile kept up its campaign and later reported that ". . . facts have come into our possession which prove to our satisfaction that the police, if not actual accomplices of the Chows, at least wink at their crimes against society so long as a plentiful supply of palm oil is doled out to them."

A journalist wrote of the police "speciality to arrest girls from these Chinese brothels, for the reason that the keeper of the house is always willing to grease the palm of the arresting constable, provided he can induce the Bench to give the girl 'a chance', or, in other words, set her off, so that she can at once return to her old quarters." The writer claimed he "has had ample opportunity for observation in the Central Police Court, where most of these girls are brought before the Bench, and can safely say that nine out of every 10 get 'a chance', while other poor unfortunates who have not the wherewithal to purchase favors are religiously sent to gaol."

He continued: ". . . it will be seen that a dishonest, bribe-snatching officer can easily make a good sum of money by taking into custody a few of the Chow-blackened young harlots in order to 'squeeze' the mongrel who virtually owns them body and soul. This is one method used by the mean-spirited skunks in uniform to get a percentage of the sinful earnings of the Chow brothel-keeper's dupes . . ."

Things became more complex, the writer noted, as "our informant, a constable himself, explains . . . if one Chinese bludger sees that an opposition house is doing more 'trade' than himself, he will readily come down with a substantial bribe to a constable who will undertake to arrest the girls who live there. Then after they have been taken into custody, their owner comes along and squares the constable to ask the magistrate for 'a chance'. If he succeeds in getting them off, he not only gets paid from party number one but also from the second party."

After that serve, the writer concluded that the "somnolent figurehead of the force is nothing but a bribe scragger and battener on the blood of girls who sacrifice their bodies on the altar of lust."

Besides the sins and perils of the opium haunts, other drugs guaranteed to give the addiction-prone European migrants relief were beginning to creep into use. For the earliest settlers, opiates, alcohol and drugs in any form were the one practical outlet for brief escape from the day-to-day drudgery of the new colony. Acknowledged drug expert Dr Alfred McCoy explains: "It took several generations for

CHINESE

colonial Australians, assisted by rapid advances in medicine and changing popular attitudes toward health, to adjust to the new environment and overcome deep-seated fears for their health." By the latter part of the 19th Century both morphine and cocaine had surfaced out of medical research into popular use.

In the mid-1870s a means had been discovered for chemically bonding acetic acid with morphine to create diacetyl morphine. Twenty years on, the German company Bayer commenced mass marketing the product under the trade name "Heroin" with a world-wide marketing campaign hailing the "non-addictive panacea" as a cure-all for children's respiratory ailments. Medical scientists had managed to isolate the essence of the Peruvian cocoa leaf in the 1850s into a concentrated crystal form — cocaine. Morphine and cocaine became fashionable in the 1880s.

The Bulletin, with unusually restrained sarcasm, heralded the "habit becoming prevalent among some classes in England, which threatens to rival drunkenness in its baneful effects." It went on: "A new anodyne is now coming to the front: it is morphia. From a small pointed instrument which just pierces the skin, a drop is injected into the veins, and at once affects the whole frame. The operation is almost painless, the result ecstatic: there is a pervading sense of comfort, beautiful visions appear, every shadow of thought and care disappears, and a delicious langor supervenes." However, *The Bulletin* noted, once the glory faded "the visions become obscure, the comfort changes to pain, and the mental view . . . is shrouded by the white cold darkness of a winter fog . . . the intervals between doses becomes shorter, and the drug fiend reigns and ruins . . . by degrees the mind becomes darkened, hideous fears sieze upon it, self-control is lost, imbecility overtakes the weak, and madness threatens the strong."

Cocaine, the snowy white powder, was into the first of its cyclic phases among a wide variety of Victorian celebrities including the dowager Queen who lent her name to the era. Sigmund Freud used the drug in a number of experiments. Sarah Bernhardt, Thomas Edison and Pope Leo XVIII were prone to its use, while Robert Louis Stevenson created his classic *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in a six-day frenzy induced by cocaine. A wizard of advertising and marketing hype, Angelo Mariana, merchandised a cocaine-based tonic wine and backed his creation with a 12-volume diatribe on the wonders of the drug.

This was the decade in which cocaine was put to use in Australian hospitals as a local anaesthetic. The embryo multinationals got off to a slow start in marketing the drugs through the Melbourne Exhibition of 1880, but their pitch must have been persuasive, for their cocaine and morphine-based products found a ready market, McCoy notes. "By promising almost miraculous cures for every possible ailment, the patent medicine distributors advertised to attract an initial clientele, rapidly gaining vast numbers of repeat customers addicted to the narcotic content of the products."

The later rebellion by the authorities against patent medicines provided the nucleus of the illegal drug trafficking that would simmer into the early years of the 20th Century before taking full flight in the aftermath of WWI, when the Anzac returned from the trenches a cocaine and morphine addict.

The inglorious defeat (and perceived betrayal by the British) that was Gallipoli hung like a spectre over the Australian

> Prostitutes as young as 12 had been so formidable in their trade as to drive older harlots to other stamping grounds

soldier in those early days of the war. Psychological, psychosomatic and physical traumas plagued the ranks. Narcotics were used freely by army medical officers — cocaine at Gallipoli administered by official command; morphine-based tonics in France and at the Front, trafficked by Canadian soldiers. Cocaine-based cigarettes were the most popular item, and the drug spread from the Front to London and back to the troops in Australia waiting their turn as cannon-fodder.

Returning finally from the battlegrounds of the Middle East and Europe, the exhausted troops were easy bait for the crime syndicates beginning to flex their muscle in the new era of criminal affluence that rose from the ashes of the "war to end all wars". A Government official, Dr E.W. Jones, Inspector of Inebriate Institutions for Victoria, expressed concern that the "nerve-shattering experiences" suffered by Australian soldiers would produce in them "a craving for and an increased susceptibility to alcohol and other narcotics." Such men would eventually need "relief of habits which they would otherwise not have contracted."

The lengths to which legitimate drug manufacturers would go to drum up business in an susceptible market were typified in an advertisement for Aspro in which a digger sent his "dinkum message" to other diggers and stated that "Since my return to civil life, I have been a constant user of ASPRO tablets. Now I think I can safely say that I will soon be free from Gas Poison — thanks to ASPRO tablets."

The Australia to which the Anzacs returned showed few signs of drastic change. At one end of the scale, growth continued; at the other poverty and working class criminal entrepreneurial business skills flourished. Prostitution, sly grog, SP bookmaking and narcotics formed a solid base for the Sydney-Melbourne criminal axis. The fledgling crime lords were products of the Labor Party working class strongholds: in Sydney, Balmain, Glebe, Newtown, Redfern, Surry Hills and Rozelle; in Melbourne, Carlton, Fitzroy, Richmond and Collingwood.

Sydney City itself lay under seige from a belt of slums stretching from Surry Hills into Darlinghurst, Kings Cross and Woolloomooloo, and from the working class strip of Pyrmont, Balmain and Glebe to the west. Already Palmer Street was gaining its notorious reputation as the street of brothels, replacing Bathurst and Castlereagh Streets, where girls as young as 12 had been so formidable in their trade as to drive the older harlots to other stamping grounds.

John Wren, later to be fictionalised in Frank Hardy's *Power Without Glory,* had lain the foundations of another institution — his illegal tote in Johnston Street, Collingwood. Opened in the early 1890s, the tote, one of hundreds operating the length and breadth of the country (in Sydney alone, 200,000 one-shilling race sweep tickets were sold weekly), enjoyed the police tradition of turning a blind eye to Chinese gambling parlors, SP book making, two-up and illegal gambling clubs that would continue into the 1980s. Not immediately discernible was the forging of another tradition, the alliance between the criminal identities who controlled the various arms of illegal businesses and the Labor Party. Both groups shared common working class roots and the code of honor that accompanied those roots.

Wren, at his peak, profited by 400,000 pounds a year from his Collingwood tote. It was enough to buy his ticket into respectability as owner of Stadiums Ltd and the *Brisbane Daily Mail* (forebear of *The Courier Mail*), and to manipulate his way into becoming something of a godfather over Victorian politics — but not before participating in some scrapes worthy of the gangster movies of the Twenties. The tote, to the best of the Sydney *Truth's* knowledge, held the record for defying — or at least pretending to defy — the police force. The premises were owned "and held by the promoters of a desperate gang of gamblers", complete with trap-doors, easily closed exits, pugs ready to "settle" a gambler not happy with his lot, and bulldogs to help in the event of a disturbance.

Wren left nothing to chance. His men were described as "caricature sketches" fit only for a pantomime, and it was from them that the gambler bought his ticket scribbled out in hieroglyphics.

A winning punter was required to call in the morning following a race for the payout. Closeted in a cramped room, one of Wren's henchmen, Long Bill, passed payment through an aperture covering his hand to the wrist, his face unseen. The chink of the money was all that indicated payment. The punter, glad to be paid his due, eagerly grabbed the money and moved on.

Suspected of creaming money from the "bank" (kept in a leather bag next to him), Long Bill became the unfortunate dupe in a skirmish between Wren's gang and a group of felons bent on a quick win without recourse to betting on a race. The punters and characters hanging around the tote at any given time were considered not to be above "any murderous thing for a price". The cry of "Police!" was raised one Saturday evening, warning of the raid. With Wren diving for the door, a portion of the wood partition between the winning punter and Long Bill was smashed in, the bag grabbed and 300 pounds passed on to an accomplice in the confusion of men scrambling for false door and floor exits.

By the time it was realised there was no raid taking place, the bag had gone. Word was passed around Fitzroy, Collingwood and Richmond, to weed out the names of the culprits. The man nominated as having a clue to the men behind the robbery, Collis, was cornered by one of Wren's men, but proved too quick for him and knocked him out. A crowd gathered around Collis, and "indulged in the delightful occupation of jumping on him." Managing to slip through his assailants' hands and boots, Collis came across the man who had accused him the following afternoon, at the two-up game. Calling him out, he had his challenge returned with a gunshot wound to the right hand. Collis and his "push" discreetly retired when another six Wren gunhands appeared to back up the first volley. One of the few straight men in the police force, in *Truth*'s opinion, a Dr Carter, had his orders to look into the incident, but hush money brought the usual wall of silence from witnesses to either the robbery or the shooting. It was through this sleight of hand technique, with money or fear guaranteeing silence, that Wren was able to build his stature as an unquestionably honest businessman, pillar of an already questionable establishment.

According to moralist opinion the slums, abode of the tote and the larrikin alike, had to be destroyed, but the likelihood of this occurring was remote while the rule of silence prevailed. Sydney was as much brigand-infested as Calabria and Sicily, argued *The Bulletin,* and the law impotent to prevent crime or punish it through an elaborate system of terrorism. The witness testifying against the pushes did so at the risk of his life. Every witness knew he was under threat of assault and possibly murder at some later date. As for the policeman who obtained a conviction, he was thereafter a marked man, expected to continue duty alone by day and night in districts where a hundred cowardly ruffians would be thirsting for his blood. He had every reason for allowing things to take their course.

The invisible links between Labor Party thinking and crime assisted the growth of the quasi-organisations giving the business a sense of order. Labor could defend SP bookmaking as harmless — the working man's due — for wasn't it class discrimination that allowed betting on-course but made it illegal off-course? The onus for regulation of prostitution and gambling fell to society and social reform (an extensive scheme for housing to replace the slums was one way of doing this). The economic plight of families drove women to work in the Palmer Street red light district; there were very few cases where a prostitute could be found to have abnormal sexual desires, Labor argued. Women and children were driven to the streets by the pillars of society and the church after they had been robbed and sweated of their labor until there was no alternative.

> Thugs, standover men, brothel owners, SP rings, sly grog shops and narcotics would become the key to gang wars

It was not an argument that conservatives wanted to hear, as politically expedient as it was on the part of the Labor Party to pursue it as they did, doing their damnedest to reflect the thinking of the constituency. At the centre of the ongoing debate was the war of the colony. Pleasures taken for granted by the patriarchs — on-course betting, exclusive brothels such as Madame Brussell's in Melbourne, the "gentlemen's clubs" where members could indulge in gambling on the snooker or card tables — were to be denied the population at large as social evils.

Labor's ideology neglected to come to terms with two important aspects of the moral debate: narcotics, and the associations fostered with those figures running the illegal activities which the Party was ready to defend; and the hopeless air surrounding the humble tote as the brief relief to the working man's lot.

The totes were run secretly amid an atmosphere of blasphemy and obscenity, *The Bulletin* recorded. They were more or less dishonest and shamefully fraudulent — because no one could sue a tote keeper for a dividend due him — but more importantly, no tote proprietor could be honest and stay alive.

They had to buy immunity from the police by way of secret bribes, and there was never a way of making enough money honestly to bribe enough police to guarantee complete immunity. The totes served as a means to corrupt the police force to the extent that it had been made so untrustworthy "as to be a menace rather than a protection".

The result? The working class punter gambled secretly in objectionable surroundings, getting nothing like fair value for his money.

Prostitutes relied upon cocaine supplied by pharmacists and dentists dealing in a black market trade (250 five-shilling packs for street sale could be made up from one ounce of pure cocaine). The demobbed soldier and the sons and daughters of the social hierarchy had a new fad — sniffing "snow". Cocaine, according to a newspaper report, had become an obsession through every strata of society — from the night-hawks of the underworld to ladies carrying the white powder and "dope needles" in their handbags.

The extent of the cocaine boom would not be completely recognised until the Sydney-Melbourne crime-waves of the 1920s got underway. Thugs, standover men, brothel owners, SP rings, sly grog shops and narcotics would become the key to gang wars that erupted into the streets — wars that shaped the course of crime in Australia. Criminals Squizzy Taylor, Tilly Devine, Snowy Cutmore and Kate Leigh became part of a nefarious line-up of celebrity status; gangsters used their own bloody law of the gun and razor to lay territorial claim.

The gang wars would turn Sydney's Darlinghurst — "one of the finest quarters of a rich and beautiful city", as a newspaper put it, into a "plague spot, where the spawn of the gutter grow and fatten on official apathy." *Truth* simply renamed the area "Razorhurst".

PART FOUR: *The Melbourne connection — Squizzy Taylor and Snowy Cutmore; the gang wars of the Twenties.*

MORE FOUR

Datsun Bluebird is Australia's No. 1 top selling 2 litre four.* A popularity achieved by simply offering more.
More rear seat leg room than any other Japanese 2 litre four in its class.
More sophisticated engineering– the only car in its class with rack and pinion steering and zero scrub radius steering geometry.
More grace–with responsive handling and an incredibly smooth, safe ride, even on rough roads.
Australia's most proven Japanese 2 litre four–delivers the power you need for touring and towing.

See your Datsun dealer and discover why Bluebird is More Four.

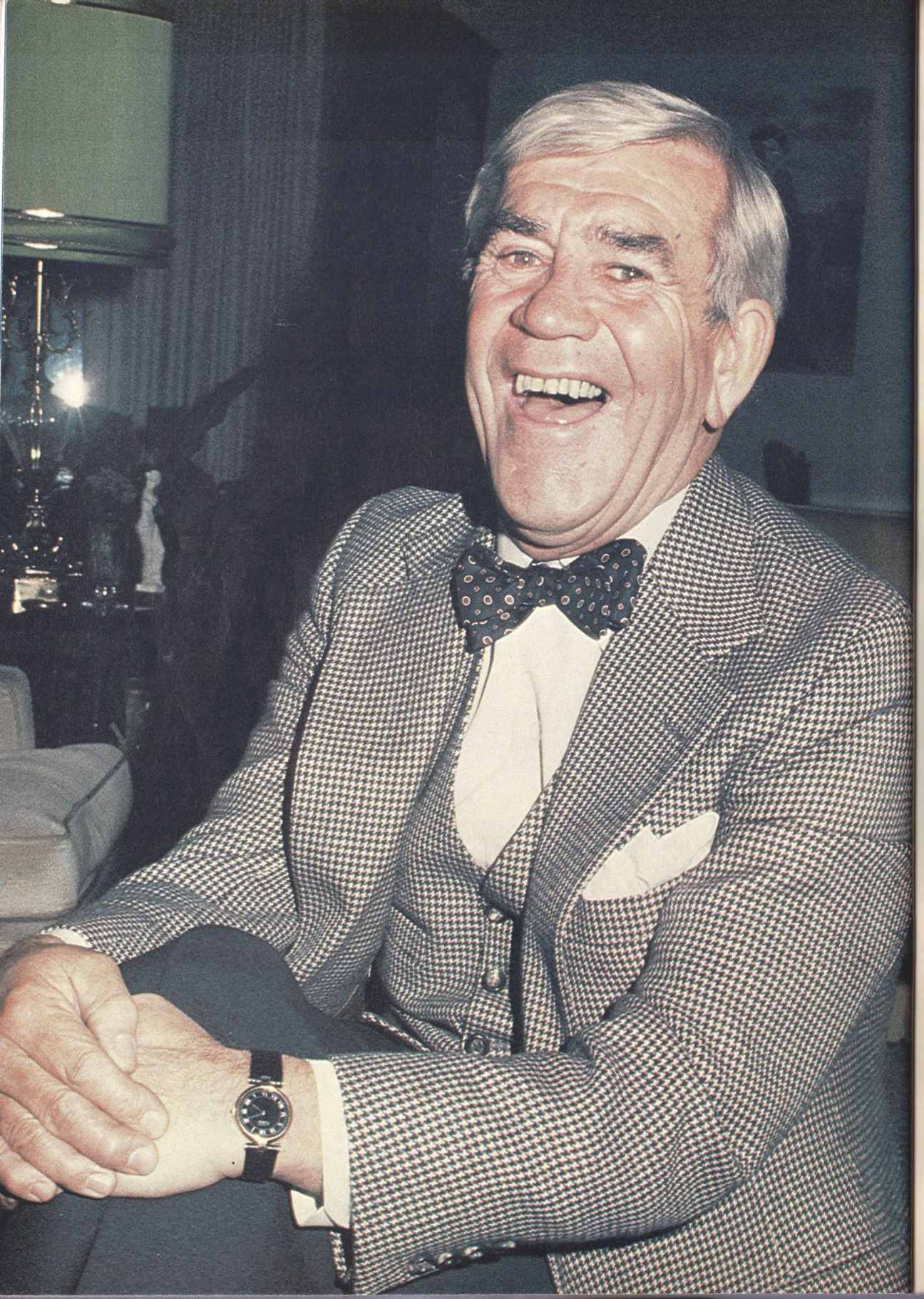
*Source: ADAPS JUNE '81–FEB. '82.

DATSUN

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

BLUEBIRD

DAT 137 2



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

LOU RICHARDS

‘

Look, our game is Australian, purely Australian. It was invented by an Australian for Australians, and it should be played all over Australia.

’

When a Melbournian asks, “Who do you barrack for?” there is only one answer which is wholly unacceptable: “Nobody, actually. I don’t follow the football.” This response is guaranteed to evoke either a frenzy of outrage or a frosty stare of disbelief. But it’s never left at that. It’s a bit like saying you’re not interested in sex, or you don’t like food.

There is no other city in the world where a sport is followed with such fanaticism by such an overwhelming percentage of the population. The city’s three million inhabitants divide their loyalties among the 12 clubs of the Victorian Football League . . . because there is nowhere else for those loyalties to lie. No true fan ever doubts for a moment that this is not the greatest game in the world. The inconvenient truth that no other country on the planet plays it, and few have heard of it, is never taken as evidence of the sport’s parochialism, but rather as proof of the blinkered stupidity of outsiders.

Tasmania, South Australia and Western Australia all have their State leagues and their devotees, but the genuinely obsessive mania about the game is reserved for Victoria. “Aerial ping-pong” has long been the derisive description of the sport used by rugby league and union supporters from NSW and Queensland. And for decades Victorians have shrugged off the insult, content to wallow in their own conviction that the rest of the world is wrong.

But over the past decade a subtle change has been going on behind the terraces. A team of corporate wizards, men like VFL president Dr Allen Aylett, and his general manager, Jack Hamilton, have seen Melbourne’s love affair with football for what it really could be — an opportunity to transform devotion into dollars. How well they have succeeded is only now becoming apparent. The VFL has been built into a well-oiled money-making machine, just starting to gear itself up to take on, if not the world, at least the nation.

When an organisation like the VFL starts to flex its muscles, those who ignore the danger signals do so at their own peril. And this is why the powers that be of rugby league in NSW have been less ready than in the past to dismiss the game as a trivial aberration of the southern states. The thing that really disturbs the administrators of the other football codes is attendance figures. Over the past six seasons VFL crowds have increased every year. Elsewhere in the world games like soccer and cricket have suffered declining attendances. Rugby league in Sydney is no exception. So when the news filtered northward that one of those Melbourne football clubs was seeking to make its home in Sydney, the reaction was less contemptuous than would have the case a decade ago.

South Melbourne’s move to the SCG has not been without its traumas and its casualties — the club’s entire board was the first victim. But already the VFL hallmark of big-money backing has been stamped on the operation. And with million dollar-plus sponsors behind them, the Sydney Swans can afford to look on their new environment as anything but a poor relation.

Lou Richards is the favorite son of Australian Rules football — a man who has lived for and through the game since boyhood. He is one who believes absolutely that the next decade will see the sport become a truly national one. He’s not concerned with conquering the world because, like most Aussie Rules supporters, he doesn’t consider that relevant. As he says, the game was created by Australians, for Australians, and God won’t rest easy in his Heaven until all Australians realise that.

To dismiss him as the clown prince of football is to sell Richards short. In his playing days he was known as a tough, uncompromising individual, who compensated for his lack of height with a gritty and determined survival instinct. But then survival is what Richards is all about. When he left the game he chose to stay in touch as a football journalist, rather than coach. It was a wise decision. Lou Richards, commentator, has the last word on every game. He features almost as often on the front page of *The Sun* newspaper as he does in his sports page column. On the day Adrian Tame interviewed Richards for *Penthouse* he was grinning from beneath the masthead, flashing his newly-acquired MBE. His television shows, particularly *League Teams,* are the stuff of legend, and his commentaries are regarded by legions as an obligatory part of the football diet.

But Aussie Rules isn’t his only area of success. In his family life he is that rare creature: a self-confessed and demonstrably happy man. His wife Edna is not the power behind his throne; the pair occupy it side by side. With her he has made a number of shrewd moves in the hotel trade that have turned him into a wealthy man. Today his roots in the Collingwood of the Depression Era are well buried. He lives in a sumptuous Toorak apartment sprinkled with elegant antiques, but somehow contrives not to appear out of place.

Perhaps this is Richards’ secret. He’s equally at home whether clambering out of a bath-tub full of spaghetti in Lygon St, Carlton, or bowing to accept his investiture from the Governor of Victoria at Government House.

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: For many years NSW people have written off the VFL, and described the game as aerial ping-pong, generally putting it down. That's beginning to change. Why?

Richards: Let's get the aerial ping-pong thing straightened out first. I think over the past seven or eight years, since I've been doing the telecast which has been going live to Sydney and all over the east coast, we have gathered an audience which is starting to understand football. I think they realise it should no longer be called aerial ping-pong, because it's a man's game, and I know from the amount of mail I get that there are a tremendous amount of people interested in our game. People who are not only ex-Victorians, but people who have followed rugby league, or soccer, or even rugby union up there. So football is making inroads, and I think the direct telecast has had a lot do with that.

Now, the reason why South Melbourne went to Sydney. There are 11 clubs playing football in Melbourne (12 with Geelong), and Melbourne's population is about three million. With the escalation of payments to players, and the escalation of costs in the running of a football club today, it's very hard to maintain 12 clubs in a city of this size. New York has only got two football teams; I think some of the smaller cities, with populations of say, one million people, can only afford to have one. Let's take the North Melbourne Football Club as an example. I think this year alone it's costing them two million dollars to run their team. That's administration and the cost of paying players. South Melbourne were in a very unfortunate position because they weren't having success; they haven't won a premiership since 1933, and I think they've only been in the finals twice since then. I could be corrected on that, but it doesn't really matter. I'm trying to make the point that, whether you come from Sydney, Melbourne or Timbuktu, everybody loves a winner. Consequently South's membership and their following dropped and they were in financial difficulties.

Penthouse: Do you think they will succeed in Sydney?

Richards: We'll get back to that. Now the thing is this — they had to do something about it, and when the League came up with this proposition that the only way they could possibly solve their problem was to go to Sydney, because they'd realised that they'd had a couple of matches for the past few years up there, and it looked as if it could have been a pretty prosperous sort of proposition to move there. And of course that created an uproar in South Melbourne.

Penthouse: Was a lot of trauma associated with the move?

Richards: Well, there was trauma for the people who had followed South Melbourne for many years, and I think if my memory of records serves me right they were one of the oldest clubs in the League, dating back to when it was first formed. But they had only 1500 members, and of course this wasn't enough, and the whole thing upset a lot of people. They formed committees called things like 'Keep South At South', and they even tipped the old administration out that was in favor of going up there.

Penthouse: Was there a complete change of Board?

Richards: Yes, this new Board got on, and realised the League had something to put to them with this suggestion.

Penthouse: I believe the decision that

> There are enough people in Sydney with four million, plus 250,000 Victorians, to keep both games going

was finally taken by South members,over whether or not they should go to Sydney, was decided by one single vote.

Richards: That's right. But when this new administration got in they realised that the only way they were going to make money was to go to Sydney, because there are 250,000 ex-Victorians living there, and there is a ready-made market for them, plus the fact that they knew by the television ratings that people were starting to accept their game to a certain extent. So this new Board of South Melbourne decided to go up there, and play there for three seasons and give it a try. Well, from a financial point of view it's been an immediate success because they've got something like $1.3 million worth of sponsorship, which is a lot of money.

Penthouse: But what about the gates, the attendance figures?

Richards: Well the gates haven't been that disappointing. The first game they had 17,000, the next one they had 15,000, and the last match they had there was, I think, 13,000.

Penthouse: Would you be happy with those figures as a member of the South Melbourne Board?

Richards: Well, they're not bad when you consider that at the time of the first game, when they had 17,000, the rugby league had only 12,000 or 13,000 at their main match.

Penthouse: What would happen if you brought a rugby league game down to Melbourne, and put it up against a VFL match?

Richards: You wouldn't draw 2,000 people. Look, let's get it straight, and I know this from talking to Dr Aylett (VFL President) and Jack Hamilton (VFL general manager) — they're not in competition with rugby league, they don't want to upset their apple-cart. They believe there are enough people in Sydney with four million, plus 250,000 Victorians, to keep both games going. And I believe the same myself; I think there's room for any type of sport.

Penthouse: In a lot of sports around the world, cricket, soccer, for instance, the gates are dropping. In VFL football, the over-all total season gates have increased every year for the past six or seven years. Why?

Richards: The reason we have increased so much down here is the magnificent marketing by the Victorian Football League. They know they've got a damn good product, and they've marketed it properly. And I think that the rugby league people realise now that they've let their game slip through poor marketing.

Penthouse: Have you had any conversations with any rugby league people in Sydney on this point?

Richards: No, the only ones I have had conversations with are the ones that are bigoted and biased against our game, and you'll never change those people, so why try?

Penthouse: Are those sort of people getting concerned now?

Richards: I think they're living in the past, and you've got to realise that our game, well, there's no doubt about it, it's the best spectator sport in the world, because it's got something great about it. It's spectacular, and there are all the highlights of any football game; the kicking is good, the players don't have to wear padding, and they look a million dollars when they're out on the ground. And it's not a brutal sport like some of the other games, and I think the mums and dads like their kids playing it. I'm quite sure once they get used to our game in places like NSW and Queensland, I'm quite sure that the mums and dads, particularly the mums, will encourage the kids to play the game.

Penthouse: Up until now VFL has always enjoyed this good reputation as a family game, whereas rugby league has always been marred by violence on the field. Is that another strong point in favor of VFL?

Richards: I think it is. But when you've got 30,000 people at a football match, or any sporting event, and you get half a dozen yahoos that do something silly, it's a pretty small percentage. It's the same right throughout this world of ours, that it's always the minority that spoil it for the majority. But the Victorian Football League are wise enough to do something about it, and they've taken immediate steps. Quite seriously I believe there shouldn't be any booze allowed to be taken into the ground. I don't mind them having a drink at the match, I think there should be booths, or bars around the ground, and if a person wants a drink he should have to go to that position to have one, and you'll find they won't be bothered drinking so much, because it's an inconvenience to them.

Penthouse: Should the VFL throw out the bloke who walks into the ground with an Esky with 24 tinnies?

Richards: Well, it's silly. Do you think it's asking a bloke too much to go without a drink for two hours, or even limit himself, it he wants a drink, to walk to a bar? Let's be honest about this. You can't take cans into the Members, if you want a drink in the Members you've got to go to the bar, so that should be good enough for everybody else. The guys who usually take a couple of dozen cans in are the idiots. But it's unfair in another way. I know lots of mums and dads who go to the football with their kids. And they might even take a half bottle of wine with them to have with their lunch. Now you're killing that, because those poor people want to enjoy themselves and behave themselves. How many times have you been to a party with 30 guys, and you're all enjoying yourselves, but you can bet your life there's one nitwit who's going to spoil it for everybody. You're all having a great time and about half past twelve this nitwit goes to town, some unfortunate bloke gets clobbered or something, and it's all over some idiot. So you've got to change the rules to suit the minority, which is unfair.

Penthouse: As a former player does it concern you that this trend is developing?

Richards: Well, look it's been going on . . . when I played we used to have fights behind the goal. There's less of that now, far less than when I played. Because football was tougher, it was more brutal, and if you're setting an example of brutality on the ground this rubs off onto the crowd. The thing that upset me was that incident over there in Perth when they all attacked the umpire. Look, being an umpire is a terrible job in any case, and these guys have got to be given a lot of credit for taking it on.

Penthouse: Do you think they also forget that it's supposed to be a sport, and that enjoyment is supposed to come into it at some stage?

Richards: Well I think the fun's going out of sport. It will go out of football, if we don't watch it. There's enough seriousness in this world, with all the different crises. One country wanting to fight another, some country putting pressure on another, and that's all you read in the paper or see on the television news: gloom. And even football coaches won't smile after a game for three days. Because they've lost a bloody football match. Is it that important?

Penthouse: You spoke about the marketing expertise of the VFL, and I don't think anybody could argue with

> It's a waste of money trying to make our game international. Sheer waste of money

that. At the same time there has been the odd accusation of greed; that they asked too much for tickets on this or that occasion. What have you got say about that?

Richards: You talk about greed. I've mentioned this to Dr Aylett many times. I say it's not greed, it's a matter of survival. I mentioned to you before that the cost of running a football club is about two million dollars a year. But the gate takes won't cover that. So they've got to rely on sponsorship, or they have to rely on good marketing, like they're doing, to get the best they can to keep the game going. To run a club like North Melbourne for two million dollars a year . . . their gate take would get nowhere near that cost. They'd finish up with about $400,000 or $500,000 for the year. They're short of over a million dollars. So it's not a matter of being greedy, it's a matter of surviving, or going down the drain.

Penthouse: At present VFL football is played and followed fanatically in Victoria, it has a big following in Tasmania, South Australia and Western Australia. But NSW and Queensland have remained on the outer. With this move to Sydney by South Melbourne, and the points we've been discussing, do you see a time when we're going to see, say, Footscray in Brisbane, or North Melbourne in Adelaide, and we're going to have a league made up from say six clubs in Melbourne, and the other six spread around the country?

Richards: You mean a national league. I can see that happening, yes. That will happen within the next ten years for sure. We've virtually got one going now with the Escort Championship.

Penthouse: But hasn't its success been limited to TV?

Richards: Well, it's in the night time of course, and it's in the winter, and you wouldn't really say that the Melbourne winter is the best time or place to go out in the evening, is it? I'm quite sure that in ten years time you'll see a national league without any doubt. I don't know if it'll be North Melbourne playing in Brisbane, or what the set-up will be. But I'm quite sure you'll have a national league, and you'll still have your own state competitions as well. It'll be like the FA Cup is played in England.

Penthouse: Would you have any regrets about that?

Richards: No, I think it would be great. Look, our game is Australian, purely Australian. It was invented by an Australian for Australians, and it should be played all over Australia.

Penthouse: But someone coming from Sydney will say: Bullshit, it's not even the greatest game in Australia.

Richards: It is the greatest game in Australia. I think it will be a national game, but there will still be strength in the state games too. Like the VFL and the West and South Australian leagues. I don't think they'll ever fade out. I certainly hope not. But let's be honest about it. If we have blokes saying that our game is not international, I don't think that matters two hoots.

Penthouse: I wanted to discuss the international scene, because that's an area, again, where you're directly involved. You've done the commentaries on the finals games that have been televised in both Britain and the US.

Richards: Well, they've been shown in America for the past three years on cable television, and the main game every week is shown there. I think it is about the third most popular sports show on cable television. They've got all types of show on cable over there. They've even got porn. That would out rate anything wouldn't it?

Penthouse: In addition to what's happening in Britain and America, did you see the mention the other week that a consortium of businessmen is planning putting on a game in Tokyo?

Richards: It would be a bit of a problem

with the size of the ground. We've found this out when we go anywhere, overseas. Soccer arenas are too small, and of course English cricket grounds are the wrong shape for football. And Tokyo, well it's hard enough to put a rice paddy in up there. And I think if they cut the size of the team down to 14 players it would kill what the game has got. We talk about the international thing, and good mates of mine, like Keith Stackpole and Bill Lawry, say: "You might have been a champion in Australia in the Southern states, but you don't know what it is to be international." But the Americans don't worry about their sports being international, their football or baseball. And yet when they play their championships, they call it world series. So I can't see anything wrong with that. It's a waste of money trying to make our game international. Sheer waste of money.

Penthouse: So, you're committed to it becoming a national game, and you reckon it will within a decade. Is that where you draw the line?

Richards: Well I reckon it would be great if we could show our game overseas, in America particularly. Because there is a bigger chance in the States than anywhere else, because of the size of the country, there is more land available to build the stadiums. But in England you might have a bit of trouble.

Penthouse: There does seem to be a fascination with all things Australian in America.

Richards: Well they love Australians, and I get letters through the cable television coverage. A top sports writer over there who is a contributor to *Sports Illustrated* wrote an article and he mentioned our game and how much he enjoyed it, and what a fascinating game it was, and great spectator sport. There is something unique about the game of Australian Rules. But I'm not biased. I think watching a top soccer match is great, or the top rugby league match.

Penthouse: I believe you have a party every English Cup Final night?

Richards: All the boys get together and watch it, because we appreciate top sportsmen. There's nothing better than watching the Wimbledon finals, or the British Open Golf, or the American Masters.

Penthouse: When you get the letters from America are any of them puzzled about the rules of the game? And what about your accent, does that throw them?

Richards: Our accent: well I think once an Australian always an Australian. I think we should be proud of our accent, as long as we speak pretty good English or grammar, that's important. The Yanks are proud of their accent, whether they come from the south or the Bronx. We get letters not so much about our accent, but more about the rules. There's a mate of mine over there in the Australian consulate. One of the head guys there wrote me a letter. He goes around at night-time having a drink and watching the cable television, and some of the Americans couldn't understand the rules.

But the VFL came to the rescue once again. I told Dr Aylett about this, and he was quick on the job. He got all the paraphernalia sent over there; I think they sent something like 5,000 booklets over there that explain the game simply. And this guy at the consulate is going to give them out. And it will spread by word of mouth. That's the best way of advertising isn't it?

> There's nothing better than to see a fellow take a high mark, or kick a goal from about 70 metres out

Penthouse: Just returning to the Australian scene, if it does become a national league within a decade as you say, do you see rugby league or rugby union surviving?

Richards: I can see them surviving, providing they market their game properly.

Penthouse: But do you agree that they haven't done a lot in the past to demonstrate they are capable of that?

Richards: I think we have made them realise that in Sydney, because of the amount of publicity the media are giving Australian football. And they're realising that if you don't get off your bottom and get out there and sell, you're down the drain.

Penthouse: Rugby league has had its problems. The gates have been slumping, there have been problems with violence, and I suppose to an extent it's true to say the game has got its back to the wall.

Richards: Well it has, and it's up to them to do something about it. Look, rugby league is a great game, it couldn't have survived if it wasn't a great game. So it's up to the guys who are running the show not to sit back and say: "Ah, it's all going to happen." It doesn't just happen. I'm quite sure if our league had adopted that attitude ten years ago when this group of young fellows took over, like Aylett and Hamilton, we would have been in serious trouble. And they could be in serious trouble now if they don't keep at this, because of the high cost of running football.

Penthouse: You mentioned earlier that in your view, and the view of most VFL supporters, there is no greater spectator sport than Australian football. What is there about the game that makes it so exciting to watch? How can you sum up its appeal?

Richards: Well I think firstly the players look so good, because they are decked out beautifully, they look like real sportsmen, I think for the way they can jump for the ball and take a mark. Marking and the length of kicking too, and the fact that they can kick the ball so well on the run, that's part of it. And there's the speed and quickness of the game. I know of guys from Sydney who come down to Melbourne to work, and they don't know anything about our game, but they soon realise that they are treated as lepers if they don't watch our game. It's got a tremendous fascination. There's nothing better than to see a fellow take a high mark, or even a fellow kick a goal from about 70 metres out.

The amazing part about our game is the tremendous cross section of supporters. It's not only the ordinary working guy that goes, there are hundreds of doctors, politicians . . . I think it's a way to release tension from a week of worry, plus you let all your inhibitions go, providing we don't get silly with it, like we've seen overseas where they've got to put big barricades or trenches around the fields. That should never happen. I hope we never get to that stage. I think that should be a lesson for us — what happened when the umpire got attacked in Perth. What the league is doing now is to make sure they have more police at the football, and as soon as a guy plays up I'm quite sure they'll be pretty tough on them, and so they should be.

Penthouse: We've talked a lot about the game in general. I'd like to come on to you now, and discuss your career both as a player and commentator. You had a reputation as a player of being something of a hard man. You've already said you believe the game was played harder in those days than it is today. Do you reckon the footballer of today is fitter than the footballer in your day?

Richards: Oh yes he is. He's fitter and he's bigger, because I think the nation is bigger generally. He's eating more meat, he's better fed than in my day, I grew up in a Depression era.

Penthouse: But, more importantly, is he tougher?

Richards: I don't think he's tougher. I don't think he's as tough. I think he's pampered a lot more, and I don't know if that's a bad thing or not. I had a good mother and father, and was brought up in the Depression in Collingwood. But my two daughters are good kids, and they've had a much easier life than I did, and it's not done them any harm. I think it's just a matter of how you bring them up. I think some of the players today are a bit pampered. There are certain players, and thank God there's a few of them around, that would have survived any time. That's why some clubs are terribly successful — because they've got these type of players. I'm talking about fellows like Deull and Hunter, you see them at North Melbourne, the Schimmelbusches; the guys that are survivors.

Penthouse: One of the many nicknames that I believe you had as a player was the squirrel.

Richards: Oh, no. That's a story I've made up. I used to do a few talks at sports nights, and the gag was that I gave something to football that is rather unique. I gave a thing called the squirrel grip, which is a handful of nuts.

Penthouse: Right. Is there any truth in that?

Richards: No, I've never grabbed a bloke by the . . . you might have done something accidentally, but it wasn't my go.

Penthouse: But you did play it hard?

Richards: I think I played it hard. But you had to. When you're small and you want to survive . . . I was pretty solidly built, I was five foot six and I played at round about 12 stone. I think when you're a little short you've got to have some other ability, or some other asset.

Penthouse: I suppose you've got to make people respect you.

Richards: Well without being silly about it, I think I was rugged, and I think I was a tough little guy, without being boastful about it. It was just a matter or survival.

Penthouse: Who were some of the hardest players you ever came up against? I read somewhere about Jack Dyer trying to flatten you in one game, and falling flat on his back in the mud just as he came in to fit you with one.

Richards: Jack was a tough player. You could go on forever talking about these guys, Charlie Sutton, Bob Chitty, they were all tough men. I don't know if they could play that sort of football today and survive, because coaches would clamp down on them. Because of the flow of the game and how quick it is, those sort of blokes would retard play. But they'd still get a game because they were good enough.

Penthouse: Sure. Are you saying the game was less skillful then?

Richards: No. I think possibly the players were just as skillful, but because the style of play . . . there were certainly a lot of guys in those days who played on quickly, and were fast. But it wasn't the entire side that played that style of football. It was usually the small players who created the play-on game by running past, and they were quick with the hand-ball.

Penthouse: That aspect of the game wasn't as important in those days?

Richards: Well, it was. It just didn't occur so often because the bigger fellows used to take a mark, take their time, and go back for a kick. Now the big fellows take the mark, and before they hit the ground they hand pass to someone else. We had a few big men who would think quickly enough to do that, but generally the big player took the mark,

> The gag was that I gave a thing called the squirrel grip, which is a handful of nuts

and held play up and let everyone see that he'd grabbed the mark. Well, of course if you start doing that today the coach pulls you off the ground for holding up play. That's why I think football is better today. We're living in a jet age, everything's moving quickly. Nobody's got time to eat their meals, half the time, and this suits them. But it was still pretty quick. It was still the fastest game in the world as far as a football game was concerned.

Penthouse: What did you get paid on an average for a game in those days?

Richards: When I first started . . . people say we were underpaid, but we were doing pretty well when you consider that I had my first game at Collingwood when I had just turned 18, and I was a second year apprentice. And I was getting 22 shillings and sixpence a week working, and I was earning three pounds a week playing on a Saturday, plus two pounds or three pounds a week in my provident fund, which was six pounds a week. Which in those days was a lot of money. You could buy a brick house for about 900 or 1,000 quid. When I finished I was getting, I think, six pounds a week, plus five pounds in my provident fund. I was still only earning nine pounds a week at work.

Penthouse: A top player today on a contract would be pulling in say 40 or 50 grand a year or more.

Richards: Some of them are, and even the first or second year players are earning six or seven thousand a year. I suppose the average would be 15 to 20 thousand, but there's some getting much more than that.

Penthouse: You always go on record saying you're a very happy man.

Richards: Well I am happy. I've got a job that I love doing, and I believe that if you've got a job you love doing, and you're reasonably good at it, you'll be successful. The moment I get sick of football I'll give it away. But I love doing it, and I love meeting people, but I'd hate to take a chance again, because the second time I might marry an ugly woman, and she might be a pain in the arse, mightn't she?

Penthouse: You went out at the top?

Richards: I wasn't playing well, I virtually got tipped out because I'd run out of form, but I retired on the eve of the finals and I was grabbed by a radio station and a newspaper, so I didn't really get out of the game, I was still amongst it all.

Penthouse: A lot of people must have asked you why you chose to go from the game into radio, television and newspapers, rather than into coaching, like many top players have done.

Richards: Well I always wanted to get into the media, and I think that Jack Dyer was probably the first to do it. And I envied him for doing it. I could always talk, and I didn't really want to coach a football team. The opportunity came along. You get the chance, but you've got to work at it.

Penthouse: Why did you never want to coach?

Richards: It never really appealed to me that much. I don't know why it didn't. Long before I retired Jack Dyer was doing this commentary business, and I had ambitions to do that. That possibly led me away from wanting to coach a team. What you said before is quite right, and it's very sad, there is a vacuum. When a top sportsman, whether it's cricket, football or what ever has for years received the applause of the crowd and the pats on the back from the blokes after the game, and all the ballyhoo that goes on. It's great and we all love it, and you retire, you just cut if off straight away, and you walk back into the rooms three weeks later when you've retired, and nobody wants to know you. And that is very sad. But that never happened to me. I think most guys do cope with it, and I think the longer you play you realise it. The

guys I feel sorry for are the young fellows who play football, and don't apply themselves, and feel as if this is going to keep on happening for the rest of their lives. They think that all this adulation is going to be there for ever for them. And it's not if they face the facts. But a vast majority realise they're in it for a certain time, and they stack all their money away, and buy property or go into business.

But how many do we see who think it's going to go on forever? And when the time comes they've neglected their body, they haven't put the training in that they should do. And then, bang, it just drops off, and nobody wants to know them. And they've got nothing to show for what they've done, except memories of a lot of good times and not really applying themselves.

Penthouse: One of the knacks that you've always had is the ability to get across a controversial point with humor. You often say things that, coming from someone else in the game, would be regarded as outrageous, but you always sugar the pill a little, put humor around it. Is that something you consciously do?

Richards: Well, we do it on purpose, yes. Because I think that if you can get a point over and make a gag of it, the person you're talking about will take the gag as a hint, too, to do something about it. Most times when we crack a gag it's constructive. We might say something about Collingwood players like, "some of those guys in the team are two yards slower than a statue." We're getting the point over that they're slow, but they can still have a laugh at it can't they? We try not to hurt people, but possibly when you're writing that satirical kind of stuff, you do offend people, but it's not meant intentionally. I don't believe in hurting people. What's the good in doing that?

Penthouse: One of the examples of your humor are these ridiculous bets that you seem to have every year when you vow to sweep Collins Street, or lie in a tub full of spaghetti. What were some of your most extravagant wagers?

Richards: Well I cut Ted Whitten's lawn, ex-Footscray champion footballer with nail scissors, I swept Collins Street with a feather duster, I've climbed the T & G tower, jumped off St Kilda pier in the middle of winter, been put in a horse trough in Flinders Street, sailed a paper boat across Albert Park Lake, been kicked up the backside up Puckle Street, by Ron Andrews of Essendon. We might spend two weeks thinking up the right one.

Penthouse: The amazing thing is that huge crowds turn out to watch.

Richards: Yeah. When I rowed across the Barwon at Geelong there were 8,000 people, I had 4,000 at Puckle Street, and nearly 3,000 people at the spaghetti deal. The one I did with nail scissors, they even erected a scaffolding to have a grandstand so 3,000 or 4,000 people could watch. That's how many were there outside his front lawn. It's the fact that people love this game so much, and get so involved. It's so parochial. The Melbourne public are tremendous, they love it. It's affectionate and they love being in the fun with you.

Penthouse: You were talking earlier about Collingwood. Since it was your club you must have suffered a great deal over the past few years with their terrible record of losing grand finals. I know the last Collingwood premiership side from 1958 was invited along to meet the players at the start of this season as a morale booster for the

> I've climbed the T&G Tower, jumped off the St Kilda pier in winter, been kicked in the backside up Puckle Street

players. But would Tom Havey, the Collingwood coach, ever seek advice from you?

Richards: I've never got myself involved with the club since I've been in this other business, the media. I don't believe you can mix football, politics and writing. I'd love to see Collingwood win, but I don't want to be involved in their politics. If Tommy Hafey asked me to write something in the paper to give them a spur on, I'd do it, the same as I'd do it for any other coach.

Penthouse: How do you get on with Hafey?

Richards: We get on all right. I'm not an enemy, I'm not a great friend. We are not bosom pals, I've got my friends and Hafey's got his. We're quite pleasant to each other when we see each other, there's no animosity between us.

Penthouse: When you first left football and took over the Phoenix Hotel in the city, I believe John Wren lent you the money?

Richards: No, John Wren never lent me any money. I knew him very well, John Wren Senior, he was a great old guy. He did some marvellous things for people in Collingwood that people never knew about. John Wren junior is a very good friend of mine, and one of the most generous blokes in the world. No, we got into the pub business with the lease of a pub in North Melbourne. My wife and I worked very hard, and we decided to buy a freehold in town, and the Phoenix came along. It was a successful move, but a lot of hard work.

Penthouse: How do you answer the criticism that you've moved away from Your Collingwood roots, gone to Toorak, become a millionaire, etc?

Richards: They all say that. It's marvellous that people always know more about your business than you do yourself. We had to get somewhere to live after my daughters got married. This one cropped up, it suited us, so we bought it.

Penthouse: What's the secret of your TV success with shows like *League Teams*, which must be unique in the world?

Richards: Well it hangs loose, as the Yanks would say. It's unpredictable, unrehearsed, and we cater, too, for the women as much as the men. It's the light-hearted side of sport, which we think is important — not to be always deadly serious. If you tried to rehearse it, it would die.

Penthouse: What about your relationship with Jack Dyer?

Richards: Well basically I can't say too much about it, but off the record we're the very best of pals. But I'd rather not print that because it destroys the legend.

Penthouse: I think most people probably suspect you're pretty good mates behind all the hoo-ha.

Richards: I've known Jack for years, and his family. When he used to have a place in Richmond I'd sit there in the kitchen with him, and have cups of tea, and talk for hours.

Penthouse: Have you ever had a row with him?

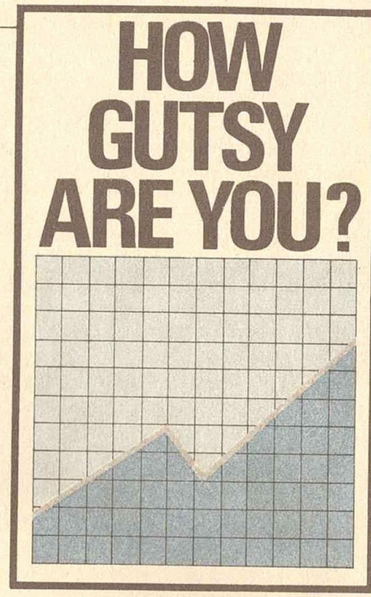
Richards: No, touch wood. And I hope I never do because he's a very dear friend, a very gentle man. You couldn't believe he is the tough, ruthless footballer. That's why we can do League Teams — because we're such good friends. What we say on the show nobody gets upset about.

Penthouse: What are your feelings about getting the MBE this year?

Richards: Well it's a great honor. I don't know how it came about, someone must have recommended it. It was a big shock. I think it's great to be honored by your country, whether it's football, politics or whatever. I think my old mate Jack Dyer should get one too. What he's done for football has been marvellous. I'd love to see that, it'd be a great thing. ○+

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

HOW GUTSY ARE YOU?



Are you a spineless blob of jelly or a fearless stud who isn't happy unless he has cheated death at least twice before breakfast?

If you are like most men, you're probably a bit of both, in which case this psychograph may prove useful. It can give you an idea where your particular fears lie and just how susceptible you are to the demons of fright.

Fear is not necessarily bad. In its most productive guise, it's the thing that keeps a soldier from getting his arse shot off unnecessarily; it's what gets a performer's adrenalin flowing just before he steps in front of a huge audience.

But more often, fear is counterproductive. It boxes us in and keeps us from living our lives to the fullest. Fear, for example, "is the usual cause of sexual failures and difficulties in both sexes," says Temple University psychiatrist Dr Joseph Wolpe, one of America's leading experts on the treatment of fears and phobias. Worst of all, most of our fears are baseless.

Crippling fears can, and do, develop in all sorts of people. According to Wolpe, these fears "do not indicate that a person is constitutionally inferior, that he's morally weak or mentally unstable. They can take place at any age; they can spring up virtually anywhere, at any time, in connection with almost anything. A person's susceptibility is not affected by how intelligent or athletic or capable he is."

PART I

Each of the following statements is followed by the letters *a* through *e*. Check *a* if the statement applies to you *very much*; check *b* if it applies *quite a bit*; *c* if it applies *somewhat; d* for *a little; e* for *hardly at all or never.*

1. I worry a lot about making mistakes.
   a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

2. I am usually relaxed at home but often become nervous and anxious at work.
   a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

3. I am usually relaxed at work but often become nervous and anxious when I'm at home.
   a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

4. I enjoy staying home and often get nervous if I have to leave it for an extended period of time.
   a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

5. I become quite upset if I have to go to the dentist, the doctor, or a hospital.
   a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

6. I dislike dark places, crowded places, or closed-in places, such as an elevator, a car, or a windowless room.
   a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

7. I'm afraid of heights.
   a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

8. There are some domestic animals (dogs, cats, etc.) that make me nervous when I'm around them.
   a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

9. I become nervous when I'm around angry people.
   a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

10. Insects and spiders make me feel uneasy.
    a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

11. I become upset if I'm rejected or criticised.
    a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

12. I dislike doing anything — such as speaking in public — while people are watching. If I'm doing something like playing tennis and someone stops to watch, I'll always play worse.
    a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

13. When I first meet a woman, I feel extremely anxious and have a lot of trouble keeping up a conversation.
    a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

14. Having too much responsibility makes me nervous.
    a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

15. I become extremely anxious when I have to be alone for long periods.
    a.__b.__c.__d.__e.__

PART II

Answer the following questions as accurately as possible.

1 Do you ever have trouble getting or sustaining an erection when you're going to have sex?
   (a) always
   (b) frequently
   (c) sometimes
   (d) rarely
   (e) never

2. When you have sex with a woman, do you ever come before you enter her or come too soon after you enter her?
   (a) always
   (b) frequently
   (c) sometimes
   (d) rarely
   (e) never

3 How often do you think about death?
   (a) often
   (b) occasionally
   (c) rarely or never

4 Do you examine yourself for symptoms of disease? If you get a cold, do you worry that it may be something more serious?
   (a) yes, always
   (b) frequently
   (c) sometimes
   (d) rarely
   (e) never

5. When you're in a bar or a restaurant

with friends, do you have a compulsive need to pick up the cheque or to buy everybody another round?
(a) yes, most of the time
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never

6. How often are you depressed?
(a) most of the time
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never

7. Do you stutter?
(a) yes
(b) no

8. How often do you get headaches?
(a) frequently
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never

9. Would you say that you're more emotional, more tightly strung, than most people?
(a) yes
(b) no

10. Do you have trouble sleeping?
(a) yes, a lot
(b) from time to time
(c) no, not usually

11. Do you find that you sometimes get violently angry all of a sudden, that you blow up so unexpectedly that it even surprises you?
(a) yes, frequently
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never

12. Do you find that you become easily obsessed with new things or activities? (Someone who played billiards every spare moment and then suddenly dropped that to become a Space Invaders fanatic would fall into this category.)
(a) yes
(b) no

13. Do you feel that you could suddenly lose control of yourself?
(a) yes, much of the time
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never

14. Do you have little rituals and habits that you *must* do every day (such as having exactly the same thing for breakfast each morning or checking the gas jets on the stove before you go out or combing your hair several times a day)?
(a) yes, many of them
(b) a few, but no more than the average person
(c) not really

15. When you find yourself faced with a situation that arouses a great deal of fear or anxiety in you, how do you usually react?
(a) I plunge in and get it over with. The more you worry about something and procrastinate, the worse it gets.
(b) I step back and see if there might be some way of getting around it, but if there's no sensible alternative, I'll face up to it.
(c) I'll go to just about any lengths in order to avoid it; that includes procrastinating, lying and even staying home from work. . . whatever it takes.

SCORING
Part I
There is no scoring for Part I. It is a fear "inventory" designed to give you an idea where your fears lie and how strong they are. The fears embodied in these questions are relatively common, and it would not be unusual for anyone to have some of them. While these fears may be common, they can still have a disastrous effect on your life if they get out of hand. Any questions for which you selected *a* or *b* answers deserve your attention. There's a good chance that problems in those areas are cramping your style.

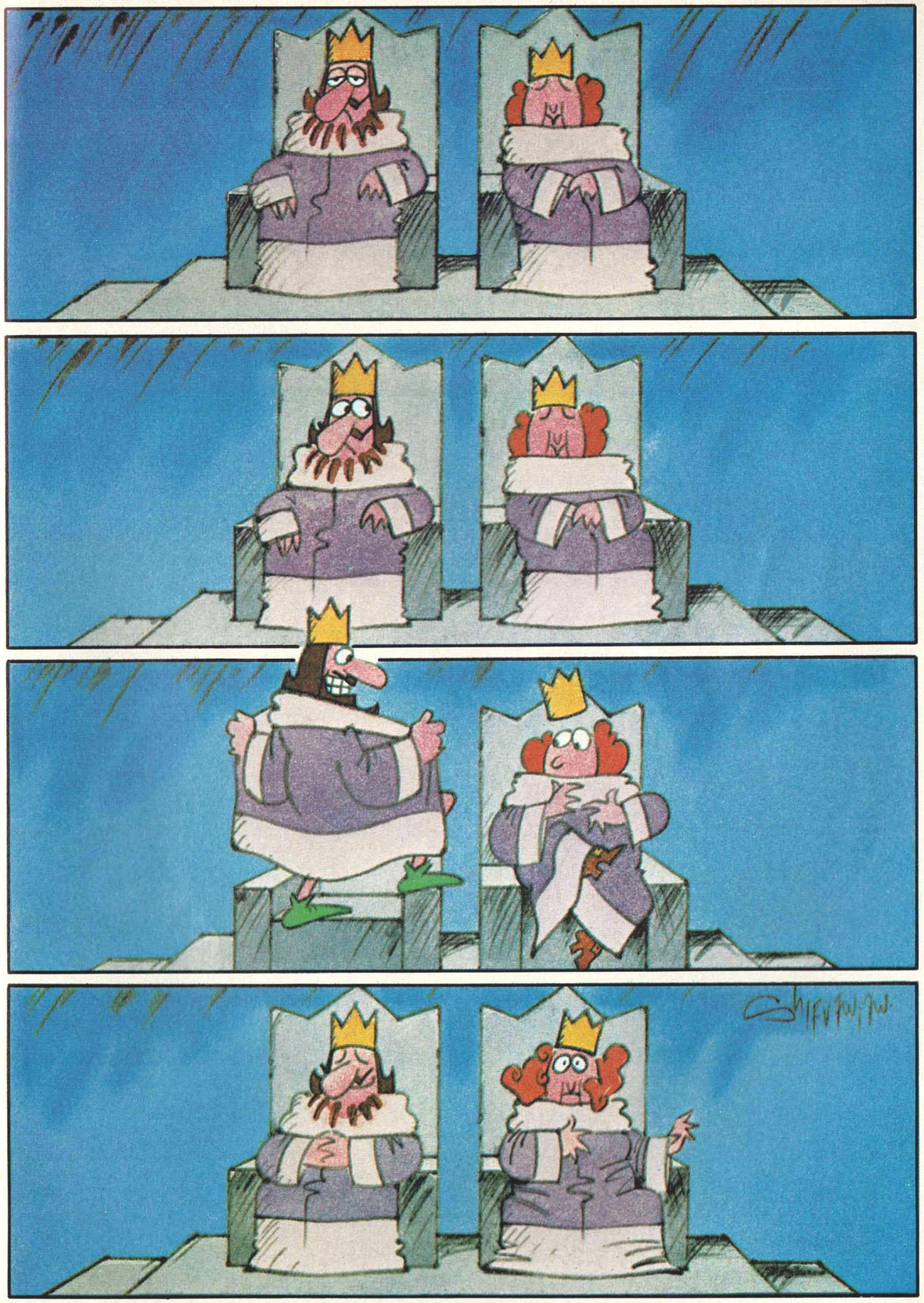
Part II
The questions in this section deal with *symptoms* of fear in general, rather than with specific fears. They can give you an idea how much impact fear is having on your daily life. All possible answers to Part II have been awarded point values that are listed below. To get your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose.

1. a-10, b-0 c-5, d-2, e-1
2. a-10, b-9, c-4, d-2, e-1
3. a-10, b-3, c-1
4. a-10, b-8, c-4, d-2, e-1
5. a-5, b-2, c-1
6. a-10, b-4, c-1
7. a-8, b-1
8. a-7, b-3, c-1
9. a-7, b-1
10. a-10, b-5, c-1
11. a-9, b-4, c-1
12. a-8, b-1
13. a-10, b-4, c-1
14. a-9, b-4, c-1
15. a-1, b-5, c-10

If you scored 95 — 133 points:
You seem to be a walking encyclopedia of fright. You appear to have many of the symptoms — insomnia, depression, sexual difficulties, headaches, compulsive behavior — of people in the grasp of debilitating fears. There's a good chance your fears are severely limiting your activity and making you unhappy. If you can pin down your specific fears (that's where Part I can be helpful), you may want to work on alleviating them. It's often effective to break your fear down into its constituent parts and deal with the least threatening aspects one step at a time.

55 — 94 points:
Like most men you have your hidden fears, but, unlike men in the above category, they haven't turned you into a complete wreck. Sometimes you cope well with your fears; other times they get the better of you. That's only natural. However, if you chose *any* answers with point values of nine or ten, watch out. These indicate you have some particularly acute symptoms of fear and anxiety. You may have scored in the "average" range, but specific fears could be causing problems.

15 — 54 points:
You don't seem to be afraid of anything. Actually, you probably experience fear and anxiety like anyone else, but you know how to deal with it better than do most people You know how to relax deeply when you feel threatened. When you're faced with a fear-inspiring situation, you don't go off half-cocked. You analyse it realistically and figure out how best to deal with it. When something is truly frightening, you know enough to be scared. But you don't over-react. You should still be concerned if you chose any answers with point values of nine or 10.



The Chevy Blazer takes an
off-beat approach to off-road racing

CUTTING IT ROUGH

BY PETER McKAY

Believers in horses for courses won't believe in the Old Man Emu-*Penthouse* Chevy Blazer. Off-road races in Australia are won by buggies — hardy, little light-weight dune leapers with a powerful modified Volkswagen-Porsche sting in the tail.

Off-road races are not won by V8 Yank tanks — monster Chevy-engined ironware with power to burn, but with liabilities in the critical areas of mass, manoeuvrability and braking.

Multi-dimensional motor sport . . . that's off-road racing. Not only does it go around on a predetermined circuit; it also goes up and down. It's like the wildest pogo stick ride. A pogo stick powered by rocket.

A casual observer would see off-roading as a masochistic endeavor: the creation of the devil. A crazy mix of demolition derby, rallying, circuit racing and trampolining.

Newton's Law: What goes up must come down. This is the toughie in off-roading. Getting those machines to run hard is simple. Getting them to leap over the uncharted boulders, the hidden undulations, the surprise over the next rise — and recover from the jarring thump back to terra firma — is the big headache.

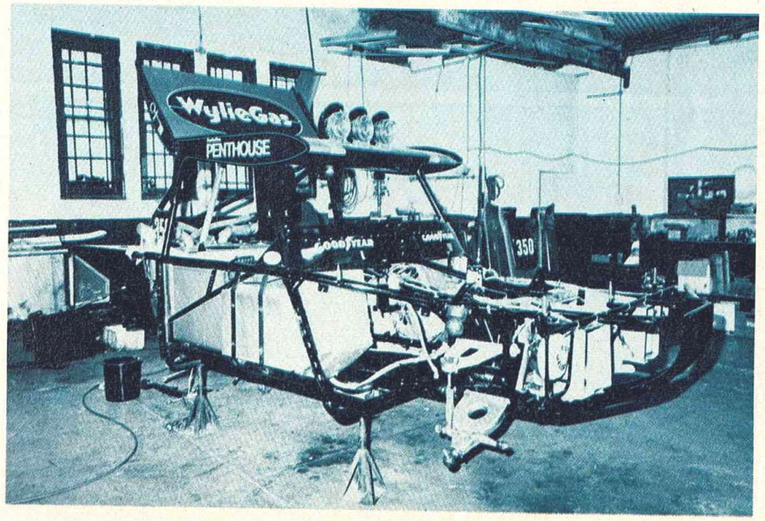
The cars must be designed to take a belly-flop from the fourth floor of a city office block. The chassis, the suspension and the tyres all play critical roles in keeping a desert machine alive. The golden rule is keep 'em light. Weight is the real enemy. Which is why the OME-*Penthouse* Blazer, a 1360kg monster among the 650kg mites, should prove to be an expensive, spectacular desert racer. But it probably won't win. It's the wrong horse.

Question: Why the Blazer, imported from the United States at great cost and effort? The answer isn't easy, not even for John Chapman. He's the boss of OME, the shock absorber marketer responsible for the Blazer's change of address.

Chapman says he wanted a challenge. His team had dominated the desert racing four-wheel-drive scene with a Ford-engined Jeep. That was too easy. The Blazer sure as hell isn't easy. Not easy to prepare or to drive. It's two-wheel drive, and is up against the all-conquering buggies. First time out late last year it kicked the driver's hands free and bolted. It finished up head-butting a chain mesh dingo fence. Score: Fence 1, Blazer 0.

Chapman knew all along that the new acquisition wouldn't blaze a glory trail to

Below: The Blazer is completely stripped and rebuilt after each event. All components subject to stress are magnafluxed (crack tested) before assembly. Page 140, left: The cockpit, finished in anodised aluminium. Right: Front end is hand built and features triple Munroe Wylie Old Man Emu Racing Shock Absorbers.



victory. "If we get lucky, the Blazer might win the occasional desert bun-fight," says the optimistic Chapman.

Lucky, in this case, means finding a USA-style event, across medium to rough country. This would favor the big Blazer on its larger tyres. Over terrain like that it could out-run the buggy plague.

Winning, for Chapman, will be a bonus. He says he is mainly involved in the Blazer exercise for commercial reasons. The Blazer is a mobile test bed for a handful of companies who've been cajoled into linking up with OME on the project. (Actually, some of them volunteered.)

There's Monroe Wylie. They make shock absorbers, a component not exactly undesirable in an off-road vehicle. If their new gas shockies keep this humping, pirouetting monster from self-destructing, then they'll certainly do the job on almost anything.

There's Goodyear. They love the Blazer. What better way to put a new radial off-road tyre through the hoops? Pounding the Goodyears under and over the Aussie scrub provides the research to improve the breed.

And then there's Castrol with its oil development program, and people who modify transmissions to take the terrible punishment. The list goes on . . .

To call the device a Chevrolet Blazer is a gross misuse of General Motors' copyright. The genuine article is a popular pick-up or utility truck in North America. John Chapman's Blazer is a bird of a different feather. Any comparison ends at a vague physical resemblance and the use of the ubiquitous Chevy 350 cubic inch engine.

Put this trail-Blazer alongside the real thing and you'll notice a difference in dimensions. The OME variant is about two-thirds the size of The General's workhorse. There's no General Motors componentry to be found outside the engine, which itself is far removed from the production line job. Take one Chevrolet engine block. Add special aluminium cylinder heads, TRW pistons, a Camaro Z-28 manifold and a Holley 750 CFM carburettor. Power developed is around 420 horses.

Transmission is an auto, a Turbo 400 beefed up to cope with the stresses of off-road work. Special fluids are used in the box to make very positive gear changes.

The rear end has a background steeped in American oval track racing. It's a Halibrand championship differential, originally tailored to cope with the 900 horses of a turbo-Cosworth Indy car. Extensively modified, the diff has massive 9-inch gears from a drag car, with 3-inch diameter axles. The housing is carved from a solid aluminium billet.

The chassis is built from chrome-moly tubing. As light as alloy and tougher than steel.

The front end — a torsion bar design — is a work of art, a metallic sculpture capable of sending a grand prix car constructor misty-eyed. All hand-crafted to micrometer accuracy, yet designed to live when others die.

Example. The Blazer is tear-arsing along a meandering excuse for a track at 145km/h, when it leapfrogs off the trail into light undergrowth. A rock — not your average valise-sized Dick Johnson rock, but more your 44-gallon drum-sized variety — lies in wait, half buried in the ground. The Blazer nails it. Hard. The rock is hidden no more. The impact has yanked it from its in-ground mounting and moved it three metres forward. The Blazer is miraculously intact, save some gouge marks on the alloy undertray.

Damping comes, not surprisingly, courtesy of Monroe Wylie. Three per wheel. Gas jobs, but with nearly as much oil in the shock absorbers as in the engine. Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee.

Wheels are US mags with 15-inch Goodyear Wrangler radials. No wheel brace required, either. The wheels are mounted on knock-on hubs to hasten mid-race tyre changes.

The open cockpit area is all no-nonsense aluminium sheeting with contoured hip-hugging seats for driver and navigator. It's not as spartan as it appears. There's an on-board fire extinguisher system which may be activated by the flick of a switch. A built-in Esky takes care of a raging thirst on the long, dry 100 kilometre loops. And an auxiliary power generator is used to pressurise the occupants' full-face helmets, banishing the choking dust which otherwise makes life an abomination.

A sober touch is provided by the compulsory first-aid kit.

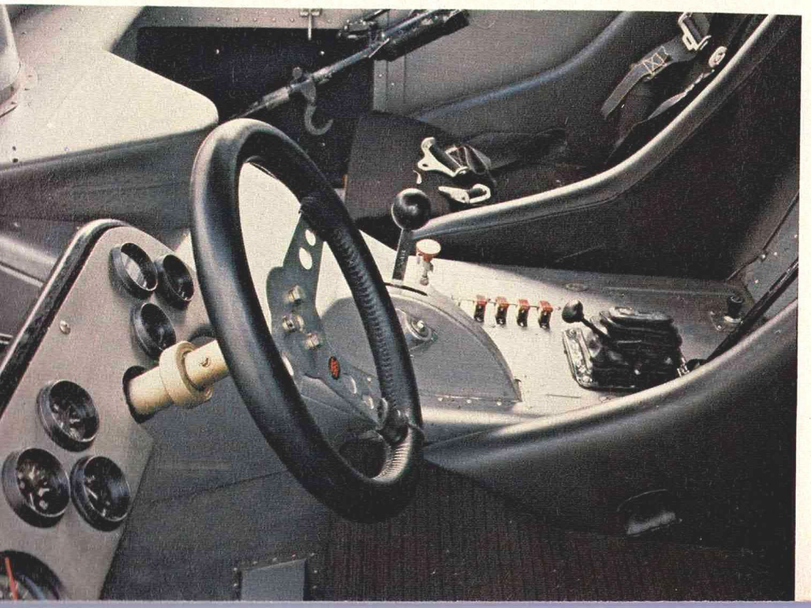
Off-road racers are after-darkers. Many events have compulsory night-time sections. Hence the necessity for lights that turn midnight into noon.

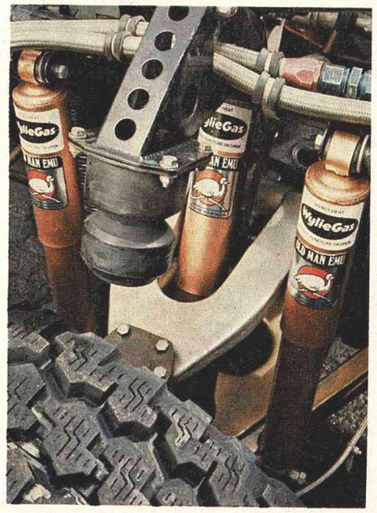
The Blazer runs three 150 Watt/385,000 candlepower KC Daylighters on the roof. They're good for a five kilometre range. And then there are four more smaller 100 Watt lamps mounted on the front of the vehicle.

The Blazer, reconstructed from the ground up after its $15,000 confrontation with the dingo fence, fronted for its second Aussie shot at success in the Old Man Emu-sponsored 300-kilometre opening round of the '82 championship at Griffith, NSW, over Easter. This time there were no mistakes, no breakdowns.

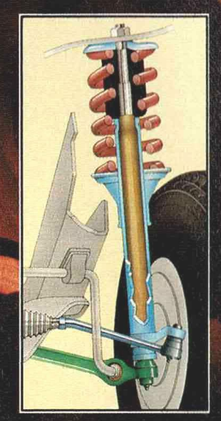
Veteran driver Keith Poole, the new man at the wheel, brought the beastie to the line in third place — behind the buggies of national champ Craig Martin and McLeay 1000 winner Reg Owens. A fanfare please. Smiles from John Chapman at last.

He won't say it openly, but privately Chapman believes his Goliath among the Davids can now do the impossible and actually beat the buggies to the line in a title race this year. ○+





When your legs lose their stiffness



More and more vehicles today have Strut or 'Wet-leg' suspensions and what makes a Wet-leg give out?

... about 40,000 kilometers.

So when yours go limp

..slip in a Monroe-Wylie Cartridge replacement!

500 SERIES RADIAL-MATICS OR HEAVY DUTY TRAILBLAZERS

Quality has no substitute.

AUSTRALIA RIDES MONROE WYLIE

EASILY REPLACEABLE SEALED CARTRIDGES

C83481

BORROWED TIME

Ford is killing off its V8. This is the last of the line. Savor it. There'll be no more after this one. Ford's muscle-car V8s are running on borrowed time; by the start of 1984 the 351 and 302 cubers — the stuff legends are made of — will be dead. Buried. No more.

Hold hands, look towards Mecca — er, make that Detroit — and pray for the soul of Supercar. Ford Falcons Phase 1, 2, 3 and the stillborn 4..Kings of road and track a decade ago, before the bureaucrats and the scaremongers crucified them. A typical government knee-jerk set the seal on Supercar's fate. Regulated them out of existence.

"Like giving loaded pistols to babies," said the Canberra shiny-bums. "Give a Supercar to an average motorist and he'll go out and kill and maim. Ban 'em!" cried Canberra. "Yeah, yeah, yeah," agreed middle Australia and Queensland.

You don't upgrade roads to accept fast machinery. You don't teach new licencees how to drive properly. Nope . . . you put the kybosh on a sophisticated piece of machinery designed to properly go, stop and steer. Nervous neurotics were thus comforted.

We didn't lose Supercar. What we got was a diluted version. Those made-for-Bathurst earth-shakers finished with the government edict. After the Phase 4 came the phase out . . .

It took three major developments to bring Supercar down, starting with the onslaught by Canberra. Enter the Arabs. The 1974 oil embargo put the wind up Detroit, and we felt the chill here. The writing was on the wall for the eights, as the sixes grabbed a greater share of the car market.

The cruncher was still to come. Strike three and you're out . . . the Federal Government's infamous *Australian Design Rule 27a*. This was the legislation designed to clean up the air we breathe. Emission controls on all new cars were made compulsory. The side-effect was that the anti-smog gear knocked the stuffing out of a vehicle's fuel consumption *and* performance.

The V8 copped it from two directions. It gobbled more gas, and in the traffic light grand prix it was but a shadow of its former self.

Eight-cylinder sales dwindled. The General killed off his 350 cubic inch V8. Ford made its luxury LTD and Fairlane available with a six-cylinder option.

Petrol prices continued on an upward spiral. Mr and Mrs Suburbia deserted their six for a four-cylinder. Fleet controllers were instructed to down-size.

A minor resurgence in 1980, when fuel prices stabilised, didn't stop the rot. Ford V8 sales slumped to around five percent. In March, Ford launched its new XE model Falcon. With it came news to still the heart of a petrolhead. The Ford V8s had just 18 months left . . .

Plenty of history will go down with the V8. Allan Moffat and Freddie Gibson at work at Bathurst in the world's fastest production car, the 300-horsepower Phase 3. John Goss doing it his way in a two-door hardtop Falcon to win the Hardie-Ferodo 1000 with Kevin Bartlett in 1973. Cobra-mounted Moffat and Jack Ickx winning at Mt Panorama in 1977. Dick Johnson and John French in an XD Falcon interrupting Peter Brock/Jim Richards' winning streak in 1961.

Ford's present-day concession to its motor sporting heritage is the 351 ci ESP model, a performance variant on its top-of-the-line Falcon Ghia. The ESP Falcon doesn't possess the raw, undiluted power of the old GTHOs. And though the taming of the beast brings its own regrets, this is not to suggest today's V8 is an imposter.

The infernal emissions plumbing has taken the edge off engine performance. And the taller 2.92 rear axle gearing — a concession to the unequal struggle for improved fuel consumption — has played its role in de-fanging the tiger. Instead of the tyre-burning 14.8 seconds the Phase 3 took to dispense with the standing 400 metres, the 1982 ESP 351 ci takes a more leisurely 16.7 seconds.

There's not a lot new about the engine. The big four-barrel Holley carburettor of the GTHO days has gone, replaced by a four-barrel downdraught Carter.

Today's engine has a claimed power output of 149 kW at 4300 rpm — that's 200 horses in the old language. Torque is 415 Nm at 3000 rpm. The power figure in particular is a far cry from the good old days . . .

There is, though, plenty on the credit side of the ledger.

Refinement is the ESP's attraction. While the GTHO series was purpose-built to win Australia's most significant motor race, the ESP has no such pretensions . . . it is here to appeal to a discerning sector of the car-buying public — those motorists who still enjoy driving for driving's sake, with more than a modicum of comfort.

Ten years is an eternity in motor car design and refinement. Jump from GTHO to XE Falcon ESP and it shows. The former is a brutal, exciting powerhouse, requiring a heavy hand and circumspect right foot to keep it out of strife. The latter is different . . . it has the finesse, the unfussed nonchalance that its earthy predecessor could never have managed.

Buy an ESP — and at $16,399 it doesn't come cheap — and you'll get all the goodies automatically on offer in the Fairmont Ghia, plus $812 worth of extras. Obvious performance and glam items include a deeper front airdam, Snowflake alloy wheels finished in gold and fitted with low-profile radials, plus a distinctive paint job to set the ESP apart. Under the skin, Ford engineers have come up with special settings on the Watts linkage designed to further improve roadholding. A lower ride height, heavier front anti-roll bar, high-rate coils, revised steering geometry and the utilisation of Bilstein gas-filled shock absorbers set the seal on the ESP's road-running abilities.

Ford's belated switch away from the archaic cart spring rear end of previous Falcons to the more sophisticated coils/trailing arms/Watts linkage arrangement produces a more comfortable, compliant and stable ride, more so on less-than-perfect surfaces.

The new rear end, common to all the sedans in the XE line-up, should prove to be far more effective in competition work and already many Ford touring car drivers — among them Dick Johnson — plan on racing the new model at Bathurst this year.

Complementing the sporting inclinations of the car are Scheel bucket seats, designed to hold driver and passenger firmly in place whenever the man at the wheel has a sudden rush of blood to the head and decides to extend his vehicle.

The ESP is a car that can be extended. The limits are not boundless but they go further than most cars of this size.

The power steering — standard on Ghia and ESP — is among the best available in Australia.

It's sensibly geared, providing assist and road feel. Two and a half turns from lock to lock is about right.

Braking — four-wheel discs, of course — is superb, helped along by the lack of suspension travel, which allows the rear stoppers to go about their job more effectively. The retardation procedure is aided too by the big clawprint on the roadway. Wider than usual tyres on the seven-inch rims are not there for show.

The three-year development difference between the old XD and the new XE Falcon shows up in less obvious areas. Like soundproofing.

The XE is quieter, though some of the blessed serenity is attributable to the absence of the cursed leaf springs. They were noisier as well as harsh and primitive.

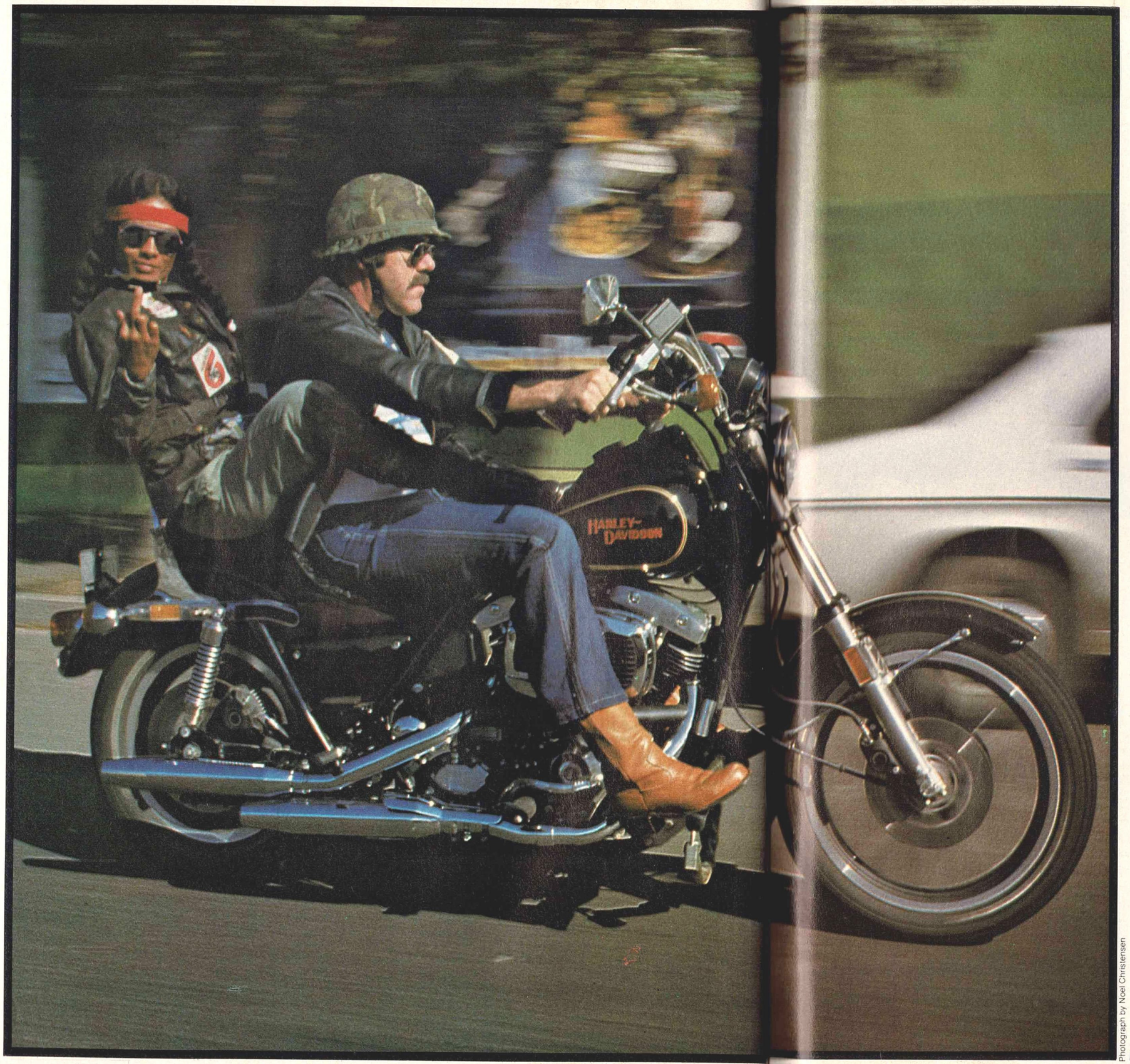
Now it's a joy to climb aboard, fire up the Detroit iron, activate the air conditioner and switch on the AM/FM radio-cassette. Unimpaired listening pleasure.

The ESP is available with an automatic gearshift.

Why, we're not sure. That's like Bo Derek landing on your door step with instructions to keep her knickers on when she and you hit the sack. Four-on-the-floor is mandatory for Big Mother 351 cubers. No chicken-shit slush-boxes here, thank you.

The Lord giveth; the Lord taketh away. The Ford eights are living on borrowed time. Get in quick if you have ideas of driving into the mid-1980s with a V8-powered Ford.

Which brings us to an interesting question: what will Dick Johnson be racing when all the V8s are gone? Under existing touring car rules, he'll be needing an alternative by the beginning of 1986.



Photograph by Noel Christensen

There's still magic in the name Harley-Davidson

The Wild One

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

"And on the eighth day God created Harley-Davidson" is a variation of the popular T-shirt message, and a perfect lead into what happened the following day.

On the ninth day the Harley-Davidson riders took over from God, kicked him all the way to some place else and set about creating *Havoc*. God, in this case, is not the real one but more of a figurehead, although Harley-Davidson fans do claim with authority that there's a place called Heaven which is now exclusively a domain of their brand of machine.

Since motorcycling developed a hint of unsavoriness among its ranks in the late Forties (before then, only the nicest people used to ride), Harley-Davidson has been in the thick of things nefarious, an exclusive front-line charger among the clans of bikies bent on making trouble of some kind.

All the publicity resulting from 35 years of riotous, often degenerate behavior and total defiance of law and order has given the Harley-Davidson more than its fair share of battle honors, because rarely has another brand of bike been tolerated in the ranks.

The big American dream machine, the sole survivor of a once well-populated industry, remains alive and well today and in popular demand from a lot more folks than just the gut-bucket brigade.

There were no such things as bikie gangs before the late Forties. The ruffian on the motorcycle — the 20th Century drifter with a bike, a blanket roll and a bottle of Jack Daniels (black) — is curiously enough a by-product of the Second World War. Thousands of servicemen returning to the US after the war refused to revert to the well-ordered pattern of existence they had left behind when they joined up. So they turned to the motorcycle as a source of fun, excitement and action on the freeways of California. Groups sprang up in various parts of the State, and for a while did nothing that wasn't unusual for Americans of the time to do on a boozed-up Saturday night.

The Galloping Gooses, Satan's Sinners and the Booze Fighters emerged, along with a lot of others, as gangs which revelled in violence, were slaves of mobility and would ride halfway across the State of a weekend to converge on some small community, there to raise hell with a rival gang with whom they happened to be on good terms. Things sometimes got out of hand, but nothing major took place until July 4, 1947.

Seventy-four percent of the garlic consumed in the US came from the small farming community of Hollister, at the foot of the Diablo mountains in California. Up till then that was the only claim it had to fame. Along with more conventional Independence Day celebrations, the town had planned a motorcycle hill climb and speed test as a fun thing to do.

Several thousand bike riders turned up for the weekend, rendering the seven-man police force totally incapable of handling even minor outbreaks of drunken rowdiness. By the end of the day, the downtown area was the scene of many full scale brawls, drag races and outlandish behavior. With the law powerless, the lawless took over, terrifying the townspeople, destroying property and creating giant headaches for themselves and the civil authorities.

The Hollister riots gained sufficient newspaper coverage to attract the

200 enlightening pictures show how you can enjoy a new exciting world of sexual experience.

To SEE is to UNDERSTAND! Explicit Illustrations and Frank Words Can Help Break the Barriers to Sexual Fulfillment!

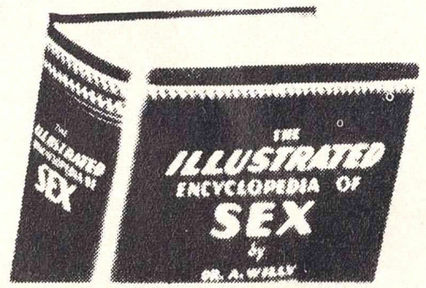
Are you missing out on the maximum joyous sexual fulfillment you once hoped for? Failing to provide your marriage partner with the peak of sexual satisfaction?

You may as well find the rewarding techniques you need in this frank, bold book that points the way to new thrilling delights which help elevate your sex life to the heights of physical ecstasy. 200 revealing, lifelike pictures show the male and female roles in sex relations. Explicit close-up pictures make instructions easier to follow and tear away the veil of secrecy and misunderstanding. Learn here how a man — regardless of past failures — can develop power and control of erection and ejaculation to carry on coitus until the fullest measure of bodily union has been attained . . . and how you can make your mate a more eager sex partner. Here is lavishly illustrated information that will give you courage to try unusual techniques and you will discover you are actually highly sexed. Here are chapters that help transform routine sexual acts into thrilling adventures of unbounded sensual pleasure, flood your marriage with exciting new variety. Mail coupon to receive this factual explanation of sexual functions written simply by doctors to satisfy legitimate adult interest.

This Giant-Size Book Contains 200 Authentic, Enlightening Pictures . . .

• Big Chapters of ILLUSTRATED SEX FACTS . . . Each A "Book" In Itself!

- Gratifying sex techniques which bring complete fulfillment in the sex act.
- What causes climax in woman, why some fail to attain it — how man can help bring it about.
- Complete picture story of woman's sex organs.
- Blunders made by men in sex act that deprive women of satisfaction and how to avoid them.
- "Lovers' Pains" that can intensify sensation between sexually normal married couples.
- How male and female organs function in intercourse.
- Common bridal night mistakes and how to avoid them.
- Sexual foreplay — how it helps husband and wife attain mutual climax.
- Showing areas of woman's organs producing highest sensations.
- Showing functions of male sex organs.
- Why woman takes longer to respond to sexual stimulation than man — techniques that speed response. The clitoris — key to woman's sexual arousal.
- Picture story of women's sensation curve.
- Emotions during sex act and climax in men and women compared.
- How masturbation affects man and woman's sexual performance and gratification
- Natural birth control
- How sexual urge in woman differs from man
- New discoveries in birth control. Most reliable contraceptives — which permit maximum enjoyment
- Areas of male and female body most sensitive to erotic stimulation
- Causes and treatments for sterility, male impotence and female frigidity
- Illustrating effects on breasts after pregnancy
- The first sex act with a virgin bride — how it affects future sex life
- How often can a couple have sexual intercourse
- Erotic dreams and nocturnal emissions
- Correcting male's premature climax to prolong sex act
- Two Inserts of Female bodies showing how pregnancy takes place



- Certain steps a man can take to help him and his wife reach simultaneous orgasm
- Delaying sex life's finish — intercourse during and after change of life
- What causes a husband or wife to commit adultery
- Just a few of the hundreds of frank, enlightening illustrated instructions!

TO: J. TAYLOR, NO. 1 OF LOT 3 MT. NEBO ROAD
SAMFORD, BRISBANE, 4520 QLD.

Sirs, Please find enclosed $9.95 cash, money order or cheque. Please send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper — I am over 18 years of age.
Add $2 for postage and packing.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... POSTCODE .....

VALUE OVER 400 PAGES! **ONLY $9.95** **MAIL ORDER ONLY — NO PERSONAL SALES.**

interest of an unknown film producer, Stanley Kramer, and a young actor — Marlon Brando. Their film *The Wild One* — fictionalised, but sufficiently factual — gave the world a new breed of outlaw in the bikie gang member.

The following year, scenes similar to those at Hollister took place in the towns of Ensenada and Riverside. Before California gave the world its unique Surfer Joe, along came Smokin' Joe, the terror of the highway. *The Wild One* forever changed the face of world motorcycling. It gave the bikie a starring role on the silver screen; previously, the best a bike rider could hope for was to play the part of a soft-capped police officer chasing the baddies across town before crashing at an intersection. Ironically, Brando's character, roundly castigated by the straights of motorcycling, was less undesirable than that portrayed by Lee Marvin. Marvin was an out-and-out hood riding a big American V-twin, while Brando was uncertain about himself and his future. He rode a British-built Triumph twin and this contributed enormously to the growth in the brand's popularity in the mid-Fifties.

When *Life* magazine reported on the bikie gang scene and published a photograph of a beer-swilling slob sprawled over his machine amid piles of empty beer bottles, it was time for the straights to stand up and be counted. They reacted typically: "Why blame us for the deeds of a minority?" The goody-two-shoes of motorcycling, through their governing body, the American Motorcycle Association, did their best to dissociate themselves from the outlaws, but unwittingly supplied them with a term of unification: "one percenter".

The 99 percenters absorbed some tough criticism throughout the two decades from Hollywood and the media, inspired by the deeds of the remainder. So the sociably acceptable were branded anti-social the moment they stepped on to their bikes.

Almost to a man, they chose Harley-Davidson machines — mainly because it was the only option available. Harleys were big, readily available and a way of life for Americans whose grandfathers had ridden them off to World War One.

In 1901, draughtsman William Harley and his friend Arthur Davidson, a pattern-maker, planned to motorise a push bike.

With the help of some of Davidson's brothers, and after discussions with a friend who had an interest in small engines, Ole Evinrude (of outboard motor fame), they built the first Harley-Davidson motor. It featured a carburettor made from a tin can.

The bike was okay on level going but lacked the strength to climb hills. Modifications were necessary. The engine size was increased to 400cc and a larger flywheel was added, enabling the power plant to conquer gradients with ease. But another weakness was soon discovered. The bicycle frame was far too flimsy for the weight of the heavy engine, and it too had to be replaced.

The first production H-D appeared in 1903. It had pedals for starting the three hp motor while the bike was on its rear stand. It was built in a three-metre by five-metre shed which was bought by Harley-Davidson and remains on the grounds of the factory as a monument to the ingenuity of the founders.

The first of the V-twins came into the range in 1909, bringing with it the twist-grip throttle and famous Harley-Davidson forks. Davidson, more competition-minded than his partner, oversaw the first of the brand's wins in 1908, in an economy run.

When America entered the war in 1917, H-D dropped all production of civilian models to concentrate on the military push. In two years they produced 20,000 machines, one of which carried the first American soldier, Corporal Roy Holtz, into Germany in 1918.

Between the wars H-D was at the forefront of the action in those barnstorming years when veterans found it hard to settle back into the lifestyle they'd known before hostilities. The company built board track racers, road racers and speedway bikes, as well as quality machines for everyday transport. Bicycles, too, were being turned out by the factory until 1921, when they were dropped so that an all-out effort could be made on the motorcycle production line.

In 1929 the side-valve 750 was introduced. It was to remain in the range for over half a century, powering some of the most famous of all Harleys — including the 90,000 made during the Second World War, the three-wheel Servi-Car used by police departments in many US cities, and the classical chopper or custom-built bike.

In the Fifties came the Glides, led by the Hydra-Glide and followed by the Duo-Glide and the Electra-Glide in the Sixties, which led to the current crop of Wide, Super and Tour-Glides. The old Glides were the bike equivalent of the Cadillac, with such novel features as foot boards, hand gear controls and enough luggage space in three panniers to move a house, almost. Some people fitted refrigerators and others towed trailers when they got serious about moving house. Currently the line is in good shape, with the FLT-80 carrying on the traditions of the behemoth. It tips the scales at 328.9 kg (725 lbs) without fuel and oil, which would account for a further 20kgs.

While the Japs and Europeans are trimming their breeds, H-D believes fat is where it's at. The huge bike is powered by a giant V-twin displacing 1338.6cc. It's not as fast as the non-American machines but it sure is bigger — and that's what sells. The company, once a family concern, is now public after a take-over by American Machine and Foundary group (AMF of ten-pin bowls). The smaller bikes have disappeared from the range but there remains a healthy appetite for the exclusive machines from Milwaukee. Australia is currently witnessing a sales boom of things Harley, whether old or new.

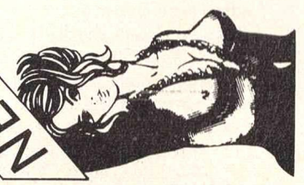
Harley-Davidson motorbikes are the Great American Freedom Machine.

Although very little similarity exists between the modern powerplants and the bike which transported the Wild One through his legendary adventures, there remains a tangible emotional link between the Harleys of past and the present; and there is still magic in the name Harley-Davidson. ○+□

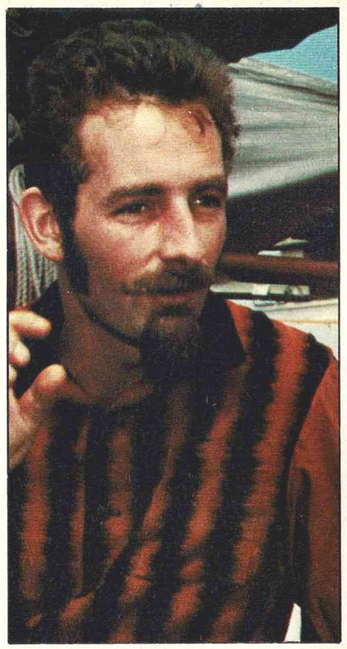
ADULT BOOKS
VIDEO TAPES
MOVIES
AIDS,
MAGS.
LARGEST RANGE
LOWEST PRICES !

KINGS CROSS MAIL ORDER
P.O. BOX 238 WAVERLEY
NSW 2024 AUSTRALIA
Please send
☐ FREE CATALOGUE
☐ 3FULL COLOUR MAGAZINES(hard core) ENCL. $12.-
NAME
ADDRESS
P/C
I am over 18. signed

NEW
Color Videotapes from U.S.A.
WOW! X-RATED MOVIES
SEND $20 FOR YOUR 45 MINUTE PREVIEW TAPE
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
..... POSTCODE .....
SIGNATURE ..... (For credit cards only)
Enclosed is: Cheque ☐ Money Order ☐
Bankcard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐
SEND THIS COUPON TODAY TO SUNSHINE VIDEO
P.O. BOX N232 GROSVENOR STREET, SYDNEY 2000
PHONE (02) 439 3777. Interstate trade enquiries welcome.
ALL PERSONS PURCHASING MUST BE 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER



PENTHOUSE PEOPLE

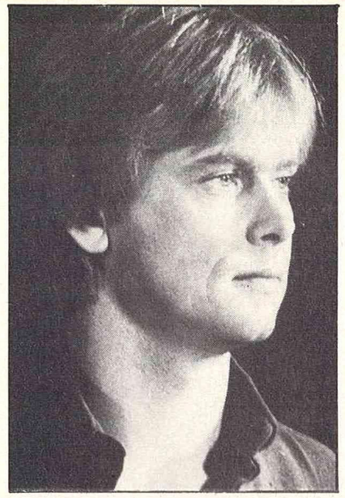


NOEL CROMBIE

"I like to look" chipped the demure Noel Crombie — designer, drummer and spoonist extraordinaire for the very successful rock band Split Enz. His early art training and aspiration to be a painter have been heavily utilised in his nine-year involvement with the band. Initially he designed the sets, backdrops and costumes and co-ordinated the 30 or so people who constituted a night with Split Enz in their native New Zealand. When this cumbersome entourage actually toured, a replacement for the keyboard player's tap-dancing aunty had to be found. Enter Master Noel on spoons and a career in percussion was born. Thoughts of eventually playing drums in a restaurant trio were superseded last year when the other band members suggested he fill the vacant drum chair. After mastering these new duties, Crombie has stamped his flair all over the band's output. He remains responsible for all their costuming, stage sets, album covers, videos and even at times hair-dos. Noel claims the core of the Enz is the music and although he doesn't write it he knows what a good song looks like. Split Enz have always gone their own way, both visually and musically, which has not always held them in good stead (particularly during their year in London at the height of Punk). Chart success in 1980 finally brought them richly-deserved popular acclaim. They dare to grow and change, but manage to maintain their following with consistently good songs and Noei's presentation. Crombie is a master of art as entertainment. — *Jeremy Cook*

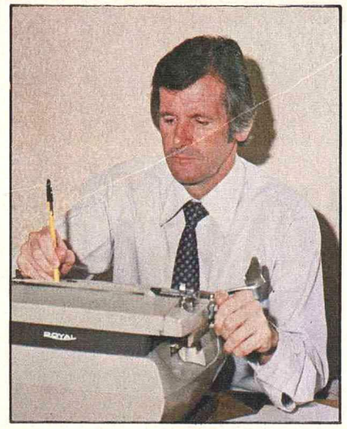
KATHY LETTE

Few people have the panache to make a career out of simply being outrageous. Kathy Lette, professional doer of strange deeds, has become an acknowledged authority on exactly what goes down in minds and mounds of youthful suburban ladies after dark. Her irrevocable break from pubescent norms came at the age of 16, when she and Gabrielle Carey left school and busked for a living as the Salami Sisters. At one stage they avoided being arrested for long enough to become bona fide Spike Milligan groupies, tracking the comedian across the country so remorselessly that he was ultimately forced to befriend them, although he never succumbed to their budding charms; "I'm too old to be seduced" was his plaintive plea. Then at 18 she penned with Gabrielle the classic *Puberty Blues,* a box-office smash which has cemented the large cult following the Sisters generated with their *Slice of Life* newspaper column. They were given the column on the strength of a rather esoteric piece on being poked by sufies in the back of panel vans; other rarely-articulated subjects were explored with determined candor, including "Bonging On" — which led to a parliamentary resolution that they should be sacked. "That column was hilarious because the guy who sub-edited it was so ancient he never knew what words like 'browneye' and 'meat injection' meant, so he'd cross out things like 'spit' and replace it with 'liquid' while he left everything else in," Kathy recalls. In mid-1980 Gabrielle fell in love with a jailbird and the Sisters split up. Since then, Kathy has written numerous irreverent pieces for *The Bulletin* and *The National Times,* and embarked on a song-writing spree as well as a new novel. Since *Puberty Blues* outraged her family, who subsequently disinherited and disowned her, Kathy has had to fend for herself; she does that with style, integrity and immense good humor. — *Greg Hunter*



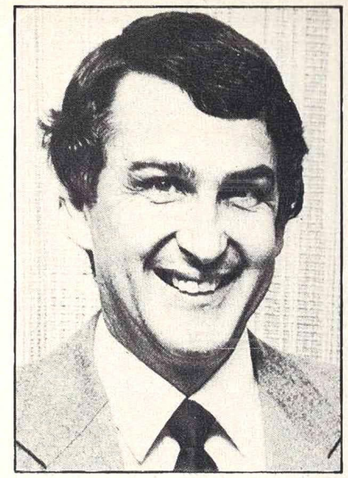
JOHN FARNHAM

During his 15-year career as an Australian entertainer, John Farnham has had more changes of image than a department store dummy; only the smile and the voice have stayed the same.That comment could be taken as criticism, but it's also a tribute to the man's versatility and willingness to have a go at just about anything in the entertainment field, beginning with the (unfortunately) unforgettable hit, "Sadie". Since those days, Farnham has done television programs (including the acclaimed *Farnham and Byrne* variety show), stage productions like *Pippin* and *Charlie Girl,* won a bundle of awards, narrated a lengthy wildlife series for the ABC and made the transition from pop idol to classy club entertainer with ease. There is a single factor behind his continued and varied success: his voice. It's trained, polished and flexible, with a surprisingly good range — displayed at its best in his most recent hit, a rather histrionic rendering of the old Beatle song "Help". In 1982, Farnham has come full circle. As the new lead singer for the Little River Band, he's returned to the role of pop idol. He's relishing the challenge of taking over from Glenn Shorrock and particularly the chance to perform in the States, where LRB have a huge following. "I'm a bit nervous about performing in America; I'm quite toey about it actually. LRB have been playing at international level for years and it's great to be a part of that. In Australia, people have certain preconceived ideas about me," says Farnham. "But it will be different in the US, where they've never seen me before. I'll be taken on face value." As the variety and consistency of his achievements at home have shown, Farnham is worth a lot more than that. — *Michael Kent*



ALAN VEITCH

Spend any time working or boozing around Aussie actors and you're bound to hear a few choice anecdotes about our celluloid heroes. Like the one about the Aussie leading man who was invited to the bedchamber of a close relative of the Queen. As he began his command performance in the royal box, our boy had a ferocious attack of flatulence and subjected her highness to a low bout of Dutch ovens. Sydney journalist Alan Veitch lighted on this and many more tall tales and true of thespian adventure, conjured up a few juicy ones of his own and laced them into his hilarious first novel *Hump Your Bluey To Hollywood.* Released to critical acclaim last April, the book follows the ins and outs of home-grown matinee idol Sean Wildeblood, a latter-day Errol Flynn whose ocker antics on the road to Hollywood make Bazza McKenzie look like a pimply poofter. 44-year-old Veitch based his energetic hero on about half a dozen of the hundreds of actors he's met during a career which has included a spell as chief gag writer for Graham Kennedy, some television producing and several years as a showbiz correspondent in London. The book is based on a drama script entitled *The Best Performance By An Actor,* which won Veitch the 1980 National Scriptwriting Competition from 1900 entrants. The success of *Hump Your Bluey* (its initial print run of 10,000 sold out within a fortnight) has spurred Veitch to start a film script to be titled *24 Hours in Sydney.* He describes it as a harbor city *Dolce Vita,* chronicling a frantic day in the life of a PR man as he deals with daaarlings, glitterati and Gucci-clad parasites in his bumcrawl for a buck. After that Veitch reckons Sean Wildeblood may make a reappearance — if the swaggering showman's stamina in *Hump Your Bluey* is any indication, there's plenty of go left in our horniest ham. — *Corinne Mackay*



RON CLARKE

How does a man whose life has been dedicated to the pursuit of physical fitness through superhuman effort cope with the necessity for radical change to such a lifestyle, because of an unco-operative heart? Faced with open-heart surgery, Ron Clarke — the best long distance runner Australia has ever produced — counted his blessings. An odd response to any major surgery, but one which is understandable in view of his extraordinary approach to life. So in December 1981, when doctors insisted that the damage to the mitral valve in his heart was deteriorating to the point where an operation was vital, Ron, his wife Helen and their three children considered the consequences with a calm belief in the future. Ron's overall fitness, strength and determination increased his chances of success. The result was that he was walking two days after the operation and actually jogging 10 days later. But characteristically, Ron refuses to acknowledge that his recovery was in any way exceptional. As for running, the 45-year-old former Olympian insists that it was always more of a hobby than anything else, and that he was always surprised when he beat other runners! Between 1958 and 1962, when the children were young and his business was not fully established, Ron stopped running in order to make the family financially secure. The move paid off to the extent where he now has a chain of successful fitness centres in Melbourne. With an open-heart operation behind him, Ron can afford to play down the seriousness of the problem. He likens the condition to a broken leg — it was not, he emphasises, heart disease which jeopardised his life, but rather a work-torn part that had let him down. As always, he is quietly confident about the future. — *Sue Smith*

Sweet Chastity

PICZASSO'S PICTURES HAVE BEEN SOLD AND CHASTITY IS A RICH WOMAN. SHE IS ALSO CAREFULLY PROGRAMMED AND COMPLETELY UNDER THE CONTROL OF HER CREATOR, VINCENT, 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN — WHICH MEANS HE NOW HAS HIS HANDS ON HER FORTUNE! WILL IT GO TO HIS HEAD AND COMPLETELY CHANGE HIS LIFESTYLE? YOU BET YOUR SWEET LIFE IT WILL!

I THOUGHT YOU NEEDED A LITTLE RUNABOUT FOR THE SUMMER. WE CAN GET YOU SOMETHING COSIER FOR THE WINTER!

YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, UNCLE VINCENT!

SWEET CHASTITY!

STAND ON YOUR HEAD!

DO A CART-WHEEL!

HOW THEY LOVE ME! UNDERSTANDABLY, OF COURSE!

PAUL?

MICK?

RINGO?

I AIN'T REMOTELY INTERESTED IN A LOAD OF STRIP CARTOON CHARACTERS! — I'M JUST TRYIN' TO GET HOME!

WITNESSES? BLATANT POLICE VIOLENCE!

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

SOME DAYS LATER AT CASTLE DREER, FAMILY HOME OF THE FRANKENSTEINS

WHAT'S GOING ON — WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION?

IT'S THE MASTER AND MISS CHASTITY — THEY'RE BACK!

HE'S BROUGHT THAT WOMAN BACK HERE?

IF HE THINKS I'M GONNA STAND AROUND WHILE HE PLAYS PUSSYFOOT — UNDER MY OWN ROOF!

WHAT DID I DO?

I'LL TEAR HER EYES OUT!

IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE BACK!

THE BARONESS!

THE BARONESS!

THE BARONESS!

THE BARONESS!

ER.. ELEKTRA! SHE'S WORTH 400 MILLION DOLLARS!

...AND SHE'S A PAYING GUEST!

MY DEAR, SWEET NIECE! WELCOME HOME!

OH, AUNTIE ELEKTRA — IT'S LOVELY TO SEE YOU!

NOTHING! — BUT NOTHING! CAN STOP ME NOW!

CASTLE DREER NO LONGER BROODS OVER THE TRANSYLVANIAN LANDSCAPE — IT THROBS WITH ACTIVITY! WHILE THE BARONESS AND JOHN VAIN INTERVIEW PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD STAFF...

I'M APPLYING FOR THE JOB OF GAMEKEEPER!

YOU HAVE READ D.H. LAWRENCE?

CAN YOU TYPE?

SHORTHAND?

THERE ARE FRINGE BENEFITS WITH THIS JOB — ME!

WELL — IF THOSE ARE THE CREDENTIALS HE'S LOOKING FOR — I'VE GOT 'EM!

.... AND OLD TOOMBS, THAT MOST ANCIENT OF RETAINERS, RESTOCKS THE WINE CELLARS.....

THASSA HIC HEADY LI'L CHAMBOLLE HIC MUSIGNY!

... CHASTITY BUYS HERSELF A FEW TRINKETS, FRIPPERIES AND BAUBLES.....

...AND VINCENT LAYS HIS PLANS FOR THE FUTURE!

THEN I SHALL RE-ESTABLISH THE MONARCHY IN TRANSYLVANIA AND DO AN ARMS DEAL WITH THE AMERICANS OR RUSSIANS!

DO YOU THINK THERE'S A STREAK OF MADNESS IN THIS FAMILY?

READ THE PAPERS — THEN TELL ME WHO IS MAD AND WHO ISN'T!

AND SO AT LAST PROSPERITY COMES TO CASTLE DREER. THE ANCIENT BATTLEMENTS ARE A BLAZE OF LIGHTS AND THE STRAINS OF MUSIC DRIFT ACROSS THE BLEAK LANDSCAPE. FOR ANYBODY WHO IS ANYBODY CASTLE DREER IS WHERE IT'S AT!

I'M SORRY, SIR — BUT WITHOUT AN INVITATION...

THEY SEEM TO LIKE ANIMALS!

CLICK IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE, COMRADES CLICK TO DECLARE WHIRR THIS COLLECTIVE FARM OPEN CLICK

IF TRANSYLVANIA JOINED NATO IT COULD SHIFT THE BALANCE IN THE ARMS RACE!

THE RUSSIANS WOULD HAVE TO SHIFT MOST OF THEIR DEFENCE EFFORT TO THE MANUFACTURE OF SILVER BULLETS!

?

I LIKE IT!

CREEP! HAVANA'S ARE HARD TO COME BY — EVEN FOR ME!

DON'T YOU THINK SOME OF THESE TRANSYLVANIANS ARE A BIT... CREEPY?

YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF MY CABINET!

YOUR VISUAL IMPACT IS DEVASTATING — APPEARANCE WISE!

IT'S A GREAT LITTLE PICK-ME-UP!

IS HE REALLY THE MINISTER OF CULTURE?

THE FRANKENSTEINS ARE BACK ON THE SOCIAL REGISTER AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS ABSENCE AND THE 18TH BARON REVIVES MANY OF THE LONG ABANDONED CEREMONIES AND TRADITIONS OF CASTLE DREER.....

I KEEP TRYING TO TELL THEM—LYCANTHROPY IS AN ILLNESS!

FUNNIEST LOOKING GROUSE I'VE EVER SEEN!

I'LL THINK OVER YOUR OFFER, OL' BUDDY!

DO! I THINK CASTLE DREER IS THE IDEAL SITUATION FOR ONE OF YOUR MISSILE SITES!

AT THIS RATE THE TRANSYLVANIAN VAMPIRE WILL BE EXTINCT INSIDE A DECADE!

POUR ME A BRANDY, ELEKTRA!

TOOMBS! COME AND GET THESE BOOTS OFF!

YOU KNOW THAT PRINCESS ANNE IS A PRETTY GOOD HORSEWOMAN!

VINCENT—YOU'VE CHANGED! I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU SO ....ARROGANT!...SO ARISTOCRATIC!

BREEDING SHOWS, ELEKTRA! IT'S GOOD TO BE AMONG MY EQUALS!

NOW—WHERE'S THAT BRANDY?

VINCENT! YOU HAVEN'T DONE THAT IN 15 YEARS!

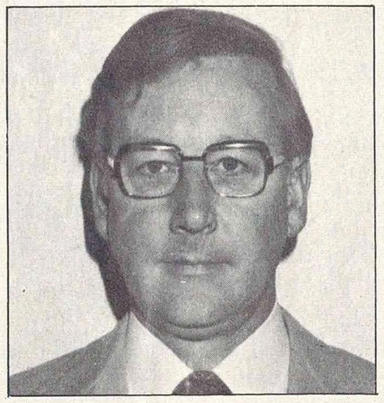
I HAVEN'T FELT LIKE THIS IN 15 YEARS!

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! HE'S BEEN WATCHING TOO MANY OF THOSE RE-RUNS OF "GONE WITH THE WIND"!

IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE PART OF SUCH A FAMILY ...PART OF AN ANCIENT TRADITION. ... TO BELONG... TO HAVE ROOTS... I'M SO HAPPY!

WE KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, KID, AND DON'T WANT TO POOP YOUR PARTY —BUT ALL THINGS PASS AND AS THE GREAT MAN SAID "LIFE IS A JEST; AND ALL THINGS SHOW IT. I THOUGHT SO ONCE; BUT NOW I KNOW IT." BEWARE! BE ON YOUR GUARD! EVIL FORCES ARE AT WORK IN THE WORLD!

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



BY DR ROBERT J. HUNTER

The author is Associate Professor of Physical Chemistry at the University of Sydney, where he has taught for 18 years. Previously he worked at the CSIRO. He has written some 60 research papers and several highly successful scientific reference works.

WHY OUR INNOVATORS ARE MISSING THE BOAT

Australians must be the most inventive people on earth. At the International Inventors Exhibition in Geneva in 1980 Australiahs won 19 out of the total 80 medals awarded; the following year we won a further 17 — almost a quarter of all awards made. Why aren't all these inventions translated into a rapidly developing manufacturing industry with increasing export potential and employment opportunities? Why aren't the money managers capitalising on our strengths to expand their capital?

The problem stems from the vagaries of our taxation system, and particularly the absence of a capital gains tax. A computer company director, John Silva, put his finger on it recently when he said: "Why would one put up capital, even for a promising venture in the manufacture of a new product, when one can 'invest' it in an apartment block in Brisbane, trade off all outgoings against tax, and sit back to collect the tax-free gains?" Even if the product was wildly successful it would not offer returns immediately, and when it did the company tax of nearly 50 percent, compulsory profit distribution, and the further tax on the income of shareholders make investing in such companies a very problematic proposition.

Many of those who turned up to the 1982 ANZAAS symposium on venture capital and technological innovation in Australia shared my view that we cannot afford to allow this potential goldmine to remain under-exploited. We heard from public servants, entrepreneurs, inventors and money managers on the question of why Australian inventors were missing the boat.

The main concern of the public servants was to gallop through their scripts with minimum information transfer. But they did establish that governments have no business putting up money for high-risk enterprises. And they raised an issue which recurred throughout the proceedings: that small-time innovators had failed to attract venture capital because they had poor management skills and normally a very hazy idea of the market for their products. It was not, they said, because there was no money to be had.

However, we later learned that the original Federal grant of $6000 in 1969 rose to $20,000 under the Labor Government but was cut to zero when Fraser came to power. Clearly, the piddling amounts disbursed to inventors and industrial design groups are not likely to deplete the State coffers. The treatment of the Productivity Development Division of the Commonwealth Department of Science and Technology is indicative of the prevailing attitude. That group has been shuffled from pillar to post in the Federal bureaucracy because their continual pleading to Treasury on behalf of the innovators is a pain in the arse to the financial wizards who are supervising Australia's gradual relegation to Third World primary producer status.

Representatives of the "institutionalised inventors" — the CSIRO and the Atomic Energy Commission — concluded that the most difficult problem was to maintain some Australian involvement in the production of a successful invention. Our lack of "technological sovereignty" meant that the larger, foreign-owned companies which had the resources to develop and market an invention were all too ready to transfer production to another country, or to decide their policies with little regard to Australia's needs.

While this is no doubt true, the inventors themselves were unanimous as to the main cause of the trouble: the Federal Government's taxation policies make the provision of venture capital a ludicrous aberration for any self-respecting money manager. Moreover, even though the Feds are prepared to put up some brass by way of incentive and assistance schemes (especially for exportable products) there are long bureaucratic delays involved and much difficulty in establishing eligibility. The managers of the major banks seem to know little about what government finance is available, and even when told of the existence of a scheme for which the product is eligible, often refuse to take this into account when assessing commercial viability.

One scheme upon which the Federal government erroneously places great reliance is the "technology offset" program: when the government makes a large contract for purchase (usually of defence equipment) it writes into the contract a requirement that the supplier must place orders for some part of the manufacture in Australia — and supply the necessary know-how. According to John Silva the scheme is much overrated: "Forget it!" he says. "Those firms most involved (like Boeing and Lockheed) have whole divisions of lawyers whose only function is to frustrate the offset provisions in the company's contracts." Sometimes the scheme works, as the Western Australian Government has shown with the Univac Computer Corporation, but the number of such schemes is too small to affect our long-term prospects.

The computer people are the cutting edge of innovation at the moment, and Australia has produced some remarkably successful devices in the area. Some have been taken up by overseas giants after the locals came up against the "technological cringe" from Australian office managers, who think: "It can't really be any good if it's designed and made in Australia." But a few are struggling on, and finding that one of their biggest problems is success itself. After a few successful demonstrations they have orders running in and inadequate production facilities; a shortage of capital to expand leads to delay in filling orders, and soon they're in real trouble. Then the big money men blame them for their lack of management skills, and so determine to keep their money in safer, if less useful, investment enterprises.

Of course, every company would like to commercialise its profits and socialise its costs by passing them on to the community, and there is clearly no easy solution to the many problems discussed here. But there are some moves which would offer long-term advantages to both industry and the community. From the money managers: a better system for evaluating the commercial viability of new ideas; more willingness to run a risk; and more help for small businesses to acquire management skills. From the inventors themselves: a more realistic assessment of market opportunities and a hard-headed approach to the financial and management requirements for success. From the government: more sensitivity in the imposition of regulations and alterations to tariffs, but above all, some long-overdue changes to the tax laws — progressive company taxes to reduce the burden on small companies, better tax incentives for genuine innovators, and most importantly, a realistic capital gains tax against pure speculation.

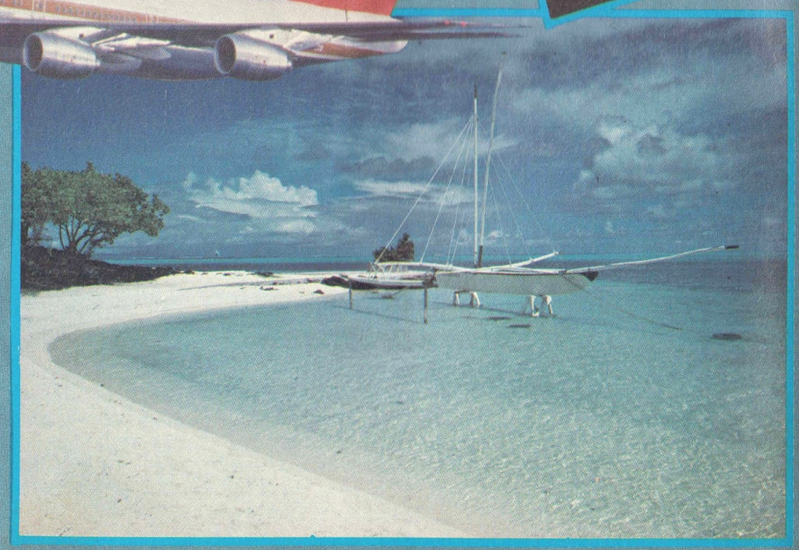
There will always be enthusiastic inventors who will mortgage their own future, and that of their families and friends, to raise enough capital to launch a promising product. But can we afford to remain virtually the only Western industrialised nation to encourage the non-productive use of scarce capital?

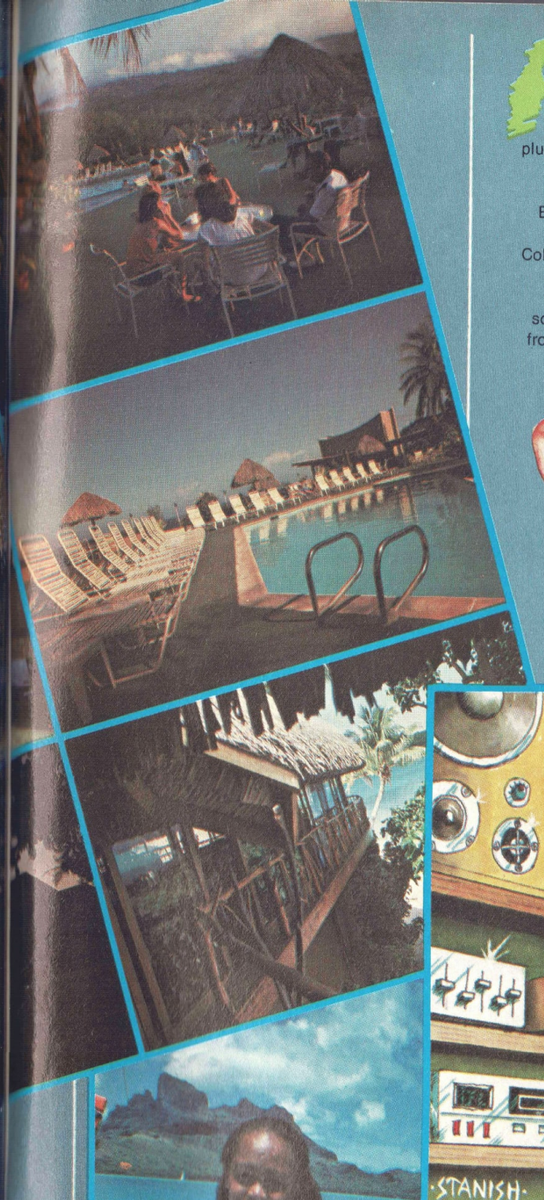
"The Federal Government's taxation policies make the provision of venture capital a ludicrous aberration for any self-respecting money manager."

LOOSE ENDS

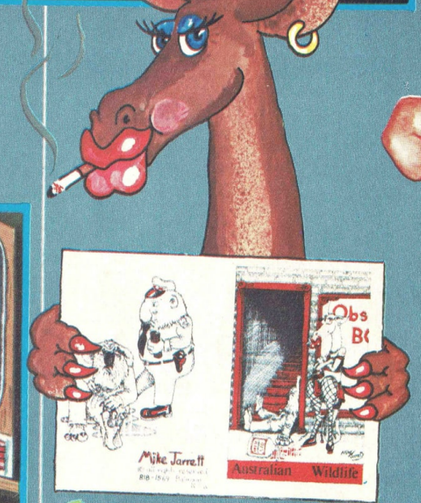
Going Troppo

If you're looking for a slice of the good life, take a tip from Pet of the Month, Kerry Anne Gillies and hop on a Qantas flight to Tahiti. Accompanied by the *Penthouse* crew, our island girl spent 10 days in paradise, starting with a brief stay on the mainland at the Tahara'a Hotel. Kerry took the opportunity to check out the port of Papeete with its exotic mix of French and Polynesian cultures before flying off to experience Bora Bora's tropical delights and the luxurious facilities of the Hotel Bora Bora. Ten days in paradise left Kerry Anne looking like a million dollars. If you want to go troppo, fly Qantas to Tahiti.





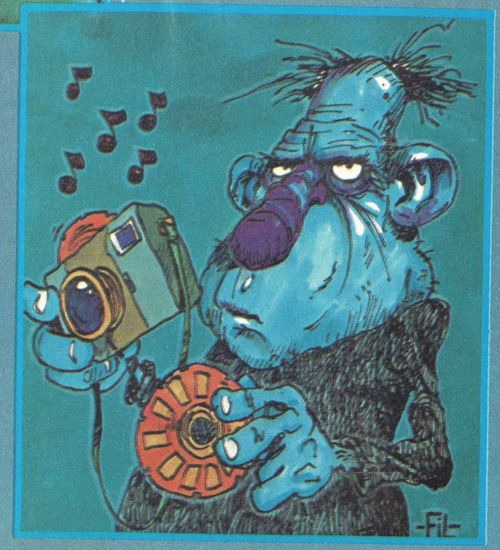
Faberge made such a hit when it went into the designer jeans market that they have now decided to plunge deeper with their new Designer Collection. This launch is headed by Britt Ekland of Rod Stewart and *True Britt* infamy. The Collection includes designer jeans, active sportswear, men's nightwear, ties and socks, and will be available from department stores and menswear stores across Australia.



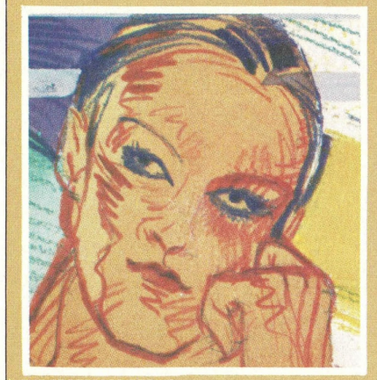
If you get the opportunity to buy Mike Jarrett's Australiana greeting cards — don't miss it. Mike, a working cartoonist, has designed the series around drunken cockatoos and koalas and a cute kangaroo that obviously enjoys her part in his street life fantasy. Mike's cards are available at Middle Class Fantasy and The Exile Book Store; both on Oxford St, in Sydney. National enquiries should be made to 02 818 1569 or 02 818 1215.

It's hard to keep up with all the advancements in video; the latest from Sony is Profeel. Profeel offers you separate components so buying a TV set becomes like buying a hi-fi set; something you can purchase in parts — the screen, the tuner and the sound system.

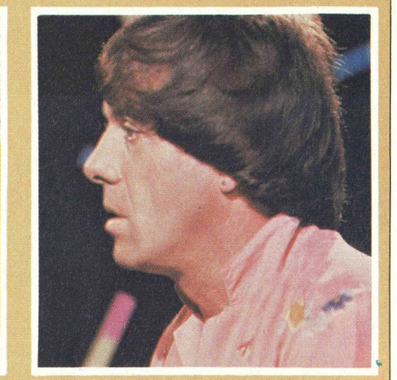
In the photographic world the arrival of the film disk is being heralded as the first real shot in Kodak's war against Japan's massive breakthroughs in simplified photography. These rigid disks are capable of recording 15 frames, each a mere 10X 8mm. They will be available in Australia in October.



COMING IN AUGUST AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE



THE PROFESSOR BEGINS



MOLLY MELDRUM

SAVAGE SPORT

What About The Little Man? — Ten years ago the average wage earner paid about half as much tax as the average boss; by 1983 the little man will actually be paying more. Tax avoidance has boomed during the last five years into a multi-billion dollar industry in which the object is to pass on your own share of the tax bill. When the music stops at the end of the financial year, the wage earner is the big loser. Barry Hughes reveals how the dirty tricksters operate.

The Professor Begins — *Penthouse* continues the policy of presenting the finest in Australian short fiction with this evocative piece by Morris Lurie.

Molly Meldrum Interview — Elaine Glick finds out just what kind of man wields so much covert power over the Australian music industry.

Savage Sport — Greyhound racing really brings out the mongrel in a man. Phil Abraham looks at the depressed state of the game and the depressing tactics used by those who train and race the animals, especially the illicit use of live baits and the intricate methods of race fixing.

The Beer Drinker's Wine Guide — Richard Beckett gets everybody off-side with his outrageously funny critique of the Aussie wine scene. A genuine wine rebel, Beckett holds the unique distinction of being the only member ever to be expelled from the Sydney Wine Press Club for over-the-top behavior. He rages on, regardless of the snobs who want to ruin the fun of getting wiped out on flagons of brown muscat.

Up The River With A Paddle — We promised this one last month, but brought it forward to make way for our coverage of the Sinai situation. It's an in-depth account of how the much-parodied Prince Leonard has accomplished, with his independent Republic of Hutt River Province, far more than the Federal Government wants to admit.

Pet of the Month — Carla Adams is our amazingly svelte centrefold, guaranteed to set your eyes popping. And there's a touch of black magic from Jane and some interesting French lessons from Veronique. We'll also announce the results of our April survey on the Male of the Eighties. ○+□

ANZAC AIRLINES

Continued from page 89

Kiwis and Brits and Frogs refuse to get out of the way."

A jeep ride away from Anzac Airlines' flight operations centre is the building which houses the contingent's administrative and accounting unit, headed by Flight Lieutenant Graham Goodfellow, a cheerful 38-year-old who has a wife and three kids ("I've convinced them it's not dangerous") back in Adelaide.

"I volunteered for this one," says Goodfellow. "Wanted to come over with the first group. The first push is always the most adventurous. You put in long hours, you work the hardest, but there's something about being the first. I'm amazed at how the base has shot along since we got here. When I arrived there was nothing here but a lot of sand. Now it's almost 'instant city'."

Sitting in tan uniform shorts in his air-conditioned office, Goodfellow returns to the form he was typing. It is headed "Proposed Repatriation List". The contingent has only just arrived, but plans for rotating it out and phasing in the new team have already begun. Enlisted men will stay for about six months, officers for about a year. The training schedule and career prospects of each man, outgoing and incoming, must be looked at against transport aircraft load capacities and the needs of the Australian services and the armed forces of New Zealand. Individuals will come and go, but the MFO will remain. How long? Until mutual trust is established between Israel and Egypt — and considering the pressure Egypt will be under to rejoin the Arab campaign to eliminate Israel by force, the establishment of such trust is going to be a long and delicate process — or until Egypt and Israel again go to war.

If such a war does break out, its consequences will be global. The 1973 battle for the Sinai, as detailed in Kissinger's recently-published memoirs, brought the United States and the Soviet Union to the brink of nuclear war. Right now, the Multinational Force and Observers are the best insurance the world has against that kind of disaster.

Australia, by its participation, helps to make a Middle East war that could touch every nation on Earth far less likely. And so our presence in the Sinai enhances our own security. It's a tenuous and delicate security — but it's significantly better than nothing. ○+□

STOCKISTS

Centrefold: Thanks to Qantas, Jetabout Tours, Hotel Bora Bora and the Tahara'a Hotel. Garments from Brian Rochford, Trent Nathan, The House of Merivale, Sportsgirl; Gold Bikini from Ted and Rosie Lakiss, Sydney; Shell necklace and pareo from The Hotel Bora Bora Gift Shop. **Fashion:** Trampoline courtesy of Epping YMCA.

For the man with the gentle touch.

The AWA-Clarion PE-962 is one beauty you'll never tire of playing with. Its electronic PLL digital synthesizer tuner, with ten station (5FM and 5AM) presets, a programmable memory, and a choice of auto-scan, seek and manual up/down tuning modes, makes favorite-station selection pushbutton simple. You'll never miss or mistune a station again.

Being able to quickly locate your favorite station every time is fine. But it's not the only reason for choosing an AWA-Clarion car stereo.

Fine FM tuning is all-important, too. For this, a special SASC MK II (signal actuated FM stereo control) circuit is built in. This maintains high quality stereo FM reception in strong signal areas and automatically switches to mono as the signal becomes weaker. There's also a local/distance switch to enhance sensitivity as you drive out of local listening territory.

Big cassette features include auto-reverse for non-stop playback and a metal tape selector. The PE-962 has full sound tailoring facilities, too, including loudness and Dolby* NR. Combined with GA-301 stereo power amp, you can enjoy a full 23W-per-channel output.

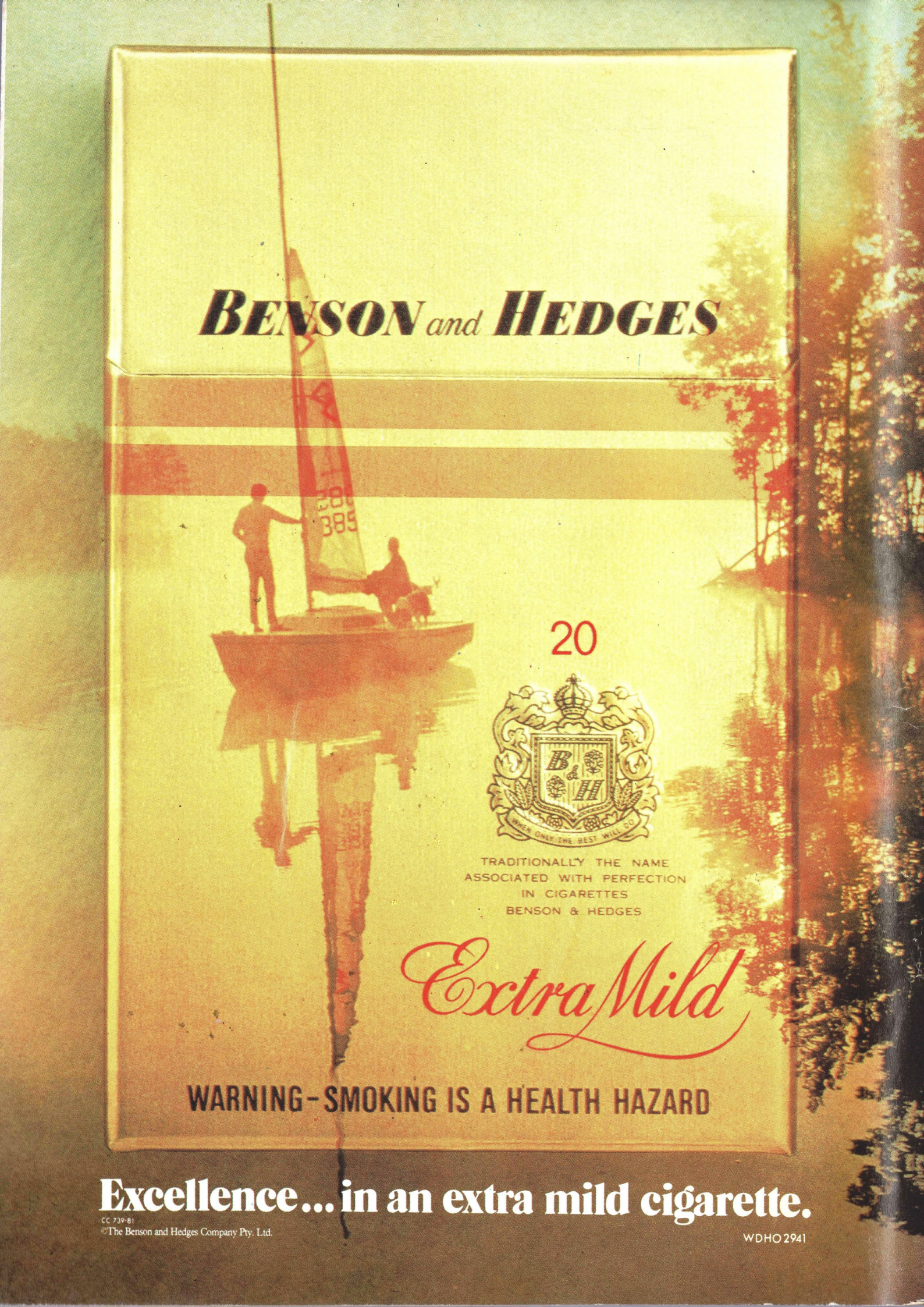
Then there's the PE-972. This auto-eject model has ten-station (5AM and 5FM) preset tuning, a quartz clock and digital frequency display.

A choice of either SK-166X dual cone or SK-167S coaxial speaker systems will give you car-filling sound with dynamic stereo realism.

If you're looking for powerful in-car entertainment at the lightest touch, AWA-Clarion has just the model. Get your hands on one right away.

AWA Clarion
Amalgamated Wireless (Australasia) Limited

*Dolby and the double-D symbol are trademarks of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corporation.


BENSON and HEDGES
20
B & H
WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO
TRADITIONALLY THE NAME
ASSOCIATED WITH PERFECTION
IN CIGARETTES
BENSON & HEDGES
Extra Mild
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Excellence... in an extra mild cigarette.
CC 739-81
©The Benson and Hedges Company Pty. Ltd.
WDHO 2941